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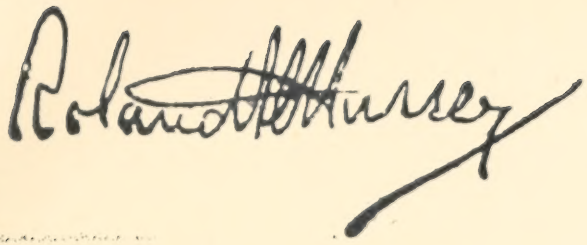
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Home Letters.

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THESE

JOURNAL LETTERS

WERE WRITTEN FOR THE

EXCLUSIVE GRATIFICATION OF OUR CHILDREN

AND

FRIENDS AT HOME,

AND ARE NOW FOR THEIR PLEASURE,

AND AT

THEIR URGENT REQUEST,

PUT IN THIS MORE DURABLE FORM.

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Home Letters.

Mailed at Queenstown, Ireland,
June 19, 1867.

Dear Children and Friends at Home:

All that I can now remember, of the hundred and one things that we were charged to perform by every individual member of the family, is this: that we were to write often, each day, and to be sure not to forget the smallest item, or the most minute particular of all that we saw, experienced, or could by close observation discover; and that we pledged ourselves to follow out these wishes in all their details, with this proviso, if health and circumstances would permit. Ah! what would we not have promised under such a pressure of feeling! what request could we have found it in our hearts to deny to those we love so well—the dear little band that followed us from Somerville, on the morning of Saturday, the 8th of June, the day that we sailed from New York, in the "City of London," at twelve meridian, bound for Liverpool.

It was the saddest day and parting that we ever experienced! and the memory of its sadness is not pleasant to recall, even now. Dear little Perrin's tearful face and convulsive weeping nearly broke my heart, when he said: "Ma! ma! don't go! *please, don't go!*"

As the city gradually faded away in the dim distance, and we could no longer distinguish the receding forms of the little group standing at the end of the long pier, waving their last fond adieus, freighted with blessings for us, our sad reveries were broken by the sharp stroke of the bell, calling us below to lunch. Neither J—— or myself felt much inclined to answer the summons, but *Common Sense*, sturdy old fellow! suggested the propriety of putting aside our mental disquietude and looking a little after our physical necessities, if we expected to derive any real benefit from the sea-voyage on which we were just entering.

Seated at table, soup and bread were first offered; then crackers and cheese—nothing more. It was enough, *too much*, for me; three spoonfuls of the oleaginous compound sent me off in a hurry, out of the saloon, to the deck above, and over to the side rail of the vessel—for what purpose I shall leave your own imagination to suggest. Pity 'tis, 'tis true! I was *inwardly* persuaded that a great vacuum had been produced by the process, and fully conscious of the necessity to find a resting-place somewhere, anywhere; for lie down *I must*. So J—— was off in a minute to hunt up the Purser; but as he was the official personage who was expected to remedy *all evils* and correct *all mistakes*, it was not so easy a matter to find his whereabouts. However, after a half hour's delay, he answered the summons, and announced himself as quite willing to oblige and accommodate us in any way that lay in his power. We stated our dissatisfaction

in regard to the location and size of our state-room, and he proffered the use of the Surgeon's quarters, without an extra charge, or the Captain's parlor and state-room, at an advance of fifty dollars in gold: we declined the latter, but accepted the first proposal as in every way more desirable and comfortable than the one first assigned to us; it being much larger, better ventilated, and away from and out of hearing of garrulous old ladies and peevish, fretful children. It has space for six berths, but three have been removed, so that we have quite a large dressing-room, as large as our little hall-room at home; I am now seated on our valise in the centre; my dress, extended, covers nearly all the available space; the figure of the carpet is ugly in design and dingy in coloring, and our wash-stand is of the most primitive construction—only a square wooden box, deep enough to hold all the waste water, with a depressed lid to secure the basin from slipping. "Tabby Jones" is our servitor and worthy attendant; a good old soul, willing and obliging, but so forgetful about *those clean towels* that he always *intends* to bring; yet thoroughly reliable when he is charged to *taste* the bitters that are ordered each day for the convalescent patients under his care.

At dinner hour, (*Saturday,*) four o'clock, I was snugly stowed away in my berth, too sick even to make the effort to undress myself; and there I remained until Sunday evening, when I managed, with no little discomfort, to put on the wrapper that Cousin Sallie so kindly provided for my use.

J—— kept up until Sabbath morning, when he had to confess that he "felt decidedly shaky and squeamish." The storm set in about five o'clock on Saturday, and continued up to Monday morning; the wind blowing furiously and the sea washing the upper decks all day

long. No one inexperienced could be out; and the passengers, with the exception of a half-dozen, perhaps, were sick and confined to their berths. The two physicians were constantly in attendance; I could hear, from my open transom, the forlorn people whose quarters were near to our own calling, "Oh! Doctor, do come, I am *so* sick, I shall surely die if you can't do something for me." The response, in a cheery tone, was, "Oh! you will be all the better when you get this sour stuff off your stomach; I promise you won't die this time."

J—— and I probably suffered less than most others—neither of us have been sick since Tuesday; then the sun came out brightly and we were able to be upon the promenade deck. One of the drollest and most laughable sights that I ever witnessed, was in watching these poor distressed sick people, men, women and children, as they were brought out for an airing,—all wrapped about with shawls, blankets and robes, until only their eyes were visible, they really looked more like Egyptian mummies than living beings, propped and supported as they were, by pillows, against the side rail of the steamer; it was a very comical and dolorous sight I assure you; and it makes me laugh, as I recall it, in connection with another incident, that amuses me now, but at the time I thought it anything but funny. We, that is J——, Mr. and Mrs. B——, Miss W——, Mr. K——, and myself, were seated beside the smoke-flue—for warmth—when, without a moment's warning, the vessel made a sudden plunge, and a huge breaker came over the side of the ship, enveloping us all completely, and drenching us from head to toe; as soon as I recovered from the shock, I scampered off to my state-room, and there spent two hours in rubbing the velvet on my dress, performing the service in a merry mood, though feeling aggrieved

that friends who were better informed about such matters, had not suggested what kind of material was best adapted to just such a contingency. Water-proof is the most serviceable, and the skirt should have a wide hem at the bottom, filled in with shot to give it weight and prevent the wind from blowing it about; no kind of "fancy attire" will do at sea; my hat is of no use to me, the wind would carry it away in two seconds. Let me daguerreotype myself—I doubt if you will recognize me. My hair is combed straight back; water-falls, plaits and crimps are all put aside, as vanities pertaining to *terra firma;* the first article of head-gear that I put on is J——'s large (not red-silk) handkerchief, tied under the chin; over that I draw my water-proof hood, and to secure both, I have the scarf dear sister Jennie put about my neck at parting; my cloth sack is under the cloak, which I keep closely buttoned; and yet with all these wrappings I am cold. You have no conception of the penetrating chilliness of this sea atmosphere; I wish now, I had brought with me my blanket shawl; more experienced travellers have with them all these essential comforts. We shall do better on our return, and provide ourselves with all that may be necessary. Perhaps, taking the advice of our good friend Mr. K——, we will make our purchases in Glasgow, where all woollen goods can be bought at half price.

Now when I think of it, I must tell you, as I can without vanity, (this gentleman is over seventy years of age,) he has taken a desperate fancy to your scribe; and in one of his very confidential moods told me, that his property was worth "over a million of dollars." Who can tell, but this may be the turning point in my good fortune; if so, here is my pledge, you shall *all* come in for an equal share. He has proposed to J——

that we get off at Queenstown, and travel through Ireland in company. His grandson, K—— G——, has his person and purse in charge; and he has evinced better taste than his grandfather, by falling in love with Miss W——, who is the daughter of an Episcopal clergyman of Chicago, and is going out to spend a year in Paris with a married sister who resides there. Speaking of Mr. K——, I should have mentioned that the only article of wearing apparel in his possession which he seemed to value especially, was his *new hat*—black and glossy—that he purchased expressly for this journey, as he said, "to give him a smart look among the ladies;" his careful grandson, to prevent accident, had secured it with a piece of twine to his buttonhole. On that memorable Tuesday when we were all submerged and drenched by the breakers, the poor old gentleman was turned topsy-turvy over against the smoke-pipe, his clothing completely saturated, his beautiful new chapeau—his pride and glory—was crushed as flat as a flounder; gathering himself up in a dilapidated condition, too much exhausted to express in words his great discomfort, he looked the very picture of despondency, contemplating the ruin of what was once the crowning point of his pride; his appearance was ludicrous in the extreme, and we all laughed, of course. After that, as a penance for our apparent rudeness, I tried to put it in better condition, but I could not restore its pristine beauty.

A gentleman on the vessel, who has crossed the ocean thirteen times, says he never had so rough a passage. Saturday, Sunday and Monday, it was very stormy, the sea running very high, pitching the vessel about frightfully. Tuesday, Wednesday and to-day (Thursday) have been more pleasant than the two former days; I spent most of the time on deck, but to-day it is too cold,

and I have not ventured up. This is the first time I have attempted to write, and even now I find it very difficult, the motion of the vessel is so great that the letters seem all to be dancing before my eyes. Tuesday was the first day that I felt equal to the effort of dressing and going to table; the little that I was inclined to eat was brought to me by the stewardess, a kind, motherly old body; she made the tea, but it had not the flavor of Mary's; its greatest recommendation: it was always hot. The beef tea I could not abide: so I was restricted to my neuralgic bill of fare, which was good enough. J—— has not missed a single meal, and is getting along nicely, and is now sleeping beside me as I write. This trip I feel is going to do him a world of good. Our table arrangements are all in accordance with English taste and habits; our daily bill of fare includes roast beef, roast mutton, beefsteak-puddings, beefsteak and onions, pork and onions, lamb with mint dressing, English pickles and cheese, porter and ale in abundance to wash it *all down*; these and a dozen other unknown and villanous compounds, that are better outside than inside the stomach, at least, than in mine. The English people have a wonderful capacity for gastronomic achievements, and two stout Englishmen with their comfortable looking wives, who sit opposite us at table, exceed all other people that I have ever met, and attract so much of my attention and create such a disgust in my mind and stomach by their gormandizing, that sometimes I feel disposed not to eat at all. Yesterday, Captain Brooks sent his servant with his compliments and wine at dinner, J——declining, I drank his portion in acknowledgment of the kindness. We have about a hundred and fifty passengers in the cabin, and how many in the steerage I do not know. Among this large number, as you will imagine, may

be found a great variety of character—good, better best, or worse and more of it; some are ugly, few pretty, the larger number passably good looking. One *very* fat old lady, (Mrs. D——, the wife of an English clergyman,) her son and daughter, and their two maid servants, have contributed more to our amusement and entertainment than they are aware. They have all been sick, very sick, the maids included, which in Mrs. D——'s judgment they have no right to be; and she scolded them roundly for imposing themselves upon her, deceiving her, as she said, by saying that they would not get sea sick, knowing that she would not have employed them if she had been so informed. The poor girls were in dismay; her exactions were so unreasonable, and her impatience increased in proportion to the size of her ponderous body, which no ordinary state-room berth could accommodate, so the Stewardess had every night to place two sofas, side by side, in the ladies' cabin, for her especial convenience. Now, this cabin, is a thoroughfare *open to all*, at least until Mrs. D—— is put to bed; after that, if you can get through, you may consider yourself fortunate. Before she composes herself to sleep you may hear her call "Stewardess, please see if my Lambie, (her daughter) is asleep; and Stewardess, do see if she is well tucked in, and ask her how she feels." So her tongue ran on for two or three days and nights, until she got over her sea sickness. Yesterday she was well enough to make her appearance at dinner, but poor old lady! a sad accident befell her. She had finished her dinner: her husband on one side and her son on the other, stood waiting to assist her to rise; when lo! and behold! not even with Captain Brooks' help could she be extricated, the dinner occupying so much more space than had been calculated for. Only one alternative

remained: the ship's joiner was sent for, and he very soon set the old lady at liberty by unscrewing the seat; since that, she occupies a stool at the end of the table, and no further restrictions are imposed upon her healthy appetite.

Friday morning, June 14. This is a bright clear morning after a stormy day yesterday. We are just through breakfast, at the hour of ten o'clock; our lunch will be announced at twelve, dinner at four, tea at seven, and supper at ten. Now that all the passengers are convalescent, or quite well, it seems to be a continued round of eating, and most of them seem to enjoy it too; but we are content with three meals, and usually restrict ourselves to those dishes that we most prefer at home. J——, who is beside me, says, "tell them that your appetite is very much improved." This morning I had tea, ham, bread and butter; J—— took coffee, fish and potatoes. The supply is quite abundant, but the delay in getting what you wish makes the food less palatable, as it generally is quite cold before it reaches you. I have discovered no new dishes that I should desire to imitate, and few old ones that are as well prepared as at home. Our dinner at four o'clock, with the change of plates and courses, occupies one hour and a half. I have said to J—— a half dozen times, that I should enjoy very much more a nice broiled beefsteak, and a good home-made cup of tea, than all this unnecessary variety and formal routine. Last evening, J—— and I sat out on the upper deck until ten o'clock: the night was cloudy but mild and pleasant, our sails were all set, the wind high but favorable. We have made just half the distance across the ocean; what a very, *very long* journey it seems to be! and I already have a dread of the return passage. I have not had one good

night's rest, no not one; the continuous noises that never cease, the tremulous flapping of the rudder, like the tail of a great fish, and the bump of every stroke of the mammoth engine that seems to be just under our state-room, keep me in such a state of nervous discomfort that I cannot rest. J—— generally sleeps well, and thinks me very foolish not to do the same; but the sensations are probably what I would have if put in a mill hopper, going round and round, never ceasing. Night before last we had what the old sailors call a cross sea, (and cross it was!) a side motion slow and oily that carried my head first down, down ten feet it seemed to me, and then up, up to about the same elevation, until I felt every moment as if I should be pitched out of my berth. My bonnet was perched on a high ledge above my head, safe and secure I thought, but down it came, followed by my toilet box, and as if to insult me, by its useless contents, it gave me a tip beside the head before it landed upon the floor, to keep up a night long clatter with my shoes and J——'s boots. The wash basin and soap dish cracked themselves in two, thinking what a jolly night it was, but I did not feel so very much amused, I assure you. Twice I wakened J——, by rattling the curtain rings above me to know what *he* thought, and this was about all he said, "This is a pretty rough night, Maggie; how are you getting on down there?" Tabby Jones said, in the morning, "It was a little *fresh* last night, but nothing to prevent any one from sleeping." The not very flattering conclusion I have arrived at is this, that I am unsophisticated and very nervous, and will have to make the voyage two or three times before I shall be able to tell when we are in any real danger or not. Of one thing I am quite certain, it is this, that I feel that I have had a *terrible shake up;* and of this *you may* be

convinced when you see my letter; but I hope you may be able to decipher the scrawl. Captain Brooks is fast developing into an agreeable gentleman, and has already discovered J——'s weakness for good coffee. Yesterday he sent his servant to say, "he would be pleased to have the Judge join him in his private room." We have made the acquaintance of a number of pleasant people; among the few that we like is Mr. Grimes, (the son of "old Grimes," he says.) He is merry, obliging and good natured, always ready to do a favor and to make himself useful generally. Cousin Will Perrin made us acquainted with him just as we embarked. An illiterate old fellow, whose name I cannot now recall, very innocently expressed his determination not to return this way; but by *land*, as he had been so "dreadful sick."

Saturday morning, June 15. We have a bright and calm morning; but the wind is *not* in our favor, so we shall probably not make our usual distance to-day. To-morrow evening the knowing ones say, we shall see the coast of old Ireland. The appearance of the sky and clouds seem to change as we near the other side; the heavens are less expansive and more circumscribed; the atmosphere is humid and damp, as we approach the bogs of the "Ould Country." At the hour I am now writing, 2 P. M., J—— is sleeping beside me, and lunch is over, it is the best meal in the day to me, as the soup is always hot, the roast potatoes are just out of the oven, smoking in their jackets, and there is no delay. You see my taste and habits are those of a plebeian; I shall betray myself when I get into aristocratic circles. At the end of our table sits Dr. D——, and on either side the Misses ——. We have been amused, (at the same time provoked,) to notice what a

desperate flirtation they are carrying on with this young Englishman, exposing themselves to sensorious remarks, as we have reason to know, from overhearing conversations not intended for our ears. There are also two maiden ladies and a *youngish old niece* of thirty, all under the care and protection of a delicate young man, who, judging from his personal appearance, has no more strength than he needs for his own support and safeguard. These ladies have some sort of claim upon A. T. S——, of N. Y.; and this young man is one of his confidential clerks, wherever his business requires him to go, they follow; and in the meantime the youngish niece has an eye to business, too. She goes out as Miss ——, why not come back as Mrs.? This seems to be her plan, as is evident to all, who, like ourselves, may care to watch her manœuvres. How she waylays him at every turn; how she tramps (that's the word for her step) up and down the deck, up and down—until I feel quite dizzy looking at them. One of the aunts said to me: "It is a most surprising thing; I do not know what to make of it; M——, at home, is so delicate; oh! you have no idea *how delicate* she is; she never walks, and now look at her, the dear girl! how bright she is, so full of spirits, I can hardly believe my eyes." So you see we have representative types of almost all varieties of character—some very agreeable, others repellent. We have made a few acquaintances—two or three that we value. Among these are Dr. W—— and his wife; he is a professor in a Canadian college, knows our good friend Dr. McCleod, knew him as a pastor in Montreal.

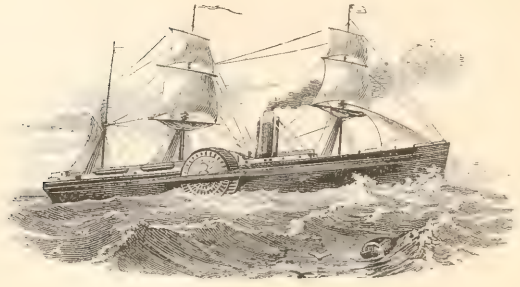
Monday morning, June 17. Yesterday was the Sabbath, and a beautiful day it was; at half-past ten in the morning the bell rang for religious service. Most

of the passengers assembled in the dining saloon, with some from the steerage, and as many of the sailors as were off duty, perhaps twenty, neatly dressed in their clean blue pants and shirts, hard weather-beaten looking men, but with good, honest, sober faces. They were all ranged at the upper part of the saloon; the passengers occupied the side seats, and the officers, dressed in uniform, with Captain Brooks at their head, took position about midway, that all might distinctly hear. The prayers and service of the Episcopal Church were read, and well read, by the Captain; all were supplied with Bibles and prayer-books, that they might join in the exercises. After this Dr. Willis gave us a most excellent sermon, plain, practical, and profitable. In the afternoon we had a second service, on the upper deck, at half-past two, and Dr. D—— conducted the exercises and made some remarks, while the hymns selected were old, familiar ones, that all might join in singing. At six in the evening, a third meeting was held for the especial benefit of the steerage passengers; this J—— presided over. It had more the character of a prayer-meeting, in which two or three of the sailors joined; one old man in particular, made a very earnest and heartfelt prayer, and in singing, his whole soul seemed absorbed in worship. Altogether it was a day most pleasant, and long to be remembered as profitable in our religious experience.

Tuesday, June 18. This morning's meal should have been eaten in Queenstown, but adverse winds and storms have put us behind time twelve hours. Our expectation now is, that we shall get there some time in the night; and that will be to us most uncomfortable. About a dozen or more will go ashore at the same time, but none that we have any interest in except

Mr. Kyle and his grandson, Kyle Gibbony. One thing that impresses us so strangely is, the length of the days; last night at seven, the sun was an hour high. A few of the passengers remained up to see the moon rise, but I was not among the number. Some one calls out, "A steamer ahead!" that sounds as if we were getting back to civilization again. The sailors are washing paint and cleaning brasses, preparatory to going into port. I will write again as soon as we find a resting place on shore. How strange it will seem to stand "on a firm foundation" and to be rid of all these clattering noises.

M. C. A.



City of Cork, 5 o'clock P. M.,
Wednesday, June 19, 1867.

We arrived here at seven this morning, in time for an early breakfast, that we felt the need of, and could not obtain at Queenstown. We left the vessel at 4 A. M. at the entrance of the Cove of Cork, just as the sun came above the horizon, to brighten the day of our entrance into the "Emerald Isle." A little steam-tug came puffing out to meet us and convey the passengers up to the city, that was named in honor of the Queen's first and only visit to the town in 1849. A few of the friends on shipboard, with whom we had been on intimate terms, were up thus early to see us off, and say "good-bye;" and from some we parted with regret, feeling that in all human probability we should never see each other again. As long as the steamer remained in view we continued to wave our adieus, J—— and Captain Brooks contending for the last salutation. The night before leaving the vessel, we tarried up until a very late hour, and fearing that the night-watch might fail to call us in good season in the morning, we did not undress, so we had only three hours' sleep, and felt (as we looked) like a flock of sheep passing over the gangway at four in the morning. The dirty little tug buzzed about the steamer's side, like a big black beetle that had the disposition to pinch any one refusing to be carried on its back. First, and in advance of us, twenty or thirty steerage passengers, with their dirty bundles and luggage, and their dirtier children, were stowed away in front of the smoke-pipe, and then her majesty's mails;—these bags answered a

double purpose, as cushions to soften the boards for her American cousins. A sail of two miles brought us to the landing point at Queenstown, passing, on our way up, two or three large forts and a convict prison. The coast of Ireland is much more rolling than we had supposed; the bluffs in some places are very high, and at other points covered with trees of a stunted growth. As soon as the tug was secured at the wharf, we observed two or three custom-house officers awaiting our arrival; their dress was not unlike that worn by our policemen; coats half military, high glazed caps with a strap under the chin, that gave them a somewhat fierce look, and small swords buckled at their sides. All the luggage, trunks, satchels, and bundles, were placed in line upon a raised platform at the side of the pier, and then the work of examination commenced. It was a novelty to witness, but it occasioned us the loss of an hour; yet I must do them the justice to say that they did as little probably as the law required, and with as much consideration as was possible, under the circumstances. Our honest faces were our best passports, I have no doubt, and helped us through; but one poor fellow, less fortunate, had three pounds of tobacco confiscated. A chalk line on the face of our trunk and satchel, gave us a permit to pass through the gates into the city, which up to this time had been kept closed. But what shall I say, how can I describe what we saw on the *other side* of this Gate-way? such a scene my eyes never beheld—it was so novel, so droll, so *comically odd* and *funny*. The first thing that fixed my attention was some half dozen, savage-looking Irishmen, enveloped in rags, *nothing but rags;* there was no shape or form to a single garment, they looked like ragged toadstools, that had sprung up in the night. Their faces were covered with a kind of frouzy hair, and

surely they never saw or used a pound of soap from the very day they came into existence. These creatures had in charge cars, (small drays,) drawn by the most comical looking long-haired donkeys—they were not any larger than a yearling colt. How it was possible for them to draw the immense pile of trunks that was put at their backs, I cannot imagine, and I said to one of the old men, "Surely you do not intend to make the poor little beast pull that load?" His answer was "Lord bless your ledyship, she's used to it, that's nothing at all, at all." A miserably poor looking old woman, her dress being a mass of rags, a dirty shawl about her uncombed head, without stockings or shoes, came up and asked "his reverence" (J——) for a penny, but, judging from her famished appearance, I thought a penny would hardly satisfy her hunger. A young girl, well dressed, and her strong, hardy-looking brother, waited until the old woman's wants were supplied before addressing us. Their first salutation was, "well, *father*, you are just from America, we want to go, will you tell us is it a good place, is weeges good, what shall we do?" etc. After these came a crowd of all sizes and ages, such wretched-looking creatures, that they seemed scarcely human in their filth and ignorance; such degraded poverty we never, *never*, have seen at home. We have been told by those who are informed, that the more thrifty never get but one pair of shoes in a year, and these are only worn on holidays and to church, and when a young girl is about to be married, a pair is given to her as a wedding present. Common women never wear any at all; only one in fifty wear bonnets; some of the old women wear caps with wide plaited borders, and the well-to-do have the Irish cloak, made of blue cloth, a full skirt, plaited into a yoke at the neck, with a hood that answers the double purpose

of a bonnet and an umbrella. As the hour of our arrival was too early, we failed to get a breakfast at the "Queen's Hotel," and so passed on to the depot for Cork, and here again we were besieged by importunate old women to buy collars and pocket-handkerchiefs, all of common material, but very cheap. An hour's ride brought us to the city; an omnibus, for sixpence a head, carried us up to the "Royal Victoria Hotel." When we saw the exterior our conclusion was that her majesty did *not* patronize the establishment, but it is never well to be hasty in our judgments, the interior looked more attractive. We were ushered into the ladies' coffee-room, our breakfast was ordered and prepared in less than an hour, the meal was well cooked and the table neatly arranged for four; J—— Mr. K—— and G—— and myself. Our attendants were three *old* men, all dressed in small clothes, knee buckles, slippers, white stockings, white neckties and long aprons, they might easily have been mistaken for antiquated clergymen, with their black coats and sedate manners.

After our meal was disposed of, we all felt so much refreshed that it was proposed to take a ride in a "jaunting-car;" and we started for "Blarney Castle," six miles distant from the city. The road, which was an admirable one, passed almost all the way along the banks of the river Lee; at some points the scenery was very wild and reminded us of the Wissahickon. The great reputation that this castle has acquired is altogether attributable to the "Blarney Stone." The tradition is that whoever kisses it becomes possessed with a peculiar, soft, persuasive eloquence, that is quite *irresistible*. Now this charm I should very much like to possess; but as if to confer the gift only upon a favored few, the stone is placed in a position that makes it quite

impossible for a lady to reach, and only one of our party accomplished the feat, and that was done by Gibbony at the risk of his neck. Two gentlemen held him by the legs, as he leaned over and beyond the edge of the broken wall. The "Groves of Blarney" surrounding this castle are very extensive and beautiful, and a lake of the same name, at a short distance from the castle, has another tradition, "that a wealthy Earl threw all his family-plate into the lake at a certain place; that the secret is only known to three of his descendants at a time; before one dies, he communicates it to another of the family, and that the secret is to be religiously kept until one of the descendants again becomes possessed of the property." About two miles from the castle is a Hydropathic establishment and Turkish baths, under the care of Dr. Barker. The grounds surrounding the building are laid out with exquisite taste, and his own cottage home is externally and internally the most beautiful little miniature palace I ever saw. It was too pretty for every-day use; just such little fairy retreats I have dreamed about, but never before seen with my eyes open. It made a great impression upon all the party, and I am sure the picture will not soon fade out of our memory. If I was not so hurried I would like to describe more minutely, but it is quite impossible; I must be content with giving you only an outline now. We saw on our return a monument erected to the memory of Father Matthew; the City Jail, County Prison, and Queen's College. Beggars by the way greatly annoyed us by their importunities, following us like a pack of wolves, hungry and savage. One ragged bare legged boy ran the distance of a mile, at the very top of his speed, in the hope of getting a penny. J—— had nothing but a three-cent piece (our coin); he threw it out to him in

the expectation that he would stop; not he! the little ragamuffin looked at it a moment, then called out: "it's no good, sir; no good, sir; *no good;*" and followed on another half-mile, in the hope that the mistake would be rectified in his favor. In the evening a mountebank and his boy spread a blanket in the street in front of the hotel, and went through some feats of sleight-of-hand and jugglery, collecting pennies from the curious. I was very weary, and retired at eight o'clock in the evening.

Thursday, June 20. We were up as early as seven in the morning and off to Killarney by half-past eight o'clock. We noticed that the land was very poor, and that the whole face of the country had a dilapidated and neglected look. We saw two old castles and the ruins of a monastery between Cork and Mallow (a small town on the Blackwater river) where we changed cars, leaving the main line to Dublin and taking a branch road forty-one miles to Killarney, where we arrived at 11 A. M. Near the depot is the Victoria Hotel, a beautiful house, with charming grounds about it; but our preference was to be at the "Lake House"—a plainer establishment, on Castle Lough, having an outlook directly upon the lake, and our chamber window has the same lovely view. Time was too precious to rest long inactively, so we ordered a cold lunch to be ready at twelve, which we enjoyed with good appetites.

At one o'clock we were off again in a "jaunting-car," for the Pass of Dunloe, a ride of fourteen miles. A very good road brought us to the summit of the Pass; and there (you will hardly believe it when I tell you) we, yes *we*, *took horses* to ride a distance of four miles over a rough road or path, that brought us out at the head of the upper lake. How could I have



ROSS CASTLE, KILLARNEY.



avoided this, without missing the glorious sights of this mountain pass; and however incredible it may appear, I enjoyed it very much, and my guides say that I rode remarkably well, and the truth is, I thought I did well to *stay on* the animal's back at all. The merriment that we had by the way, was not stinted in quality or quantity. The day before, we thought we were possessed *by* (not *with*) devils; but this day exceeded all and everything in our experience. The beggars of Mullamacuddy Reeks, to what can I compare them? to nothing but the green-headed flies of Brigantine; not even blows could keep them off, they came in crowds, old men, young men, boys—children scarcely able to speak, women of all ages surrounded us, and were so persistent in their demands that it shut up all feelings of sympathy; you can form no idea of such a class of beings, without seeing and hearing how they try to wheedle you out of your small change, and in nine cases out of ten they will probably succeed. Mr. K—— is an Irishman, and knows how to parry their jokes. Three young girls came out of a mountain hut at the road side, and importuned us to buy their collars and knit laces. We refused, but they persisted, and followed along beside our horses for a mile, the best looking one of the number said, holding up a collar to Mr. K—— "now do buy it, sir, it's only a shilling, buy it for your wife," "but I have no wife," he said, "more's the pity, sir, such *a nice* gentleman and no wife; well buy it for your sweetheart, sir." "But I have no sweetheart, now what shall I do?" "Oh! anybody would have your honor." "Would you?" he asked. Without a moment's hesitation, she replied, "yes I would, and here's his *riverence* behind, sir, that can perform the ceremony for us." This is the third time that J—— has been taken for a father con-

fessor; and this will please Mr. Colahan, to know that his friend is making so good an impression abroad. One old man that we gave a shilling to, was a hundred and three years old. We gave something to a widow who lived in a hut that looked very like a pig-sty, where she lodged six children;—how they were fed, and clothed no one could tell. Sixpence we paid for a drink of goat's milk; but we did not try the "mountain dew," as the native whiskey is called. An old man played an Irish jig, his wife dancing to the music expecting to be paid for the effort. Small cannon were fired off at points by the way, for which we were expected to pay sixpence a shot, for the echo and the shock that the report gave our nerves. In the passage of the gap, there are several lakes and a small stream called the Loe; and here and there a few stunted trees, that add a charm to the view, by softening into beauty the rugged mountain sides. Emerging from this pass, at an elevation of four thousand feet, we had in view what is called the Black Valley, a deep, dark, dreary looking glen, shut in and overshadowed by steep mountains. Following the road down the mountain side to the valley below, to reach our boat at the head of the upper lake, we were nearly torn to pieces by beggars, before we could effect an entrance through a gate, (where a shilling was charged,) for permission to pass through the grounds of Lord Brandon. Four stout fellows, including our guide, (who carried a bugle) were waiting our appearance, to row us back to the hotel, a distance of thirteen miles—the length of the three lakes from our point of starting. The Lakes of Killarney are three in number, the upper lake, Loe lake, and the lower lake. They lie close together, and are joined by streams of such insignificant length that they may almost be considered as one, and they are

situated in the midst of majestic and lofty mountains, whose sides are covered with the most luxuriant verdure and shrubbery. These lakes are dotted with islands, some of which are connected by bridges with each other, and with the opposite shores. The lower and larger lake spreads out in one direction towards a comparatively level country, while the upper and middle lakes lie imbedded in wild, dark mountains; and all around are cataracts and waterfalls of every size and form, and every variety of wild and romantic scenery meets the eye, intermingled with just enough of a softer character to prevent harshness. In some places the hills are covered with thick, large forest trees; in others, the sides of the mountains are enriched by varied hues, where they are covered with green turf, or purple heather, contrasting beautifully with the cold, gray rock. It is impossible (at least I have not the skill) to convey in words, any correct description of the exquisite beauty and loveliness of the landscape, which so impressed us with its overpowering charms. At one point, called the Eagle's Nest, there is an extraordinary echo. The hill is conical in form, and covered at its base with evergreens; but the summit is bare, and on the top, (our guide told us) the eagles have had their nests for centuries. We were rowed into a little creek, our guide stepped ashore and prepared to awaken the echoes, by the sound of a single bugle note! The effect was wonderful, the note rebounded from hill to hill, from cliff to crag, now soft, now loud, sometimes in rapid succession, at other times pausing as if for an answer, until it finally died away. There is another famous echo called "Paddy Blake." Our boatman considered it not polite to pass without having a chat with Paddy, to inquire after his health and the first question was: "How do you do, Paddy

Blake?" the immediate answer came promptly, "Pretty well, I thank you," so the boatmen asserted, and we are to doubt none of their superstitious legends; then our guide volunteered some marvellous tales about fairies and goblins, equal to anything that ever has been told or written.

The dinner, (that we had ordered in the morning before leaving the hotel,) was waiting our return at seven in the evening, and we were both tired and hungry, and did justice to the meal. On talking over the incidents of the day, we all came to the conclusion that we had had a most delightful time, and that it was a day that would be long remembered; but I must not omit to tell you about the sight we witnessed at the Cathedral, this morning. It was a religious holiday, observed by all good Catholics; and when we passed the church, on looking in, it seemed to be crowded and packed with people, out to the very door. Those who could not get inside were kneeling at the door, on the steps, on the ground, under the trees, out to the very gate of entrance, and still they came in crowds. We met them on the road by hundreds, some on foot and some on donkeys, a man seated forward, a woman behind; and others, that were better off, were riding in little box cars, whole families being huddled together on the bare boards, in the bottom of the car. J—— asked our driver, how many holidays they had in the year; he said, "nineteen." "But don't you think that is a great many to give to the church?" was the second question; with earnestness, he replied, "No, your honor, it's little enough to give to the poor soul."

We remarked the beauty and profusion of the flowers that grew by the way-side; flowers, that are cultivated with care in our green-houses, grow wild here

and in the greatest luxuriance. I never saw so many: they grow everywhere, among the grass, by the road side, in the fields, over the walls, beside the huts of the poor, that beautify and hide the squalid repulsiveness from the eyes of passing strangers. In all the hotels they have flowers to ornament their tables; flowers on the window ledges and above the mantel, and even the halls are decorated, and the stair-ways embellished with flowers. The eye is charmed with the brilliancy of their colors; and their delicious fragrance perfumes the very air we breathe. The moisture of the atmosphere, and the frequent rains make vegetation grow very rank, and much more exuberant than with us. The day's enjoyment and novelties had so excited both brain and nerves, that I could not compose myself to sleep until midnight; and this was not well, for we had determined to be up at an early hour in the morning, to visit the ruins of Muckross Abbey, before taking the cars for Dublin.

Friday, June 21. Had breakfast at seven, and were off to the Abbey by half-past. We hired a jaunting-car for our party of four; our driver was an untamed rollicking Irishman, with a tongue as smooth as oil. His little brown pony, "Paddy Lake," was fully possessed with his master's spirit; *never* were we under the care of *two such Paddies* before, never went we at such John Gilpin speed, and *never* in all our experience had we accomplished a distance of twelve miles in one hour and a half, unless by steam. We fairly flew over the ground, up hill and down hill he never checked his speed, and the more we remonstrated the faster he went, until at last poor Mr. K—— becoming nervously excited, and making me the excuse for his timidity, said "See, now, you *must* stop, the lady is frightened."

The fellow turned, and looking at me with the most comical expression of countenance, said, "Oh! never you fear, Paddy Lake won't stumble, she *never did*, I wouldn't spill your ladyship out for all the weeges I ever earned." I would not like to take many such rides, but the memory of it is full of hilarity and fun. The drive was through the extensive grounds of Mr. Herbert, M. P., the road was very circuitous constantly opening up at different points the most enchanting views of the lakes. At half-past ten we left Killarney, with its beautiful surroundings, the Lakes, the Flowers, the emerald green and the warm hearted Patricks, and arrived at the Dublin depot at half-past five. The distance is a hundred and eighty-six miles. By the way we passed four or five old castles—Ireland is full of them. In the car J—— had quite a long conversation with an intelligent English officer, about the "Fenian" troubles, to which I listened with interest. At the depot we hired a cab and directed our driver to take us to the "Gresham House," on Sackville street, the principal street in the city. At the door, three obsequious waiters rushed out to offer assistance and to carry our luggage in doors. A little dapper housemaid waited inside to show "Madame to her apartments;" what should they be, a parlor and bed-room on the first floor front, or a bed-room only, with the use of the ladies' coffee-room? the reply was Madame would be content with the last proposal, as her stay was only for a day or two. We were ushered into a back room that had one wide window looking upon an open court yard, enclosed between four walls, and in the centre of a grass-plot was one big tree, flower-beds were all around, and vines trained up against the otherwise unsightly old walls. The furniture of the room was plain mahogany, crimson curtains at the window, an odd, box-like shaped

bedstead, with a solid base resting on the floor, looking as if it might have been handed down from generation to generation; an open grate with coals ready to be lighted at a moment's notice. We had dinner at half-past six, and retired at ten. Saturday morning we were up at seven, and breakfasted at nine, and after that we hired a jaunting-car for the day at two shillings the hour, a bargain that we repented of at our leisure, for the driver was a lazy drone; and his horse was lazier, and no amount of whipping could keep him up to a reasonable trot. At the suggestion of a friend we drove out to Howth Hill, (a distance of seven miles,) where we were promised "the finest prospect our eyes ever beheld," but the day being cloudy we failed to get the extended view, and returned to our hotel disappointed, procured a lunch and a better driver, and started out a second time to get a general idea of the city and its public buildings, the post office, custom house, Bank of Ireland, and many other places too numerous to mention. The only one that we sought admittance to, and gained access by paying a shilling each, was the official residence of the Lord Lieutenant. Our attendant (the housekeeper and general care-taker of the establishment) was a polite old lady, who kindly explained everything of interest, as we passed through the different apartments—the reception hall, parlors, dining-room, ball-room, armory and private apartments of the family, that they occupy not more than two months in the year, during which time one or two levees are given, when all Dublin, that is *anybody* goes. Placed on the walls of the reception-hall are the portraits of all the Lord Lieutenants, according to rotation in office. Connected with this residence is the Castle of Dublin, (originally an old fortress,) now the Royal chapel. I wish I could photograph a view of

its interior, that you might form some idea of its exquisite proportions, the beauty of its ornamentation, and the strange rich carvings in solid oak, and of the great stained glass windows, where the sun-light streamed through and lighted up the whole interior with the softest shades of color, of rose bloom and emerald green. It was a place where poet or artist might wish to meditate and linger in the solemn beauty of its "dim religious light."

Sabbath day, June 23. The hour is now eight o'clock in the evening. I am writing without a candle, as it is yet quite light, the twilight is so prolonged here, that it is not really dark before ten o'clock. We attended chapel service this morning, listened to a sermon from the Dean of Ellsmore. Forty clergymen receive stipends for preaching only two sermons each, during the year. We enjoyed the music very much; the choir was made up of half-grown men and boys, who were all robed in long white gowns, fitting close to the neck. J—— attended a second service this afternoon, and is out again to-night. At dinner to-day we had strawberries offered on the *stem*, and were expected *not to take* more than a half dozen, would you not consider that an aggravation? I know we did.

M. C. A.



Dublin, Monday Morning,
June 24, 5 o'clock A. M.

As M—— intends to mail her letter this morning, I shall have to hasten, to add a little to her full detail of much that we have seen and heard, and will take up the journal where she has left off. After lunch, Mr. Kyle, his grandson and myself, went to the Cathedral, St. Patrick's. Since the days of Queen Elizabeth it has been in the possession of the Episcopalians, but was originally erected by and belonged to the Catholics. The building, is a double parallelogram, crossing in the centre, at which point is placed the pulpit, so that all may be equally near the preacher, it is an immense complication of arches; yet one can hear distinctly. The music is of the highest order; about fifty or sixty make up the choir, all men and boys, and is the best I ever heard. People go to enjoy it as they do to the opera, leave when the sermon commences, and come back for the closing part of the musical entertainment. One can hardly understand the effect of such a service, unless it has been witnessed; but upon different minds it would make different impressions. To me, and to those who were with me, it seemed a piece of mockery, to call this display of dress and pomp of the officials, the worship of God. At the close of the service, about twenty of the robed gentry of the church passed down the aisle in procession, the chief usher, dressed in black velvet gown and hood, carrying a silver rod, about three feet long, elevated in his hand; at the end of the long aisles they made formal bows, and departed. A number of monuments line the side

arches of the building, the entire structure each way being a triplicate arch. Some of these monuments are of very ancient origin, and are built in the walls with representations in stone of the nobility of other days. Among those which I saw was an effigy of the wife of one of the Earls of Boyle, having a crown upon her head showing the regal power of those who, under the name of Earls, ruled Ireland with royal power, even after the old kingdoms of Ulster, Munster, etc., were broken up in name. In the evening young K. G—— and I went to Dr. Hall's church, Presbyterian, which is a very handsome structure of stone, only a few squares above us, on Sackville street. The Dr. is now in America. Here the worship was like that which we have been accustomed to, and seemed to me to have much more of sincerity in it.

We have concluded to remain in Dublin until two o'clock to-day, when we will leave for Belfast, or possibly for Londonderry, though I am afraid the ride, one hundred and eighty miles, between the hours of two and ten o'clock P. M., may be too much for M——. We will be greatly hurried to reach Paris by the first of July, and may have to give up Scotland altogether, crossing over to England directly from Ireland. With our visit to Ireland we have been greatly pleased; so many things are novel and peculiar to the eyes of an American, that they cannot fail to interest him. Some portions of the country are very well cultivated; indeed it would be difficult to find a more beautiful agricultural section than about Cork; and along the road from Killarney to Dublin, some of the land appeared to be in excellent condition, but the greater portion of the country seemed to be worn out and poor; to a stranger it has a look of desolation, and were it not that nature puts forth a successful effort to

cover its nakedness with the beautiful freshness of its green sward, and charming flowers, which grow in such profusion, this portion of Ireland would have little to attract the tourist.

The houses of the tenantry are mud cabins, consisting mostly of one room with a thatched roof and floor of earth, and are as destitute as possible of the comforts of civilized life. The mass of the people are miserably poor, nor can they better their condition, the land being owned by the gentry and nobility who mostly live in idleness and luxury on the rents which they extort from their tenantry, who are required to pay annually for a cabin and a small patch of land, $25 or $30. All they can do is to exist, the children are in rags; the mother is not much better, and is barefooted and bareheaded; the father idle, is often drunk, when he can get the money to become so, and this is a state of things which meets you on every hand. Ireland is in such a hopeless condition, that many of the poor wish to get to America. Those that have families are shut up to an endurance of their lot in life, because of the impossibility of raising means to leave, unless they have friends in our country to help them; whilst the young all seem to be striving to obtain money to get away, but this is hard to do, as wages are only six and eight shillings a week. Men were working in Queenstown when we were there at a shilling (24 cents) a day, out of which they support themselves and families. In Cork, the destitution, which we saw on the streets, was very distressing; at our hotel a waiter told me, most of the poor went shoeless through the snow and ice of winter. In Dublin things look much better, some cases of extreme poverty we saw, but no begging. Yesterday afternoon on my way to church, I passed through some of the streets in which the very poor live,

and was pleased to see them generally well clad, though not very cleanly. Dublin is not as pleasant a city as I expected to find it; most of the buildings look sooty and black, it has not the cheerful appearance of either Queenstown or Cork, though there is great activity during business hours, which last from 9 until 4 o'clock; few stores are open before 9 A. M. The troubles in this country and the Paris Exposition, are draining Ireland of visitors. The English are afraid, or dislike to travel here now, and the Americans pass through on their way to the great centre of attraction, so that the hotels are deserted.

J. A.



Mailed at Liverpool,
June 1, 1867.

Monday, June 24. Not feeling content to leave Dublin without seeing something of its modes of doing public business, we concluded to tarry over until the morning and visit the Four Courts, in which J—— was particularly interested. I remained in the cab, while he inspected their interior accommodations, and his report was, that the rooms were small, and their arrangements were not any more convenient than our own at home. The judges looked more pompous and official in their robes, but the wigs were perfectly hideous; so I thought the barristers appeared under their short, clipped hair, as I saw two pass through the open court yard. From the Courts we went to the Bank of Ireland, originally the Parliament House. The interior is handsomely fitted up, and retains entire the late House of Lords, the walls draped with tapestry, representing the Siege of Derry and the Battle of the Boyne, with the statue of George III. filling the space formerly occupied by the throne. They are very cautious about granting admittance to strangers. At the door our names were asked, inside the vestibule our cards were demanded; an official looked at them, passed them to another dignitary higher in grade, he to a third who carried them to some one still more exalted in authority, who came out of his office to inspect the party, and *this gentleman* appearing satisfied with our apparent respectability gave us in charge of an usher, whose vocation it was to show strangers through the building. We paid only one shilling for all this "red

tape." I must give you some idea of the appearance and dress of these lackeys; most of them were middle aged, fine looking men, their suits made of blue cloth ornamented with brass buttons, the pants with a scarlet stripe down the side, and the vest of scarlet cloth. Was not that gorgeous enough to impress a citizen of Yankee-land? We returned to the hotel at one o'clock, had a nice lunch of ham, bread and butter with coffee, and after that started for the depot. At seven in the evening we arrived at Belfast, feeling pretty well used up by the fatigues of the day. We put up at the Imperial Hotel, a tolerably comfortable house; all the hotels have a deserted look, as *everybody* is in Paris. This place is the centre of the linen trade of Ireland, and passing by the way, we noticed the large flax mills and extensive manufactories for weaving linen. The immensely large bleach greens were a novelty to our eyes; at one place we saw fifty or sixty acres in grass, all covered with the long lengths of material put out to whiten, and at intervals around the enclosure, were placed little watch towers, and men were stationed to guard the linen from injury. The farther we travel north, the better the soil appears to be, or rather, it is cultivated with more care, and the people seem to be much more industrious, and, as a natural result, everything has a more thrifty look. But the South of Ireland is by far the most attractive to the eye, with its old ruins, and moss-covered towers and its flowers, *most beautiful flowers*, that grow in such prodigal profusion everywhere, in the grain fields, by the roadside, in the hedge rows, and about the huts of the poor, to redeem them from unsightliness. Their loveliness and luxuriousness at times, so delighted and impressed me, that I could not restrain my tears; and I was forcibly reminded of a sermon that Dr. Butler once preached for

us upon the text: "The beauty of the Lord be upon us." He must have had a prescient view of the "Emerald Isle" before writing that sermon.

June 25. This city has no special attraction for strangers, except in a business point of view; yet it has a cheerful, thrifty appearance, the streets are wide, well paved, and are kept in a cleanly condition, and the houses are comfortable looking, and most of them are built of brick. In Queen's College we felt some interest, because Dr. McCosh (whom we met at St. Louis last year) is one of its professors. You will remember that the first Bible that was printed in Ireland, was in this city of Belfast. The Methodist denomination are erecting (nearly opposite to Queen's) a very fine college building, the material of which is stone and brick. At the Museum we were told we should find some rare Irish antiquities; and for believing it, we were cheated out of two shillings, to look at some birds and Sandwich Island curiosities. In examining goods, silk and linen, we were surprised to find not more than twenty per cent. difference in prices, but I think perhaps there may be a greater contrast in silk. We lunched at one o'clock, started for Armagh, and arrived at half-past three on the afternoon of Tuesday, a market day for all the country round. The streets were filled with people offering their produce for sale; such a gathering you or I never saw, nor do I believe it could be seen outside of Ireland. Men, women, boys, girls, little children, pigs, cows, sheep, dogs, horses, mules, and donkeys, all huddled together on the sidewalks and in the middle of the streets. This we saw in part as we drove up to the "Beresford Arms," and as we entered the front door, on a level with the street, we felt like throwing up *our arms*, and beating a hasty retreat; but

second thought induced us to explore a little beyond. Our search carried us up three pairs of stairs, we were shown into the only unoccupied bed-room in the house, a dirty, comfortless looking place to lodge in, having no curtains at the windows, no valance around the bed, and no *reflector* to increase our vanity. There were two chairs to sit upon. To J——'s questioning look, I responded by saying, "Oh, yes; it's only for a night, we will stay, only stipulate that our meals may be served in the parlor, (if they have any,) and not in the common dining-room." After the matter was satisfactorily arranged, J—— proposed to get a car and drive around and through the town, to which I assented, although I was very tired. We drove through the grounds of the Archbishop of Armagh, they were very extensive, but not so beautiful as many others that we have seen.

The old cathedral is the most attractive building in Armagh; the stained glass windows are of great value and beauty, and the statuary is finer than any we have seen. St. Patrick himself laid the corner-stone of this church, it is said, and the archbishop preceding the present incumbent expended three hundred thousand pounds in beautifying the building. Dr. Edgar is the pastor of the Presbyterian church. Armagh is not an unattractive looking town; many of the public buildings are very large, and most of the private residences are at least comfortable, some of the stores are extensive and made quite a tempting display of goods in their windows. But, we were more interested in watching these peculiar people in the streets—after their marketing was sold and disposed of, they did one of two things, either bought some little comforts to carry home, or got happily drunk; and we were inclined to believe that the majority did the latter, judg-



Armagh Cathedral.



ing from the number that we saw staggering along the streets. In the evening, after our ride, we amused ourselves watching them from the upper windows. Just opposite there was a bakery—to this shop all the better class went to buy, as an unusual treat, a loaf of baker's bread. This was our inference, from observing how carefully they handled it, how neatly they wrapped it up, and then as if to secrete the dainty bit from envious eyes, they put it under the hay in the bottom of the cart. Some of the women were leading donkeys, others pulling cars, while the lazy men walked behind, consulting their ease and smoking long clay pipes. But I forgot to tell you of our evening meal: when we returned from our ride, a neat looking serving man opened the door of a cosey little parlor, and asking us to enter, said "supper will be ready very soon." I noticed in a moment, that the carpet upon the floor was the same pattern that sister Jennie has in her bed-room: and the rug like the one in our dining-room at home. Were we not happy at once, with our pleasant memories: and do you not believe that our supper was made more palatable with such surroundings? It was a well prepared meal, and J—— enjoyed it very much. Our attendant knew us as Americans, and immediately told us he had a sister in Philadelphia, and that she lived "*in Eighth street.*" Before retiring the proprietor of the hotel came in to explain, that any noise we might hear during the night, he hoped would not disturb us, as it would be accounted for, by saying that there was to be a Masonic dinner in the house. Next morning, June 26th, we left Armagh, at half-past eleven, taking our tickets to Omagh, an intermediate place, between the former and Derry, as I was quite sick, and feared that I should not be able to make the whole journey, a distance of

seventy-five miles; but when we reached that point, we concluded it was safer to go on.

Arriving at Londonderry at 3 P. M., we drove immediately to the "International," where I found my will and strength quite exhausted, having eating nothing since the day before. I was obliged to retire at once, and feared that I was going to have a regular attack of neuralgia; but after a sleep of two hours in a cool, clean bed, I felt refreshed, and could take a cup of tea brought me by a tidy chambermaid, who wore (as they all do) a jaunty little cap; they are very pretty, and some of the girls too. During this interval, J—— hired a car and drove out to Craig, a distance of five miles, to see his father's brother. He succeeded in finding the old gentleman, who is now eighty years of age, spent a half hour with the family, and when he left, gave them a conditional promise, that if I was well enough, we would pass part of the next day with them. (That was June the 27th.) I felt much better, and quite able to bear the fatigue of the ride, and was very anxious to see these Irish relations, and we first determined to find Andrew McIlvain, whom J—— tried to find the day before, but somehow missed the direction. The place where he lives is called Tillie Arden. As we were approaching this town, we saw a man coming towards us, and as he came nearer J—— and I both exclaimed "Joseph McIlvain!" We stopped, he waited to know what inquiry we had to make. J—— addressed him by asking, "are you not Andrew McIlvain?" His reply was, "that is my name sir? and who are you?" "My name is Joseph Allison, and this is Mrs. A——," J—— said, "and we have come out to see you." "And glad I am to see you," was his hearty response, and then in an undertone to himself, he said, "well! well! this is Judge Allison, that I have

heard so much about," and then to us, "I'm glad to see you; my home is just here, a little way beyond, you will send your car back to the city and stay with us." We were soon at the door of his house, he took us in, brought his wife and children forward and made us acquainted with each one by name. Mrs. McIlvain is a very interesting and agreeable person, an excellent wife and a kind mother I have no doubt; and as to Mr. McIlvain, he is as much like his brother Joseph in St. Louis, as it is possible for two persons to be alike; he has the same childlike disposition, the same warmth of heart, unselfish and self-denying,—and, judging from his conversation, is evidently a man that lives near to his God. We were prevailed upon to stay to lunch; and the blessing that he asked at table ran into the length of a prayer, in which he "thanked his Heavenly Father for the favor of permitting us to make him this visit," and prayed for us in such tender terms, that I know my eyes, at least, were suffused with tears. The whole interview has left on our minds a most delightful impression, and I shall not soon forget the good man's prayer, or the sincere piety that pervaded his conversation.

Our second visit was less cordial, at Uncle Joseph's. Mr. McIlvain drove us over, as we had, at his suggestion, discharged our car; and we found the family were all waiting to receive us. The old gentleman is quite feeble, but was up and dressed in black clothes, shorts, knee buckles, white stockings, and slippers, and his hair is very black, with not many gray ones intermixed. We saw only three of his grandchildren, one a Mrs. Stewart. Wine and cake with sandwiches were passed; after which we chatted for a half hour, and then, at Mr. McIlvain's very earnest pleading, we returned to his house to pass an hour, and his wife

greeted us again as cordially as if we were old acquaintances. We took a short walk down along the river bank, out to a coast guard station; and after that Mr. McIlvain carried us to the city in his jaunting-car, and we both felt sorry that we had to say "good-bye" to him at the hotel door.

June 28. We were off for Port Rush at half past ten, but before starting, we made the effort to see something of Derry, and took a short walk upon a portion of the old wall, which is in a very good state of preservation, and not allowed to fall into decay. In the centre of the city is a square, called the Diamond, from each side of which, four streets lead to the four principal gates of the city. The monument erected to the memory of the Rev. George Walker is considered one of the chief ornaments of this place, and it was just in view from our bed-room window; and in the enclosure at its base, are three or four old guns that were used in the siege—a siege that was sustained one hundred and five days, while the people were reduced to the extremity of eating dogs and rats. It is said that over two thousand died by famine. When reading Charlotte Elizabeth's account of those terrible days, I little thought that I should ever stand upon the old walls of Londonderry. I tried to chip off a piece of stone for Will, but could not succeed, it was so firmly imbedded in mortar.

Just at twilight, on the evening before, J—— and I went over to the Cathedral, it was too dark to see anything satisfactorily, but we saw the colors taken at the siege. The bridge that we crossed in passing over the river Foyle was erected by an American engineer and is a very fine one. The suburb of Waterford is a very pretty place, we passed through it



WALKER'S PILLAR, LONDONDERRY.



THE JAUNTING-CAR.

on our way to the depot. Port Rush is a neat little town, and a favorite resort for sea bathing, where we arrived at one o'clock, remaining at "Coleman's" only long enough to secure a car to carry us beyond (eight miles) to that world's wonder, the "Giant's Causeway." Two Americans occupied seats with us. Capt. Wiley, U. S. N., is related to Judge L——s' family in W. P.; before we separated at night, he offered, and we accepted his proffer, to carry a message to you direct. The name of the other gentleman was Baldwin. We reached the Causeway by half past three; and after a hasty lunch, we determined to explore its wonders before dark, having secured a guide and four stout fellows to row us *round*. We were off with our two companions, and had to walk a distance of half a mile to reach the boat, over a stony pathway, down a steep hill. The tide was up, the surf running high, and it seemed a dangerous thing to get into that frail little skiff, and I believe it affected my timid nerves, for we were not out twenty minutes, before I began to feel sick. Mr. Baldwin's lips looked blue, and in less than an hour we were satisfied to put back to shore, but I must give you our impressions of this natural wonder. That we were all disappointed, was to a certain extent no doubt attributable to our condition, both of body and mind. The bay called the Giant's Amphitheatre, is certainly a wonderful formation; the half circle is so exact that no architect could have made it more so. Close to this was the Giant's organ, so called from the fancied resemblance it seems to have to the pipes of an organ. Opposite to that again is his loom, and there are several isolated columns called the chimney tops, from the likeness they bear to the chimneys of a castle. There are many more of these fancied resemblances, to which names have been given by the people; the

Giant's bed, his well, his bonnet, his bagpipes, and the chair in which the Giant sat while his men built the causeway, etc. Our boatman landed us on the basaltic pillars, and this seemed to us decidedly the most wonderful formation of all. These pillars are of different shapes, but their sides are fitted to each other with such exact nicety, that no human skill could excel, and they form a pavement somewhat resembling a honey-comb or wasp's nest, over which you can walk with perfect safety. They are impervious to water, and the different pieces cannot be separated except by force. Our guide told us that only the day previous, an American gentleman had succeeded in having two columns detached, with the intention of having them taken to America, to ornament his garden; and the cost for their transportation to Liverpool was £5. Coleman's hotel at the Causeway is a well ordered house, where we had a good chamber, a comfortable supper, and an early breakfast; as our determination was, after talking the matter over, not to go back by rail to Belfast, but to take an open car and go round the eastern coast to get the shore views. So we started at half-past six, and rode a distance of thirteen miles to a neat little town called Ballycastle, where we paid our car-man and discharged him, to take the Mail Post. A delay of an hour gave us time to rest in the neat little parlor of the inn, and then we were off to Cushendal, (foot of the river,) passing by Cushendule, (foot of the brown hill.) At Cushendal we had to change conveyances again, and take seats in an open post-van to Larn. The whole distance from the Causeway is *fifty-four* miles; but what will astonish you more is, that I rode the last stage of the way *outside*, *above* with the driver, perched on the top of the van, with J—— beside me on the left to keep me from falling off. I must describe this van; for

we have nothing like it in our own country. In shape it is like an omnibus, about that length, but not enclosed, and the seats are outside, facing out, with a foot rest, but no covering above the head. The intervening space, (between the seats,) say two feet and a half, is to carry the baggage; and this day it was filled, and piled up above the heads of the people. Now you will understand that, seated on one side, you miss the view on the other, and this I could not make up my mind to do.

So, with J——'s assistance, I clambered over the wheels to the higher seat above, and there my eyes were fascinated with the *grandest* views they ever beheld; for they were *perfectly glorious.* The road, which was as level and smooth as a floor, ran along the coast shore almost all the way, so we had the ocean views contrasted with the headland's, the one setting off the other to great advantage. Some of these headlands jutted far out into the sea, then receding, formed small bays and inlets; bordering upon these little coves, we often came unexpectedly upon a cluster of pretty cottages with garden plots around them, which were sheltered by the overhanging cliffs, and they had a very warm and cozy atmosphere about them. One place called "Cornlough" looked so much like a New England village, that we were charmed with it, and came to the conclusion that there must be some pious people controlling village affairs, as the church spire towered high above all the dwellings. These towns are summer resorts for the gentry, I have no doubt. At a place called Glenarm we changed horses, and while that was being accomplished, a half dozen impertinent officials walked around the van, scrutinizing us closely, evidently on the look out for suspected persons, Fenians in disguise. I must confess I felt quite relieved when

we drove off, and none the less when our driver, in a communicative mood, told us that only a day or two before, a gentleman was arrested in this place and detained three days. I began to think what I should do if they carried J—— off perforce, as it would be no comfort for me in such an event to know that I held the purse in safe keeping. On one of the highest points of these rugged promontories was the castle of the Marchioness of Londonderry, a lady who when alive (she has been dead two years) thought herself the Queen's superior. It was a magnificent old castle, its dark battlements and towers overgrown with ivy and mosses, relieving its sombre hues by their bright, rich shades of coloring; making it a lovely picture, with a massive frame—the overtowering cliff. All along the coast we saw men, women and children of all ages, gathering a sea grass or moss, that is called *dulce*, which is in great demand by the gentry, who eat it when dry. J—— bought some; the taste he thought quite pleasant—I did not like it; it was very salt. A coarser grass called *kelp* they collect in immense quantities which they burn, and from the ashes Iodine is extracted; and for these ashes they get only £5 or £6, in money, per ton. We saw vast quantities of it spread out on the ground to dry, and stacks in large numbers piled up ready to burn. What a struggle for life, to get daily bread, (*not meat*,) just *under* the walls of the rich, where they know there is enough and to spare. If it were not for their religious faith and superstitions, they would not so easily submit to what to us seems an unendurable condition.

At Larn we made a very close connection with the train, only having five minutes to spare, just time enough to secure our tickets for Belfast, where we arrived at half-past 5 P. M., took a cab, first drove to the office of the Liverpool steamers, secured a state-room

and passage in a steamer going out at eight o'clock, then drove to the International, ordered our supper, and while it was being prepared, washed and brushed up; for you may imagine that after so long a ride we were somewhat out of condition. When that was accomplished, we enjoyed our supper immensely, having had nothing to eat but a few crackers since we left the Causeway, yet even with that denial I would rather have fasted *two days* than to have missed *that ride* and its *magnificent views*. On board the steamer, a half hour before the time of starting, J—— and I enjoyed sitting in the twilight talking over our novel experiences, taking our last views of the city and the shores of Ireland, confessing to a feeling of sadness and regret in leaving this beautiful land. We have no expectation that anything we may see beyond will interest us half so much, for this odd and peculiar people have given us great sources of pleasure.

It was Sabbath morning when we landed at the pier in Liverpool, at eight o'clock, took a cab and drove to the Queen's hotel, which is quite near the Lime Street Station, where we are to take cars for London. I was very much fatigued and did not need the motion of the vessel to rock me a lullaby to sleep last night; I slept soundly, and cannot say whether the channel was rough or not, and that passage in the night carried us over into "merrie Old England." Passing through the streets I saw nothing that was odd or peculiar, except a queer kind of cab called a "Hansom." It is something like an enclosed gig set quite low between the wheels; the sides and front can be enclosed at pleasure, the view is not obstructed, as above and at the sides it is panelled in glass. The driver's seat is behind, high up; so that his lines are not entangled when you pass out or in the cab, and you give your

directions through a little trap door above your head. The hour for church service here is eleven o'clock. As soon as we had breakfasted, J—— started out to look for a Presbyterian house of worship, and he was directed to two or three called Presbyterian, but they all turned out to be Episcopalian. A police officer pointed out a fourth, that he assured him *was* what he was in pursuit of. His mind being *quite relieved*, he walked in, took a seat, listened to the sermon about twenty minutes, discovered there was a *mistake somewhere*, and when passing out, asked a person with what denomination that church was connected. "Unitarian" was the answer. I was too weary to make the effort to go out, but sat at the front window, and was interested in watching a crowd of people, who had gathered to listen to a layman who was preaching with great earnestness to them, judging from his rapid and violent gesticulations.

M. C. A.



Liverpool,

Monday, July 1, 1867.

I cannot let M—— send off this morning her second letter home, without penning a postscript to go along with it. We are for the first time in our lives upon the soil of England, "merrie England" as it once was called, though things look to us here, to be as staid and busy as they do at home. M—— has written you a full account of our journey through Ireland, which we both enjoyed very much, and I have with her a feeling of regret at leaving its green fields, and its ivy covered walls and ruins, its beautiful flowers, and its old associations of kingly and lordly power which have passed away forever. The castles and towers were of great extent, and were so strong as to defy all the ordinary modes of attack. I went over Blarney Castle and climbed its narrow and worn steps of stone to its top, while M—— waited for me on the green below. The steps wind circuitously from loop-hole to fighting room, showing how much these ancient strongholds were used as places of refuge and defence, in the days of Ireland's bloody and frequent wars, so long and so fiercely waged between the savage kings and nobles. Projecting from the walls of the castle at its top is a battlement of stone, which served as a protection to the defenders of the building, who with great safety to themselves, could thus assail an attacking party from their elevated position, casting upon their heads stone and other missiles, and even pour upon them boiling lead.

Minnie, who venerates antiquity, would be delighted

if she could visit the decaying castles which abound in Ireland; and indeed I do not think that any one could go over these ruined seats of princely power, or gaze upon the tombs of the extinct races of the kings of this land, which are now moss covered and crumbling away, and look upon it all unmoved.

There is intense interest connected with these memorials of the mighty dead of other days, as well as with the ruined churches and Abbeys, which abound in every portion of this land. Long will it be, before we shall forget our visit to Muckross Abbey, which is but one among many others, which we have not seen. Beautiful is this Abbey, in that which yet remains of it; in its pleasant surrounding of lawn and stately avenue; and sacred and solemn to us seemed the spot, where rests in peace, the dust of so many kings and Abbots. It would be pleasant to spend a month instead of ten days here as we have done; and tourist from America are learning how well they are repaid by a visit to this green isle of the sea. But there is another reason for the interest I take in this land; it is associated with the home conversations of my early days. M—— has written you of our visit to Armagh, where mother was born; I will not attempt to describe my sensations when first I entered the quaint old city, with its winding, crooked streets, and scenes of life and bustle. It was market day, and the only opportunity I had of seeing an Irish town when the population of a neighborhood turn out to sell whatever they can obtain from their farms. It was an odd collection; from the thrifty, successful man of toil and industry, (his wife generally with him, and often the children,) to the boys dressed in rags, tattered rags of all descriptions and colors, into which people put themselves in this country. I rose up early in the morning

before many of the town's people were stirring, and directed my steps to the grave yard of the old Presbyterian church, making my way through an opening in the hedge, which a man upon request pointed out to me, the gate being locked.

I made diligent examination of the tombstones to find some memorial of the dead kindred of my mother. Many of the graves were without anything to indicate who their occupants were, and my search was fruitless: nor could I learn that any of the name of Andrews now lived in Armagh; as I thus employed myself, and wandered in the early morning around the town, passing perhaps over the very spot where mother in her childhood was accustomed to play, how sweet and tender the recollection of that mother was to me; dear mother! with her loving heart, so full of affection for all who had claim upon her; so overflowing in her love for her children and family. Precious to those who knew her, is the memory of her gentle, kind and unselfish nature, loving all and by all beloved.

I could have spent a week in Armagh with interest, for the very associations by which I found myself surrounded, seemed to make me feel like a boy again, and bring back to me the days when mother was to me like the sun to the flowers. I would have liked much to remain longer in Armagh, but we had to take an early departure from our comfortable quarters at the inn, and proceed to Derry. M—— has described our visit there, which was also brief, and here, too, I found myself familiar with the places by which I was surrounded: Craig and Muff, and Culmore, and the race course and sheep walk, and Sir George Hill's grounds, of which I had heard so often; and as I drove out along the road from Derry to Craig, the place where father was born, in imagination I could see him

walking along the road, which must have been so familiar to him in his youthful days. But I must not repeat what M—— has written of our visit to Derry; time presses for our start at nine o'clock, and we have yet to get trunks ready and breakfast. We have not been delayed a moment since we came here, and what is very remarkable for Ireland, have had no rain, nor the usual warmth of the season, which would make travel uncomfortable.

J. A.



Mailed at Paris,
July 12, 1867.

Monday, July 1. We left Liverpool this morning at nine o'clock, accomplished the distance (two hundred miles) in six hours, up to this big, overgrown, bustling city of London. I counted no less than nine tunnels between the two cities, some two or three at least, were not less than two miles in length, long enough for *lovers* to have kissed in the dark—*middle-aged people* never do such silly things? Our informants had told us that this great northwestern road passed directly through what was considered the very garden of England, but it did not so impress us, we saw very little improvement over Ireland in the cultivation of the farms. The dwellings were much better, more comfortable in appearance, and almost all were two stories high, built of stone or brick, with slate or tile roofing instead of thatch; and they have barns for their grain and cattle, but in Ireland the hay is all stacked out. In a great many places, and for long distances, we noticed that the hedges were dying out, and that either iron or rail fences had been substituted; this, to a certain extent, is an obstruction to the view, and destroys the beauty of the landscape. In passing through several large manufacturing towns we made only one stoppage, at a junction road near Rugby; which was an aggravation to my over-sensitive nerves, that were on the alert for an accident that did not come to pass, and in seasonable time we were landed in safety at the depôt in the city of London. We directed our "Hansom" man to take us at once to

Charing Cross station, which he did for the moderate charge of two shillings, and from this station the cars start for Dover, via Calais to Paris. It was our intention to secure a safe place of deposit for our baggage, purchase our through tickets on the train going out in the evening at half-past eight, and then go in search of a dinner. But we were saved this trouble, by the considerate thoughtfulness of our porter, who informed us that there was an excellent hotel attached to the depôt, and under the management of the railroad company. We determined to avail ourselves of its accommodations, and I am now writing in room No. 30, Charing Cross hotel; and a very neat, tidy, comfortable room it is, with clean white curtains at the window and around the bed; the tempting pillows look very inviting to *my weary head*, but I cannot indulge myself to that extent, unless I deny you the satisfaction of knowing how we are progressing on our journey. Our dinner was well prepared and promptly served; we had broiled beefsteak, potatoes and coffee, with rhubarb pie, and before that, we had what we enjoyed more than all, after our dusty ride, a good warm bath, for the day was excessively hot, and the dust was very annoying. J—— complimented me by saying "that he had never seen my face so dirty," and I could, with equal candor, have returned the compliment as applying to himself; but exercised my forbearing spirit in allowing him to enjoy his blissful ignorance. Here is a good idea for tidy housekeepers—at the back of the wash-stand they have a willow mat, woven like a basket lid, of a corresponding width with the stand, and hung up against the wall to prevent the paper from being soiled; and this is another good suggestion —a bench two feet high, three feet wide, to rest a trunk upon, is an improvement over the back-breaking



CHARING CROSS.

LONDON.

process of seating yourself on the floor to pack your trunk.

Tuesday, July 2. After a rest of five hours, we bade good-bye for the present to London and all its attractions. At half-past eight in the evening, we were seated in the cars, and a ride of two hours and a half brought us to Dover. The channel we crossed in one hour and a half, and it was as calm and unruffled as a summer's' sea, so no one could get up the faintest shadow of an excuse for getting sick; although some fidgety old bodies did call for brandy and water, as a precaution against the nausea, that they were *assured* they must and *would experience*, if they did not swallow something as a preventive.

From Calais to Paris occupied six hours. Stations of more or less importance, succeeded each other rapidly as the train approached Paris, and among them St. Dennis, where the kings of France have been buried for centuries. Then followed one or two other places of less importance, and *at last* the train passes into the depôt and lands us in the Frenchman's Paradise. We did not feel in the least like celestial visitors, weary and exhausted as we were from loss of sleep and want of refreshment since the day before, and our human instincts rebelled loudly against the forced imprisonment that we were compelled to submit to, in waiting one hour in the depôt under lock and key, until all the baggage was overhauled or superficially examined by the custom-house officers. Our two satchels they did not open, I suppose for the plain reason, that our faces indicated us as honest folk, in spite of our dust-soiled clothing, but all things disagreeable (as well as pleasant) must have an ending, and in due time we were allowed to pass the barriers, and were free (*ex-*

cept in speech,) to select from a dozen gabbling, chattering Frenchmen, one that would carry us up or down (we knew not) to the "*Grand Hotel.*" The bargain was made, *one* of the party at least understanding how much the compensation was to be; we seated ourselves in the cab, the trunks were placed above, then the porter who had carried them out from the depot presented himself at the door, demanding his pay, how much we could not tell, he jabbered away at the most furious rate and the only word we could make out was, "bagage, bagage." J—— opened his pocket-book, handed him some English money, and told him to take out his charge; he looked at the coin with an expression that indicated his disgust or unwillingness to touch the "*foreigners*," but finding that it was his *only* alternative, that or nothing, he made the change for a crown, retaining what he considered an equivalent for his services. That was all satisfactory; we were ready to be off, started, had gone a short distance, when the man came running after us in hot haste, calling out, at the top of his voice, "stop! stop!" presenting himself a second time at the cab door, his face in a heated state of excitement; he extended his hand containing the money, went through a sort of dumb show, counting over the pieces and compelling us to understand that he had cheated himself, and was sixpence short; the mistake was soon rectified, and we were off a second time for the Grand Hôtel. We enter from the "Boulevard des Capucines," pass through an arch way into an open court beyond; we turn to the left, stop at the reception office, a lackey, dressed like a gentleman, in black clothes and white necktie, comes out, opens the coupé, would obsequiously bow us out, and usher us up the grand stairway; but we are not quite ready; we do not understand *his* French; he certainly would not

understand *ours*. J—— in desperation says, "Parlez-vous Anglais?" he comprehends the situation at once and is off, comes back in a moment or two bringing with him an old man, who is reasonably sensible, because he can speak English. Under his escort we pass up three or four flights of stairways, through a long hall that terminates in a circular platform that is lighted from a skylight above; then we enter an ante-room and pass into *our rooms*, for there are two; one is intended as a dressing-room, has all the arrangements for the bath, etc.; the other is parlor and bed-room combined, and it has two single beds, both canopied in crimson damask, the drapery falling from above on three sides; the coverlets are of the same material, the pillows square and very large, covered with fine linen and lace trimmings, very tempting and luxurious they look. Two ease-inviting arm-chairs, five wall chairs, dressing bureau, wash-stand, and two mirrors from the ceiling down, complete the furniture of the apartments. What we are to pay for these quarters we have yet to discover; but my impression is that the old man said about six dollars a day, in our money, and this includes *nothing* but the *logement*, all the meals are extra, and service and attendance are charged in proportion to the style of rooms you occupy. To gratify my desire to have everything in corresponding good taste, J—— consulted my whim in ordering our breakfast up stairs, where we could enjoy a cosey chat alone and without interruption. Our coffee and cream were excellent, the rolls were feathery light, the omelet was delicately flavored with parsley, and the savory chops were ornamented with frilled paper at the tip ends, and what made the morning meal still more tempting was the dainty neatness with which all the dishes were placed upon the table. J—— felt so much invigorated by the effects of the deli-

cious coffee, that he concluded to start out immediately in search of our good friends Mr. and Mrs. Dougherty.

He was very fortunate in meeting Mr. Kinsley at the entrance door of the hotel, from whom he learned that they were at the Hôtel DeL'athénée, only two squares off, and in a half hour he returned bringing with him Mrs. D—— and Mary Forney. Of course we were delighted to see each other so far from home; and while we were making inquiries as to how they had been passing the time since we parted in Philadelphia, the *illustrious Daniel* walked himself in, "larger than life, and twice as natural," with only *one* new embellishment, he has grown a mustache, and we think it a very doubtful improvement to his handsome face; otherwise he is the same, not one bit spoiled, the same jovial, warm hearted, sympathetic, good fellow, that everybody likes. Judging from their conversation, I should say that they have had a most delightful trip so far, the only regret is, that they were too soon for Ireland; the flowers were not in bloom, it was damp and rainy in May. They were very much impressed with the highland scenery and Lakes of Scotland, with some portions of the city of Edinburgh they were charmed, and the beautiful Cathedral at Glasgow seemed to have made a great impression upon Mr. D——'s mind. At Abbotsford they spent a delightful day; I hope there is one in reserve for us on our return. Before we separated, it was determined that we should make the effort to get a room at the hotel where they are. Paris is full of Americans. Dr. J—— and wife, Mr. and Mrs. K——, Mr. R——, and Mrs. H—— of Harrisburg, and a host of others too numerous to name.

Wednesday, July 3. We are moved again, (but not to tears.) Here I am, in a small room at the head of

entresol No. 3, perched up on the top of our trunk, in the Hôtel DeL'athénée, and here we are to remain until a room on the first floor is vacated for our use. We left our grand apartments at nine this morning, had our breakfast served in the ladies' coffee-room; and a tempting repast it was, broiled beefsteak garnished with herbs, a luscious fish served on a heated metal dish, with a half lemon at one end, and a sprig of parsley at the other—these pretty embellishments add very much to the attractiveness of the table. If I had the leisure I would like to describe this room, and the large dining-saloon in which we sat at table-d'hôte yesterday, for it is the most gorgeously magnificent room for such a purpose that I ever saw. It is gay in its elaborate gildings, and so rich in its brilliant ornamentation, that the eye is dazzled by its glittering brightness; the walls are lined with mirrors, arranged with so much discriminating taste, that all its beauties seem multiplied a hundred fold, producing the most charming effects; while flowers in the greatest profusion adorned the tables, and at every available point about the room, where they could be seen to advantage, they were placed. The dinner, for which we paid eight francs each, was a fine affair; and occupied two hours in the serving of eight courses. This will do as an experiment; but time is too precious, we can't give two hours each day to a table-d'hôte dinner. I never saw finer fruit; the strawberries and cherries were delicious, and they were a little more generous in the distribution of them than in Dublin, but they gave us no cream for the berries. After dinner most of the guests adjourned to the parlors, or balcony in the open court; some to chat and smoke away an hour, until it was time to seek other excitement in the street or opera; the young folks to flirt and charm each other,

by saying pretty nothings, and from that into sentimental love making; the old folks, like J—— and *myself*, sitting apart, quietly taking our coffee and talking about *home* and the dear *children*, wishing that Minnie and Annie could look over this gay scene. Imagine yourself in this oblong square, a hundred feet by seventy-five; the whole space under a skylight cover, three sides occupied by the business offices, express and baggage, reading and billiard rooms, and all other necessary purposes for such an immense establishment. The fourth side, facing the Boulevard, having a balcony or elevated platform above the pave below; along this length are placed little round tables, where small parties may sit and enjoy their coffee or creams at leisure, and outside of this again, are ranged at short intervals, large tropical plants, and the whole scene is warmed up and made brilliantly gay, by the flags above and the bright toilets of the ladies below, whose dresses are rainbow hued—so that every conceivable color has its counterpart in this picture.

Thursday, July 4. It is very difficult, with our present surroundings, to realize that this is the day we celebrate as our national anniversary at home, but to-night we may be able to get up a little genuine enthusiasm, as it is determined, and arrangements have been made, for a dinner at the "Grand." Two hundred tickets have already been sold, (at seven dollars in gold each,) and three times that number expect to participate. The supposition is that General Dix will preside, and J—— and Mr. Dougherty are two of the speakers designated. If I go I shall wear my plain *black dress*, my only ornament the national colors. Mrs. D—— comes in to say that it is probable the dinner may have to be abandoned, as a telegram

has been received, announcing the death of Maxamilian, and the Emperor desires that there may be no *merry makings* in his capitol if such an event is true. The military review in honor of the Sultan of Turkey is postponed, and the court go into mourning for twenty days. Yesterday Mr. and Mrs. D——, J—— and myself, were out most of the day together, and our eyes were literally feasted with beautiful novelties. Paris has wonderful attractions, and I already begin to feel an enthusiastic admiration for its many charms. We hired a carriage at two francs an hour, and drove first to the church of Saint Sulpice, a very old building, having no very noticeable attractions: then dined at a café in the neighborhood, and later in the day we drove up through the "Champs Elysées," the finest and most popular promenade in the city; which is a mile and a half in length. The lower portion, on either side of the street, is laid out in flower gardens and shrubberies, with beautiful fountains between, and in the groves are places of entertainment, cafés, circus performances, roundabout or whirligig swings, in which you can get a ride for a penny, Punch and Judy, weighing machines, and a dozen other sources of amusement, that never fail to attract a crowd and please the children. From the Champs Elysées we drove to the Bois de Boulogne: this is the fashionable park and drive, where the wealthy citizens try to outshine each other in the display of their costly equipages. This day, I suppose, on account of the news from Mexico, there were very few distinguished persons to be seen; among that number was the Viceroy of Egypt, who was dressed in his national costume, and sat in an open phaeton with three other gentlemen; as he is the Emperor's guest, the carriage horses (four in number) must have been appropriated

to his use; the out riders and coachman, looked very gay in their scarlet and gold lace. Some of the ladies in their carriages looked as if they were "en-passage" to a ball or party, their dresses being made of the lightest and most gauzy materials and in colors of the most delicate tints—rose-pink, sky-blue and violet; the trimmings, gloves and bonnets being in corresponding shades; and when they were seated, the skirt of the dress was spread out gracefully and to its utmost limit to show them off to the greatest possible advantage.

Mrs. D—— puts a sudden check on my writing, by making the request that I will go out shopping with her, as a shower of rain is not considered a sufficient reason for staying in doors, if inclination prompts one to go out.

Friday, July 5. The hour is 10½ A. M. We have been fashionable from necessity, and have just disposed of our morning meal, for we retired to bed last night at three o'clock; but not to get any refreshing sleep, our minds were in such a feverish state of excitement after the grand dinner in the gorgeous banqueting hall of the Grand Hôtel; and it was a very expensive and sumptuous affair I assure you. At eight o'clock the guests assembled in the parlor, (a large and brilliant company of ladies and gentlemen,) at nine precisely they entered the dining hall, the band playing "Hail Columbia." Over three hundred guests, representing most of the States of the Union, took seats at the four immensely long tables, and when seated, the effect was indescribably beautiful. The novel decorations, the elegant and delicate viands, the mirrors duplicating the charming scene, the music, the flowers, the dainty cut glass ornaments, the lights, the

ladies in their gay and exquisite toilets, and above all the united American and French flags, produced a scene that was transcendently beautiful. I have it photographed in my memory as a charming picture that will never lose its coloring. At the head of the middle table presided the chairman of the committee, Mr. M——; who was supported by Governor Curtin and J——, but so far from me that I could not see them without my glass. I sat to the right of Mr. Dougherty; and other gentlemen were seated in prominent positions, but I mention only the names of those that you feel a personal interest in. A blessing was invoked by Dr. Eldridge, (resident clergyman of the American Chapel in Paris, who was a classmate of Dr. Butler's.)

The dinner I will not describe, but will only say that it occupied two hours in the serving; that we had all imaginable (and some *unimaginable* to an American) good things, beginning with *melons*—and champagne, and ending with "Café et Liqueurs." Then followed the intellectual part of the feast. First a short address by the "Chairman;" after which the following toasts were drank: "The Day we celebrate;" then Music,—"The Star Spangled Banner," (the whole audience rising and making the salon ring with their cheers and applause,) the band winding up with Yankee Doodle." The next toast was, "The President of the United States." Music,—"The Red White and Blue," then nine hearty cheers were given for the old flag. The third toast, "His Imperial Majesty, Napoleon III," Music, —"Josephine's Hymn." After this, the following was proposed and drank, standing, and in profound silence, "The memory of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln."

The chairman then proposed the health of S. B. Rug-

gles, U. S. Commissioner to the congress of Nations, now in session in Paris, but this gentleman responded in so low a tone we did not hear a word. After him came our distinguished townsman, Daniel Dougherty, "The eloquent orator and advocate of the Philadelphia Bar." "Dock" was tremulous and decidedly nervous saying two or three times before his name was announced, "Oh! goodness, I wish it was over, suppose I fail, what shall I do? say, Mrs. A—— do you believe I shall get through? I replied, of course you will get through, and creditably too; why you never broke down in your life *but once.* The result proved my judgment to be correct, his speech was capital, it was witty and eloquent in word and thought. He commenced with some humorous remarks, describing his unsuccessful attempts to learn French under difficulties, and his experience in buying a hat; this kept the table in a roar of laughter, and then he turned our thoughts "to where our hearts now are, and will forever be, the dear land we call our country and our home." Amid a shower of applause he sat down, his full heart overflowing in tears, to receive the warm congratulations of his friends; and we all felt proud of him, for it was one of his happiest efforts, and he never acquitted himself more creditably or more to the entire satisfaction of those who value his friendship. As the representative of the Press, Colonel Forney followed; with a speech of great eloquence and power, which was very much applauded. After him J—— was introduced, by the chairman proposing the following toast, "The health of Judge Joseph Allison, of Philadelphia." This was followed by a flattering commendation that would have elated the vanity of a less modest man; but his quietly composed manner betrayed no such weakness. The address I could not hear, but if ap-

plause was any indication of its merit, it was honored enthusiastically, and several gentlemen, with whom I was not personally acquainted, came up and offered their congratulations. Governor Curtin was repeatedly called, but for some unexplained reason did not respond until a very late hour, the other speakers you would not take any special personal interest in. The company did not disperse until a very late hour; and then passed out of the hall singing "John Brown." It was a thoroughly American celebration, and passed off to the entire satisfaction of all the participants.

Three P. M. We have been making Mary Forney a visit, and she has invited us to ride at five in the "Bois de Boulogne." The Colonel has apartments up at the head of "Champs Elysées," a very pleasant location, for which he must pay well; his carriage, horses and driver cost him alone sixty dollars a week. This arrangement of living in apartments, as almost all persons do in Paris, impresses us as being very strange, unlike any condition of society that we have in America. A house for one family is a novelty, confined to the wealthy alone, and is called "a hôtel." The very best society live in apartments, on one floor, including parlor bed-rooms, dining-rooms and kitchen; and of these floors there are never less than three, and more frequently five, not counting the ground floor, or first story—where the "Concierge" with his family live, to watch and keep the place in order, collect the rents, admit visitors, and if desired by the tenants above, to supply meals. M. F—— told us that they had their breakfast sent in; but their preference was to go to a regular café for dinner. This has been our habit so far; we pay nine francs a day for our room, breakfast in the hotel, and dine wherever it may be most convenient. These cafés abound everywhere,

at the corners of most of the principal streets, and at intermediate points in the square. Their number is countless, and they vary very much in their style and expensiveness, according to the locality, but those on the principal boulevards are most frequented. The best are easily distinguished by the class and number of their guests; and some are noted for certain specialities that attract custom, but we have had only three days' experience, and have not yet determined to which one we may give the preference. Yet these three dinners were not secured without trouble. Just imagine our party, Mr. and Mrs. D——, J——, and myself; not one of the number can speak French fluently, some not at all. Mrs. D—— is the most expert. We pass into a large room half filled with people, take our seats at a little round table, one of the attendants is waiting to receive our order. Who shall give it? We look at each other, pass the "menu" (bill of fare) from one to the other. What do we know about "potage à la Julienne," "Saumon à la Hollandaise," or "poulet au cresson?" Oh! here is something that *looks* like beef—"filet de bœuf." Let us have that, some one proposes. Mrs. D—— is authorized to *speak* for the company; she can manage the soup, the beef, the potatoes, and the "vin ordinaire," that will do; she gives the order to the "garçon" in *French;* he looks at the lady and his conclusion is that she was born on the *other side* of the channel.

Saturday, July 6. We took an early cup of coffee this morning, and were off to the "Exposition" by eight o'clock. We have had a most delightful day but a fatiguing one, and if my feelings alone were to be consulted I should be in my bed, but I must tell you all I can about this world within a world. It is a won-

derful affair, that would require a month's study to master. The Palace occupies the centre of a sandy plain called the "Champ de Mars," the ordinary review ground of the army of Paris, and I can give you no better or more concise description than this: "The plan of the building is an irregular oval, laid out in concentric galleries around a garden in the centre. 1st. The innermost ring is devoted to Art. 2d. To materials and applications of the liberal arts, including printing, books, etc. 3d. Furniture and other objects provided for man's habitations. 4th. Clothes and objects worn about the person, including robes and vestments, arms and armor. 5th. Raw products of extractive industry, rocks, minerals, metals. 6th. Machinery and processes of the industrial arts and manufactures. This is rendered accessible by a raised walk, from which you look down upon the objects without coming in contact with them. 7th. Articles of food, raw and prepared. The restaurants are American, French, English, Spanish, Italian, and German, and display the cookery of each nation. This outer belt, forms a lofty arcade or boulevard, which is resorted to as a promenade, brilliant with cafés, shops and moving crowds. A double arrangement pervades the building; beside the classification of objects of the same kind in concentric zones, the whole is divided according to countries. This is effected by allotting to each country wedge-shaped compartments, radiating from the centre to the outside, and crossing all the zones in succession. The whole may be compared to a great cake, of which France has taken a great many slices, England a smaller number, and the United States, Turkey, and Russia very small slices."

The Park and Garden are beautifully laid out; but their chief attraction consists in the number of strange

buildings scattered among the groves and parterres. A Chinese pagoda, an English cottage, a Turkish mosque, a Swiss châlet, Hindoo temple, Russian kremlin, a Pompeian house and Grecian temple, all beautiful to the eye and rich in colors and other decorations, though in fact only built of lath and plaster, and on the left of the main avenue, leading to the palace, is the Pavilion of the Emperor. In more remote parts, manufactories in full operation, factories, forges, foundries and glass works are found, and there the visitor may see how metals are melted, how glass is blown, how bronzes are cast, how enamels are made, how starch, glue and other needful articles are produced, and there, in fact, almost every trade may be seen. Small pavilions for the sale of various objects, a theatre and concert hall, are also located in the garden, and the whole of the interior, and certain parts of the exterior, are illuminated and open to the public until midnight. From this general outline, you will be able to form some idea of the almost unlimited extent of the arrangements, and of its immensity and completeness of detail. It is wonderful, *most wonderful;* nothing has been left undone to make it worthy of the pride of the French people and the patronage of all nations, and it ought to be retained, as a permanent illustration of the shrewdness and tact of the Emperor, in devising such an exposition to attract strangers to his capital, and put money into the pockets of his people. Mr. Dougherty, thought himself very fortunate yesterday afternoon; as he was taking a stroll by himself along the Palais Royal, the young Prince Imperial passed directly in front of him, crossing the pave to enter his carriage. His attention was first arrested, by observing that all the old and young men, on the street, raised their "chapeaus" and remained uncov-

ered until he was seated, this civility he acknowledged, and in the most gracious manner returned their salutations, which was enough to win the heart of "Dock;" he exclaimed, "I tell you, *he is* a dear little fellow."

Sunday, July 7, 12 o'clock. J—— has gone to church to the American Chapel, but I am very weary and remain at home. Mr. and Mrs. D—— have gone to "Saint Roch," where the music is said to be very fine. I did not mention that on Friday, just as we were starting out for a drive, our letters, the first from home since we left, came through Mr. Moran, dispatched from London at our request. Can you imagine *our joy* in receiving them?

Monday, July 8. A delightful morning, clear and pleasant for sight seeing, what disposition we shall make of our time has not yet been decided; we wait for the "illustrious Daniel" to come forth and make his suggestions, but it is only *nine*, he cannot be expected so early. We have breakfasted on beefsteak, rolls and coffee, at a charge of five francs. Last evening J—— and myself walked up to the Champs Elysées to see what Paris looked like on a Sabbath day, yet if the fact as to what day it was had not been fixed on our own minds, we should have said it was a grand gala day, a public celebration gotten up with some special object in view. Thousands and thousands of gaily dressed people, dressed as only Parisians can dress, walking along the Boulevards; carriages, cabs, omnibuses, and all other kinds of vehicles filled the streets—they seemed to be miles in extent, but there was no disorder, no confusion, among this moving mass; two lines of carriages passing in one direction and two in the opposite. An outcry among the peo-

ple attracted our attention to an open barouche, in which was seated the Prince Napoléon; a lady in mourning at his right, and a gentleman on the front seat. We had a near view of them, the carriage passing directly in front of us, as we were *seated* on the *side walk*, which will impress you strangely, I know, unless I explain. Intermediate between these beautiful gardens, on the Champs Elysées and the street, there is a space perhaps seventy-five feet wide, an asphaltic walk or promenade, in extent a mile and a half I should think, and chairs are placed along this entire length, four centimes is charged to the occupant of a chair, and you may sit ten minutes or an hour, as you please. Women (I do not know by what name they are designated) pass and repass collecting the coppers, they give you a check to prove your right to occupy a "fauteuil." Even this small amount exacted from each one must in the aggregate amount to a very large sum, for there were hundreds and hundreds of them placed at every available point for sight seeing, and we were told that persons having the privilege granted them by government to place chairs in any of the public streets or gardens, had to pay a certain and large percentage from their income. The government is exacting, *will have* a portion of *all* that the people earn, and in return they get what?

Tuesday, July 9. We have just disposed of our breakfast. Our party is divided to-day, Mr. and Mrs. D—— have other engagements, J—— and myself go out on a shopping expedition.

Wednesday, July 10, half-past nine o'clock, Mr. and Mrs. D—— knocked at our door to say, "we are ready for breakfast," but we are through. I must tell you of

our delightful surprise last evening, when we came home, stopping in the office for our key, the Concierge's wife handed us no less than three letters. Was not that a delicious treat after all the fatigues of the day? One missive from Minnie, and a joint letter from sister Jennie and brother Messick and Annie; why it was the next thing to being at home. I had commenced reading Minnie's aloud to J——, when Mr. and Mrs. D—— came in; they expressed a wish to hear the news. I read on, and when I came to the personal messages for them, "Dock" bounced out of his chair, tossed three kisses from his lips in the direction of W. P., exclaiming, "There, Ceilie, that's for Minnie, bless her dear heart, she never forgets her friends." Now telling this reminds me, what at the time, I forgot to mention, that at the "Grand Dinner," we drank the health of two young ladies, "Minnie Allison and Annie Messick." In overlooking my journal letter, I find that I am two days behind in writing up details. On Monday we visited the "Church des Invalides," which contains the beautiful tomb of Napoléon I. The interior of this church is circular, with branches in the form of a Greek cross, above which rises the dome, adorned with twelve medallions, containing bas-relief portraits of the most warlike among the French kings. In a crypt under the dome is the tomb of Napoléon, and two sarcophagi stand beside the entrance; one dedicated to Marshal Bertrand, the Emperor's staunch friend in the days of his adversity, and his companion at St. Helena; the other to Marshal Duroc. Above the door on a black marble slab are these words, from the Emperor's will, "I desire that my ashes may rest on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people, whom I have ever loved." A dark gallery, dimly lighted by funeral lamps, leads to the crypt.

and the walls of the gallery are adorned by bas-reliefs, illustrating grand works brought about by the Emperor. The pavement of the crypt is decorated with a crown of laurels in mosaic, and a black circle containing the names of celebrated battles, and against the pilasters are twelve magnificent statues of victories, and between these again are six trophies of fifty-four banners taken at Austerlitz. "The sarcophagus consists of an immense monolith of porphyry from Finland, presented by the Emperor Nicholas of Russia, weighing one hundred and thirty-five thousand pounds, and brought at a cost of one hundred and forty thousand francs." At the other end of the gallery, and opposite the door that leads into the crypt, there is a dark recess of black marble, enclosed with gilt railings and illuminated by a lamp. Here stands a white marble statue of the Emperor, in his imperial robes; here also is preserved "the sword he wore at Austerlitz, the orders of knighthood he usually wore, and the golden crown voted to him by the town of Cherbourg." This shrine is closed to the people, and the whole is only visible from above, and there, standing in silent and reverential attitudes, they gaze down upon the magnificent memorial. The marble of this monument and the entire expense amounted to $2,000,000. There are a number of chapels in the church; in one stands the tomb of Joseph, the eldest brother of Napoléon, a sarcophagus of black marble with white veins, in another is a monument to Vauban, and in a third is the tomb of King Jerome, a black marble sarcophagus resting on clawed feet of gilt bronze; and an altar, behind which is seen a small sarcophagus, containing the heart of the Queen of Westphalia. The high altar, is ascended by ten steps of pure white marble; the altar table is of black marble, surmounted by four spiral columns (ex-

quisitely beautiful with the reflected sunlight upon them) of the same material, black and white, supporting a canopy, all profusely gilt.

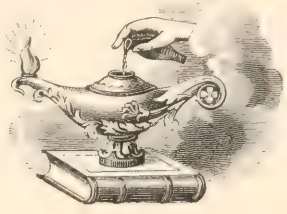
This church is open to the people two mornings of each week; yet on this morning, the crowd was so great you would have supposed they had access to it for the first time. The larger proportion were French, rich and poor, city people and country folk, passing side by side, with a solemnity of manner that impressed one with the idea that they felt they were approaching a shrine at which to offer reverential prayer. Connected with this church is the "Hôtel des Invalides," a military asylum. "Some three thousand men and a hundred and sixty officers are constantly boarded, lodged and clothed in this establishment; thirty years' service, or severe wounds, being requisite in order to be entitled to admission." Three gateways in the principal front lead into the "Court of Honor," where one of the Invalides offers himself as a guide to strangers, for which he expects a fee. The old gentleman that escorted us through the buildings was profusely decorated with honorable badges, we compensated him for his trouble, bade him "bon jour" and passed out. We all felt very tired and the need of some refreshment. The gentlemen proposed to get a carriage and started off to secure one; but all within reasonable distance were engaged, and not one for love or money could be had. We were at a loss to know what should be done, and in desperation we bought from a fruit vender nearly all his stock in trade, peaches, plums and apricots; and then what do you suppose we did? Why we seated ourselves in front of a café and there devoured our fruit in the public street. Just imagine our doing such a thing in Philadelphia. "Dock" said, "I think I see Judge Allison sitting in front of the Continental.

sipping a *mint julep*." Even here, where *every body* conforms to the custom, it seems strange to us, very strange, indeed, and not in accordance with our ideas of propriety; but Paris, and Paris life, are as unlike American life and habits as it is possible to be, and indeed I do not think it has its parallel on the civilized globe. After our fruit lunch we felt refreshed, and an omnibus passing at the moment, (that *we supposed* was going in the direction that we wished to follow,) we hailed the driver, all got in, paid, in our ignorance, double fare, and he carried us down to Place de la Bastille (old site) *three miles* north of the locality we wished to reach: so much for that day's experience. But we had yet to witness a grand military review, arranged in honor of the Sultan of Turkey, and up at the head of the Champs Elysées, we made our way through a dense mass of human beings of all ages and descriptions. The streets were filled and crowded, every available point where the procession was expected to pass, was occupied hours in advance of the time fixed, this made it a tedious and tiresome process, and two or three times we were just on the point of abandoning the effort in despair, when we were so fortunate as to find ourselves opposite to the Palace of Industry, in front of which the Emperor and Sultan were to take their position, and where the troops were all to pass in review before them. We paid two francs (Mrs. D—— and I) for the privilege of *standing* for two hours on a rickety old platform, tacked up for the occasion by a dark-skinned frisky little Frenchman, who sold beer and cakes under a small booth at our backs. Punctually at the hour fixed, the Emperor, attended by his cent gardes and the Sultan, made their appearance, and our glasses gave us a clear and direct view of them both. The Emperor I recognised immediately from the photographs I have

seen of him: his complexion is dark, his nose very prominent, but his figure is not so tall, and very much stouter than we imagined. His military coat and pants were of a dark blue color with scarlet trimmings; a wide green sash covered with decorations, brought over the shoulder, passed around the body; his large black chapeau he raised gracefully, in acknowledgment of the military salute given by the officers of each regiment, as they passed immediately in front of him, but to the rank and file (his stay and defence) he gave *only* a wave of the hand. The Sultan is a fine looking person, of short stature, portly presence, full black beard, and was dressed in a blue coat richly embroidered with gold.

The Emperor's body-guard are the finest looking men physically that I ever saw; none were less than six feet high; and their tall caps, with full fountain plumes, seemed to increase their stature until they looked like giants on horseback. Their dress was blue, with gold trimmings—so gay, that with the sunlight upon them it was dazzling to the sight. I cannot pretend to give you a description of the different regiments, for their number and names were legion: or of the assembled thousands all dressed in their holiday clothes, with the blended fashions peculiar to all nations, Oriental, European and American. The martial music, the shouts of the people, "Vive l'Empereur!" the flags of all nations waving from every housetop—all this combined to make up such a scene of gorgeous, glittering beauty as our eyes never beheld. On Wednesday, J—— and I went to see Nôtre Dame, which is located on the Isle de la cité, just where the river breaks into two streams, which unite again at the western end of the Pont Neuf, and from there we went to the Louvre, where we spent most of the day,

and in the evening came away eye weary and foot sore, feeling that we had had only a glimpse of this enormous collection of works of art. The galleries are filled with the choicest pictures, statues and bronzes, enamels, jewelry, vases of agate, rock crystal, mosaics from Pompeii and frescoes, Greek, Roman and Egyptian antiquities, and almost everything that you can imagine beside, may be found in this unrivalled collection. To give you only a faint idea of the time it would occupy to see, not to study or enjoy the paintings, let me say, that the galleries contain five hundred and sixty pictures of the Italian school, twenty Spanish, six hundred and twenty German and Flemish, and six hundred and sixty French. The apartment called "Salle de l'Empereur" is entirely occupied by relics of Napoléon I.—his camp bed, his famous gray coat and cocked hat, the uniform worn at Marengo, the full-dress clothes that he wore on State occasions, and the flag that he kissed when saying adieu to his troops at Fontainebleau; this room has the greatest attraction for the young French soldiers. We were very much interested in watching persons engaged in making copies of celebrated pictures and drawings; some were women, many of them young girls; others, men, boys, or lads of sixteen or twenty, and a few quite old men, but what impressed us more particularly was the indifference they manifested about the observation they attracted, and how little they seemed to be disturbed in their occupations by persons that crowded about their easels. M. C. A.





Mailed at Paris,
July 23, 1867.

Paris, Saturday, July 13, 9 o'clock. We have breakfasted and now wait the convenience of Mrs. D—— to go out on a shopping expedition. On Thursday we were occupied in the same way, and did not return to our rooms until ten in the evening, taxing J——'s patience to the utmost in waiting our pleasure. The embarrassments in the way of making purchases are very great, for the language and the money are both difficulties, as we understand neither well enough to buy with expedition; the francs and the centimes are a continual botheration. If they would only say so much in dollars and cents, one could get along well enough; however, even with these vexations, we have managed to purchase a considerable amount, and to get rid of some ready cash. Mrs. D—— has bought a quantity of underclothing for her children, in such articles you can save, and it is an advantage to buy here; as labor is cheaper than with us, you can purchase the garments made up, for about what you would pay for the material in Philadelphia, but in silks and all dress goods, I do not think there is enough difference to make it an inducement to buy much. You will be surprised to hear me say, that in passing along the streets, I observe very little difference in the styles of dresses here and at home; the same fashions prevail, only a little more exaggerated. The greatest peculiarities are noticeable among the common people, the laboring classes; the men all wear blue blouses, the grisettes and bonnes wear jaunty

little caps, very sweet and pretty some of them look under the plaited borders, they vary in shape, size and trimming, according to the fashion of the province from which they come. Did I mention that Mr. and Mrs. D——, with J——, called upon General Dix and family? they expressed themselves pleased with their visit, but I preferred to send my carte de visite.

Thursday, July 11, will be among the very brightest days to be remembered in after years, the day we spent at Fontainebleau—a place, whose interior arrangements and decorations surpass anything in magnificence and splendor, that your imagination could conceive. The walls are hung with tapestry in the gayest colors and designs; you cannot imagine how gorgeously bright the effect is, neither do I think that I can give you in words, any idea of the grandeur and exceeding richness of the furniture and decorations, throughout the long suite of rooms through which we passed, and Mr. D—— says they saw nothing in England that could compare with it. It was under Louis Philippe, that the palace assumed the degree of splendor that it now can boast. The vast court in front of the Château is named the "Cour des Adieux," because Napoléon I., there bade adieu to his soldiers on his departure for the Isle of Elba, but it was originally used for tournaments. This court leads to the interior of the palace, into a vestibule with six doors, beautifully carved, which open into a chapel, in which the present Emperor was christened. A suit of rooms formerly occupied by Napoléon I., are now the private apartments of the Emperor, and still contain many pieces of furniture used by the uncle; we saw the table on which he signed his abdication, hacked and cut by relic hunters. Our attention was called to the

lustre of a globe of rock crystal suspended from the ceiling, valued at twenty-five thousand dollars. We passed through the rooms once used by Marie Antoinette, and observed the window fastenings which were made by her husband, Louis the Sixteenth, who was much more clever as a smith than as a king; her cipher we saw in the centre of the floor, and to her, also, the curtains and furniture belonged. These rooms are now used by the Empress; they communicate with others used by her maids of honor, and they contain all manner of elegant and dainty little things. The walls are hung with tapestry, a white satin ground, and the subjects of the designs are taken from Don Quixote. You can form no idea of the effect of a room so draped; it is charming; the color of the drapery is determined by the color of the carpet and the furniture coverings, no discordant shades are placed in contrast to shock the eye; *this is the very perfection of taste.*

The library I would like to have transferred to "Presbyterian Hill;" it was so charming and unique, with its green drapery and oak carvings, I could not resist coveting it. Book-cases ranged along the entire length of the room, filled with the most valuable works in every department of literature and science; and down the centre of the hall, large glass cases containing folios of pictures and rare engravings, all locked, into which we could not even get a peep. Luxurious lounges, that would tempt one to doze away an hour, even in such an atmosphere and with such surroundings, were placed at convenient points about the room. The ball-room had a floor of inlaid wood, which had the polish of steel; it was difficult to walk over it, feeling that your footing was very insecure, and how it could be danced upon was a mystery only

known to the initiated. It was beautiful to the eye like polished mosaic, the sections being placed so as to form the most curious and intricate designs. We were very much interested in examining a hundred and twenty-eight beautiful, very beautiful Sèvres, China plates, inserted in the wainscoting of the wall, representing incidents in the history of Fontainebleau, and views of royal residences. It was in this palace that Pope Pius VII., made an unwilling stay of eighteen months. The grounds and gardens we saw from the windows above, and it is said they are laid out with great taste, but from the glimpse that we had, I should say they were more curious than beautiful: planned with mathematical accuracy in the most quaint and formal style, long avenues of trees cut in an odd, square, box-like shape that was very peculiar. Adjoining this garden, there was a large triangular pond of water, in which there were some huge fish—carp—said to be two hundred years old, and we had a good deal of sport in feeding them, watching their hungry eagerness to snap the bits of cake that were thrown to them. At a neat little hotel, "Hôtel de France," we had a comfortable lunch; after which we hired a carriage for two hours, and drove out to the forest of Fontainebleau, which is sixty-three miles in circumference, and it is said to be the most picturesque wood in the world, but of course we saw only a very limited portion, one or two points of remarkable interest: "Fort de l'Empereur," an elevation in the form of a citadel, from which an extent of nearly forty miles may be surveyed in every direction with the aid of a good glass: the "Caverne des Brigands," in which, not more than a century ago, there lived a *bona fide* robber band. Near this cavern is a hut tenanted by a man who sells brandy, lemonade,

etc., besides snakes and lizards caught in the forest, and little keepsakes of carved wood and bone. We reached the city about 8 o'clock P. M., weary and exhausted with our day's effort, we had an adventure in the cars, but I must postpone the telling of it until another time. Friday and Saturday, I have already accounted for.

Sabbath Day, July 14. This has been another memorable day in our experience. We have attended high mass, have seen the Emperor and Empress, have worshipped in the chapel of the Tuileries, and as this is considered a rare privilege, I must explain how it all came to pass. It was owing to the kindness of Gen. Dix, who sent the cards of admittance. A word about these cards; they were quite large, about six inches long, four wide, and rose-pink in color, and the grant of permission to attend at the chapel and high mass, was of course worded in French. On the back of the envelope it stated that ladies must appear in mourning, and gentlemen must wear black gloves and a peculiar kind of a hat. The cards came to us as late as nine o'clock in the morning, and for a little time, we were in a quandary to know if it would be possible to conform to all the requirements; but Mrs. D——, managed to borrow from friends in the house all that was needful for the occasion. We were ready and off in our carriage at the hour designated, 12 meridian. At the entrance door three or four soldiers were standing guard; we passed through the vestibule, into the hall, where three or four ushers were in waiting. They took our sun-shades, gave us checks in exchange, and we passed along with a dozen others and entered the chapel, which is small and not half so beautiful as many others we have seen; three sides of the

walls are covered with paintings, scenes from the life of our Saviour. We selected our seats where we could command a good view of the upper gallery, and of the royal family who sat, facing the high altar. The front of this gallery is draped in crimson velvet with gilt fringe and trimmings. We waited a full half hour; at the expiration of that time the tinkling of a little bell was heard, the signal for the audience to rise, as their majesties were coming.

In a moment we were in the royal presence, and involuntarily all eyes were turned to the gallery, where we saw the Emperor and Empress, both kneeling, and apparently self-absorbed and indifferent about the notice they were attracting. The Empress is said to be (and what I saw convinced me of the truth of the statement) a devout Catholic; her whole attention seemed occupied with her devotions. She *is* a woman of sweet and gracious beauty, every one must acknowledge that; her complexion is pure, her forehead fair, but the lower part of her face I could not see where I sat. Her dress was black, *all black*, even to her jaunty little hat, that had no color to brighten it, only a spray of jet ornaments, and her hair, which is naturally curly, to-day was put back quite plain. She is graceful, I know by the way she used her hands, and during part of the service she rested her face upon them, in a pretty, childlike attitude that was very becoming. It is said that the death of Maxamilian (to whom she was very much attached) has had a very depressing effect upon her spirits. The Emperor was near, but not immediately beside her, the expression of his face was cold and unimpressible; he was twirling his mustache with the utmost deliberation and nonchalance. Who could tell where his thoughts were? Only of one thing, I am certain; they were not in his devotions,

and it is my impression that he thinks the Archbishop of Paris is responsible for the care of his soul, and that religion is not the most important subject to trouble his brain about. No other persons connected with the royal household were visible to us. The religious ceremony lasted not more than one hour, and there was no music until the close, then, the first strain was the signal for the audience to disperse; and a very small audience it was, not more than fifty persons in all being present. We left, feeling very much gratified that we had enjoyed the opportunity of witnessing the royal service. It is now half-past seven in the evening. J—— is resting on the bed, feeling weary, as the day has been very warm, and the shower did not cool the atmosphere perceptibly. Mr. and Mrs. D——, after the morning service, went out to Versailles, twelve miles by rail. Versailles is arrayed in all her gala robes on Sunday, and this is a fête day, when it is expected that there will be *fifty thousand people* there, at least, to witness the illumination of the fountains and the display of fireworks in the evening. We do not go out, except to church, on the Sabbath, but all days are much the same here; or if there is any difference, the people allow themselves greater license on this day than any other. Most of the stores are open; business is transacted as briskly as on any other day, omnibuses are passing, all the railroads are in full operation, and the workmen on the new Opéra House, just in front of our hotel, are hammering away as on any ordinary day. The cafés are all open, the streets are filled with people of every grade and condition in society, all in pursuit of pleasure and excitement. The theatres will be open to-night, the circus, the public gardens, with music and balls at the Champs Elysées, and private parties without number.

Monday, July 15. A shower of rain hurried us back to our hotel earlier than we had intended, not, however, until we had accomplished our visit to Père la Chaise. The approach to it, is through a narrow street—Rue de la Roquette—that is lined with shops of statuaries, memorial wreaths and crowns made of amaranths and all other kinds of odd decorations for graves, offered by the hundred for sale in these places. The grounds of Père la Chaise are subdivided, having three or four separate enclosures. The first and largest division is Catholic, the second Jewish, and the third Protestant; of course we only saw a small portion of the whole, as to see all with satisfaction, a guide would be requisite, and a day of leisure. We saw the monument erected to the memory of Madame Rachel, (this is in the Jews' quarter.) It is a very plain granite shaft, resting upon a vaulted base; the interior was filled with wreaths and garlands of fresh flowers and other mementoes, deposited by her admirers. I pulled a flower and some leaves from the grave, but it was done in fear and trembling, almost in sight of the "garde."

The Rothschilds have a magnificent vault near this. I did not mention that on the morning we entered Paris we saw Baron Rothschild at the depot, where a gentleman called our attention to him; otherwise we should not have noticed him; except as a quiet and pleasant-looking person, that was somewhat fastidious in taste, choosing to wear pearl-colored kid gloves in travelling. We were very much interested in examining the tomb of Abélard and Hèloise; the Gothic canopy under which they lie, raised out of the ruins of the abbey of which Hèloise was abbess. We were very anxious to get a spray of flowers from the enclosure, and it required no little skill to manage it. We met a number of Philadelphians in the grounds; among that

number, a son of Dr. Newton, who introduced himself to us. Another portion of the ground is set apart for the poor; they are buried in trenches; fifty coffins are laid side by side and three deep in a trench, which is then covered over with earth. Each friend erects a little cross marked with the name of the deceased, and plants a few flowers; the whole is then enclosed by railings. "At the expiration of five years all these railings and crosses are pulled up, and the wood is given to the hospitals for fuel. The ground is then levelled down, four or five feet more of earth is put over, and a fresh tier of coffins are deposited." There is another class of graves where, for about fifty francs, a separate grave and ten years' occupation is secured, and here each grave has a little railing, garden and cross or chapel. All the railings and crosses were completely covered with mementoes, wreaths made of beads, glass ornaments and pictures. Most of the wreaths were made of amaranths, the colors so arranged as to form the words of an inscription in the circumference of the wreath. As we were passing out of the cemetery we met the funeral procession of a little child, its body resting under a small cradle-like canopy; attached to the corners were white ribbons, the ends being held by four little girls dressed in white, without bonnets, but with long veils. Two or three women and as many men, followed the little coffin; there were no mourners, no crying, no perceptible grief, and we said surely *the mother* is not among the number that carry that little one to its grave.

We considered ourselves fortunate in securing a carriage at the gate, as it commenced to rain very fast; we were glad to seek the shelter of our room instead of going as we had intended to the Palais de l' Industrie. We were housed until six in the evening, when we

started out in search of a dinner, which we secured at the Café de Paris, Passage Jouffroy; this is a famous place, that dines about three hundred people every day. What would you at home think of walking a mile every day to dinner? Just what I do, perhaps; that if you had in Philadelphia these beautiful Boulevards, and this tempting display in the shop windows as you pass along, you could not only walk a mile, but a half dozen if it were necessary; or you would go without your dinner rather than miss the sight, but it is a mystery to me how these people live, where and when they sleep. Paris seems to be more wide awake at midnight than at midday; when do they rest?

Tuesday night, July 16. I am too weary to write much as we have been out all day at the Exposition, for we started as early as nine in the morning, and did not return until six this evening. Our day's enjoyment was very much increased by the pleasure we derived from meeting a number of friends, three of our fellow-voyagers, Mr. Kyle and his grandson Gibbony, and Mr. Foster, (son of General Foster, of Harrisburg,) who was on his return from Rome, glad to make his escape from the intense heat and the cholera. Mr. Kyle appeared delighted to meet us again, and his grandson seemed equally well pleased, and at the same time we made the acquaintance of Mr. Campbell, our late Minister to Stockholm. Mrs. C—— is a daughter of Judge Lewis; both are exceedingly pleasant and intelligent. We dined in the American restaurant, with the *stars* and *stripes* above us; a colored man served us promptly, and we enjoyed our meal. At first we felt a strong desire to try some new experiment in dishes that were unusual to our accustomed routine, and *one* of the party proposed

to go to "China," but the rest of us put in a *peremptory no;* "*for they did* serve puppy pies and rat-stews."

Our susceptible gentleman had an *irrepressible desire* to go to Russia, where the pretty girls were; this act of imprudence was *frowned* down at *once*. Mr. D—— puts on a very long face and says he is a "hen-pecked husband; you know I am, Ceil, and I believe the Judge is in a worse plight; we *never* get a chance to browse round at all."

Wednesday, eight o'clock in the evening, (*July 17.*) Another day has passed, and we feel that we have not accomplished much, although we have worked very hard. Half the morning was wasted by Mrs. D—— and myself in hunting up a dressmaker, and after a long search we at the last extremity discovered her whereabouts; but we had to pass through a damp court, up one, two, three, four, *five pairs* of stairs, where lived Madame E——, a "*fashionable* dressmaker;" and she has promised to "attend upon the ladies at their rooms to-morrow." After this exhausting effort we had only strength enough left to hunt up a few pairs of gloves. On our way out to the Exposition yesterday, we called at the bankers and received our letters, and I had the pleasure of reading them aloud to the company.

Saturday, July 20. It was my intention to have written something yesterday about the incidents that occupied the day before; but starting out early in the morning, and not returning until late in the evening, I could not find the time to write one word. Thursday I was quite sick, remained in my room all day; Mrs. D—— sat with me until four in the afternoon, when Madame E—— came to cut and fit our two

dresses. The expense of having them made here will be double the amount that we should pay at home; but the necessity of avoiding the government tax will oblige us to have them made. Yesterday (Friday) we passed most of the day at "Bon Marché," an immense magazine for the sale of all kinds and descriptions of dress goods. We examined and looked over an endless variety of articles, a good many of which we were sorely tempted to buy; but the *duty* to be paid on the other side of the water kept us in check; as Mrs. D——'s experience has given us a little insight into the annoyances that we may possibly be subjected to. She purchased a quantity of linen in London, it was sent to Paris by express, and the government officials will not allow her to remove the box from their office, unless she will pay a duty of *forty dollars;* although she assured them it was only in *transit*, that it was not her intention to use any of the articles in France, and that she only wished to transfer the goods to the care of a friend, (Mr. K——, who sails in about ten days for America.) Mr. D—— had been up a second time in the morning, but failing to get any further satisfaction from the unyielding officials, he urged us to go with him a third time, that by our increased numbers we might frighten them into instant compliance with his demand. It was a good suggestion; see what came out of it. As we approached the depot we saw an immense concourse of people all moving in the same direction, passed along another half square, when our coachman was ordered to halt, looking out of the carriage window, we saw that a regiment of soldiers had formed a hollow square in front of the depot; and that no one was allowed to go through the lines. We had to get out, dismiss our carriage, and make our way through the crowd; and passing into a café on the opposite side

of the street, took our seats at an upper window, where we could have a clear view, and then called for coffee to compensate our host for the privilege of sitting on his balcony. And what was all this uproar and commotion about? What crowned head was expected now? we asked. The response came, "No less a personage than the King of Portugal," After a delay of half an hour, amid a flourish of trumpets and the beating of drums, three of the Emperor's carriages came dashing through the lines, all empty, conveyances for the accommodation of the expected guest and his suite. Twenty minutes later the cry of "Vive l' Empereur!" is raised, the lines open, then close, the royal carriage halts at the entrance door of the depot, the Emperor Napoléon is handed out by a score of officials, passes directly into the building and we lose sight of him. Promptly to the second the train comes in view, and fifteen minutes later the King and Emperor come out together; both enter the same carriage with two other gentlemen, and drive off at a rapid rate. A portion of the cent-garde in advance, the remainder in the rear of the carriage. Mr. D—— was so delighted at having the opportunity of seeing this pageant that he entirely forgot *us* and all his troubles of the morning, and actually ran a square or two after the Emperor's carriage, for the purpose of getting a nearer view of him, and in this he was gratified, as he told us afterward he "was close enough to get a full view of him while he was in earnest conversation with the King." These royal equipages are gorgeous affairs, painted in brilliant colors, with gold mountings. The Emperor's carriage was lined with white ermine; two coachmen sat upon the box and two footmen stood behind; their scarlet clothing was stiff with embroidery and gold lace, and they had white silk stockings (their legs padded) below the knee buckles.

It was very amusing to watch their movements and to see how pompously they walked around showing off their importance, even more than those they served. In starting out this morning, we had occasion to go round to the "Grand," and there, to our surprise, we met Mr. Barnet, who told us that they had arrived on Friday morning, so we immediately hired a carriage and started for the "Louvre," Mr. and Mrs. D—— going with us to see the bride. Mary saw us from an upper window and came running down to meet us; she seemed very glad, and we were equally pleased to see her before leaving Paris: she looked pretty and happy.

Sunday, July 21. This morning we attended the American Chapel in the Rue de Berri, to hear Dr. Eldridge preach, and at the same time, we saw quite a number of Americans, (all friends abroad,) and among the number Dr. Hogarth of Brooklyn.

This afternoon J—— has been trying to sleep, but so far has not succeeded. Mr. and Mrs. D—— attended service at Nôtre Dame, and observing some young American Cadets in the church, they inquired from one of their number if there were any Philadelphians among them, and he said,—"Yes!—Elwood Colahan;" but to our regret they forgot to inquire where he was staying.

(*Eight o'clock in the evening.*) We have just returned from our long but successful search for Elwood; this will be good news for his dear mother. Our first inquiries were made of a gentleman staying at the "Grand;" he could only inform us, that a number were stopping at the St. James. We drove there and saw one of the young gentlemen, who said, he thought we perhaps would find him at the Hôtel Rivoli, and there

we did find him. The first person (who was a cadet) J—— addressed by asking the question, "Can you tell me where I may be likely to find Elwood Colahan?" answered, "Yes, I know Colahan, he is in my room now." Elwood expressed himself as delighted to see us, had heard of our being in the city, and was just about starting out to hunt us up, but he expects to leave to-morrow and feels not half satisfied with this partial glimpse of Paris, yet the pleasure of his visit has been greatly increased by finding his uncle and aunt here.

Monday morning, July 22. We are earlier than usual this morning, for the reason that I expected Madame E—— to fit my dress, but her maid just came to say, that Madame was indisposed, and could not come until to-morrow. We have no plans for the day and wait to hear from our friends in No. 14. Mr. Grimes was telling us the other day, that he in company with one or two other friends had gone into the market and bought a nice *horsesteak*, that they carried it up to "Johnies" and had it broiled, and that after the meal they all pronounced it *capital eating*, as good as beefsteak, but he did not say that they wished to try the experiment again.

Monday evening. Mr. Barnet and Mary have just left me; the hour is half-past ten; J—— and Mr. and Mrs. D—— are attending a party at General Dix's, given in honor of Admiral Farragut. I had to be excused, was indisposed, and this has been altogether an unsatisfactory day, as we have accomplished so little. Mrs. D—— started out with the intention of buying a travelling dress, but did not meet with one that suited her fancy. I was with her, and when we reached our rooms was too tired to eat any dinner, however, I made

"Suzan" bring me a cup of tea. I wonder if you have heard of "*our Suzan*" before? she is a very important personage, I assure you; a buxom lass of thirty-five summers,—stout but not fat, fair but not rosy, who discriminates in bestowing her favors upon the occupants of rooms Nos. 12 and 14; always showing a decided preference for our *handsome* friend of No. 14, bringing him each morning a dainty little nosegay for his button-hole.

Tuesday morning, July 23. On my way up from breakfast, I stopped in Mrs. D——'s room, and found Mrs. Little, Mrs. Kinsley and herself deeply interested in the examination of a number of India shawls, that had been sent from some large importing house for their judgment and inspection, with a view of making a purchase, but I must close for the present, as J—— is waiting to mail my letter.

M. C. A.



Paris,
July 22, 1867.

Again I add a few lines, to the journal letter, which M——, with so much of faithfulness to her promise, keeps for the gratification of our friends at home. Last Saturday morning I went to the Grand Hôtel, where I had an appointment to meet Mr. and Mrs. D——, to my great surprise, I encountered Mr. Barnet and learned from him that Mary and himself were staying at the Louvre, the same hotel at which Mr. Hanna remained when in Paris. We expect to leave on Wednesday next, having been here three weeks, but there is no necessity for changing our location for pleasurable enjoyments. Paris is a city with a peculiarity of living that can probably be found nowhere else, not even an approach to it, for the Parisians have in a certain sense, no homes; they live after business hours on the street, in the theatres and cafés, which abound everywhere and are very handsomely fitted up. The majority of the people breakfast at these cafés, and *all* Paris dines in them; to an American not yet initiated in the habits and customs of the place the sight is very novel. We take most of our dinners at the Café de Paris, which is entered by a passage-way or arcade, lined with stores: passing up a flight of stairs, enter a room, or rather a suite of rooms, through which a long aisle passes down the centre; each side is lined with tables, at which from eight to twelve persons can be seated comfortably; having paid your four and a-half francs at the office before entering the room, you select your own

seat and your dinner is then served. At the Café de Paris, which is very popular, they give the best dinners for the smallest compensation that we have found in Paris. The bill of fare for the $1.45 is a bottle of wine, soup, a relish of cold meat, bread and butter, or sardines instead, three dishes of either fish or meat, including chickens, ducks, and vegetables, a dessert of ice cream, and after that fruit and cake, or fruit and cheese. You can supplement this course with as many extra dishes as you wish, at a cost of 75 centimes, or 15 cents each. The food is of the very best quality, cooked deliciously, as only the French people understand how to prepare it; I never knew what a delicious dish *petits-pois* were, until I ate them in Paris. Just imagine Mr. and Mrs. D——, M—— and myself, going into a restaurant, sitting down among several hundred people and making our dinner in this way; but new as this experience is to us, we seem to enjoy it the more because it is novel, though I am certain you would be amused if you could drop in upon us in the café. At these dinners they include a bottle of Vin Ordinaire, you can use it or not as you please, but it is fair to say that almost all please to drink it. Light sour wine is the common beverage of France, and yet you see few drunken people, or even those who look as if they drank to excess, and I have noticed but one man intoxicated since I have been here: at their meals, even at breakfast, they drink wine; and in the evening as you pass along the streets, you see them at this season of the year, sitting in front of the cafés by thousands, all of them drinking, but quiet and orderly. I have been impressed with the resemblance of this people to our own, not only in dress, but in the general outline of their features. You can distinguish an Englishman wherever you meet him; but no one by mere





observation could tell whether the well to do people of Paris are French or American; I have made this remark to Frenchmen, who have visited our country, and they agree with me in this statement, and say that the same thing impressed them when they were in America. Paris is not only attractive in its outward appearance, but is so full of places of present and past interest, that to see them satisfactorily would take months. M—— has given you an account of all of those which she has visited, but there are several I have seen which she has not. Mr. D—— and I went to the new palace of Justice, and spent an hour or two going about from Court to Court, they differ very little from our own in appearance and manner of doing business. The Judges wore gowns, and the lawyers black caps of a peculiar shape as well as robes. After we left the Courts we met an American lady in charge of a French Madame out for sight seeing, and together we made our way through the intricate passages of the Old Palace of Justice, (which the Emperor is taking down piece by piece, and rebuilding,) to obtain a permit to see the Conciergerie, the most noted of all the prisons of Paris. Here the prisoners of state, as well as those of no estate, have for centuries been confined; it is full of historic interest. After half a dozen references from one to another, we finally came to the head official; the little French woman after asking for our cards, went in to make our request, saying as she informed us that *two* Judges from America and a lady, wished the privilege of seeing the Conciergerie, and in a little while returned with the order for admission. We were taken down one story under ground, and waited patiently for the guide to show us through the most noted parts of the prison. That in which we were most interested, was the cell where Marie

Antoinette was confined until the day of her execution. It has a small window through which a little light penetrates; the same lamp suspended from the ceiling, hangs just where it did when she occupied the room; a crucifix is fastened to the wall, before which she knelt and performed her last devotions, and the small iron door through which she had to pass out stooping, yet remains, but the division between her cell and that of her jailer, (who kept ceaseless watch over her,) has been taken away. Shut up as we were in this little apartment, it seemed to bring the past and the present together and I was almost able to realize, that I could see the stately form of the unfortunate Queen, proud, commanding and stern, as she stood in her last days, just where I stood then. The dungeon adjoining, is the one in which Robespierre was kept a prisoner after his fall from power; with his jaw broken, and enduring tortures of body and mind, for which he could find no alleviation; from here he was taken to the guillotine. From the cell of Marie Antoinette, an opening has been made into what is now the chapel of the prison, and this is the room into which, during the Reign of Terror, they were accustomed to crowd the prisoners who were on the following day to be executed. It has been rendered classic by Lamartine, in his history of the Girondists. It was in this chapel that the best and purest men of France were confined in crowded quarters, and here transpired the scenes on the day and night which preceded the death of the leaders of the Girondists, which I remember to have read with thrilling interest. From this room some of the most eloquent men of France went shouting and rejoicing to their dreadful doom, having kept their last night as a feast to show their contempt for death, which most of them believed to be an eternal sleep; this was the phil-

osophy as well as religion of infidel France. This room has but one small window through which the light is admitted; it is about twenty by forty feet, and has been filled with as many sad and bleeding hearts as any place of its size in the world; I have visited no spot in this city that has been so full of interest to me. Our party was increased before we got through, by the arrival of Miss Price, Mrs. Johnson and son, of Philadelphia. We also visited the Panthéon, an immense building now used as a church, containing very beautiful paintings; the subterranean part is appropriated to the burial of the eminent men of France, among others Rousseau and Voltaire. Many of the noted generals, admirals, and statesmen of this country are here entombed, having their names engraven on granite tablets, arranged in double rows. There is in these passages a most remarkable echo, the guide amused a large company by giving practical illustrations, keeping up a humorous conversation with a supposed man at the other end of the passage; and ended the exhibition by discharging a small cannon, which startled some of the visitors very much. This is a church, remember; but it is all the same to the French people, a church is *just as good* as any other place, even if it is used to stable horses in, as was done during the Revolution in the church of Nôtre Dame. From the top of the Panthéon there is a very fine view of Paris; I declined to make the effort to climb up so many steps, but offered to wait for friend D——, who proposed to accomplish the feat, but his resolution failed him and we returned without an opportunity of looking down upon the city from so lofty a point. From the Panthéon we went to the Morgue, the charnel house of Paris. Here are brought the lifeless bodies of those who seek relief from care and trouble, by casting themselves into the Seine. Two

had been fished up that morning, one a man of about thirty, the other perhaps fifty years of age. They were stretched on inclined planes, the head higher than the feet, so as to give visitors or friends a good view of the face, and thus facilitate recognition. It was not an agreeable sight, but one not to be avoided when you find yourself at its doors.

I had intended to describe my visit to the Hôtel Cluney, which contains a wonderful collection of ancient and mediæval curiosities, but find I must omit it for want of time, as our letters must leave by to-day's mail.

Last evening was spent with General Dix. Here was assembled a company of Americans, largely composed of handsome and charming ladies, who would have been a creditable representation of the sex from any land. I was introduced to Admiral Farragut, his wife and daughter; to a daughter of General Wadsworth, Professor Rogers and wife of Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. Norton, now residents of Paris. General Dix is a small man, was dressed in military uniform, shows the marks of age, but is a polished gentleman in manner and appearance. We arrived home about twelve o'clock, in a shower of rain, but fortunately had retained our carriage at the door. J. A.



City of Brussels,
Friday, July 26, 1867.

I am writing from a room in the Hôtel de Bellevue. We arrived here at half-past ten last evening, leaving Paris at a quarter to four in the afternoon, making the distance, two hundred miles, in six hours. That, I believe is about the ordinary rate of speed on the Continent; and it is quite too fast for my unsteady nerves. The other members of the party do not seem to be in the least discomposed by the rapid progression, but rather to enjoy it; for I heard J—— and Mrs. D—— talking about the luxurious comfort of the cars, and the smoothness of the roads. The roads are smooth and as level as a floor; you pass along very quietly and with so little motion, that if you have the inclination, you can converse and read with the greatest comfort. The cars are not arranged as ours are. You enter at the side, the seats placed crosswise instead of lengthwise as with us, holding four on each side, and the seats are subdivided, have arm rests, and are padded at the back and sides most comfortably. When the train is about starting, the "garde," in uniform, examines the tickets, shuts the door and locks it. *There you are*, secure, if not safely kept, until you arrive at the next station; and at every station where the train stops, the doors are opened and you may pass out if you please. At the principal stopping points time enough is allowed to take refreshment; good tea, excellent coffee, and bread and butter can always be had. Politeness on the part of the officials to travellers, is universal; there is no noise or

confusion, no idlers crowding about the depôt, and only persons who are about to take a train, or have reached the end of their journey, are allowed to pass through gates or the depôt. On this long line of road I noticed that it crossed but few of the country roads on the same level, for they were either bridged, to allow it to pass under, or avoided altogether; except in a few instances, where gates were established, and guarded by men or women. This accounts for the infrequency of accidents in this country, when compared with our own miserably defective system of railway management in America. Another charming feature in connection with these railroads, in contrast with our unsightly railways is, that here the ground on either side, is cultivated as carefully as a private garden; and the embankments are covered with closely shaven grass, grown down to the very edge of the rails. The depôts are substantially constructed buildings of stone, and some of them are so ornamental in their exterior adornments, you might readily mistake them for gentlemen's country seats, surrounded as they are by flowers and beautiful creeping vines, tastefully trained about the doors and windows.

Our last two days (Wednesday and Thursday) in Paris, were spent by three of the party in returning visits and in shopping, but I remained in my room most of the time, feeling very much exhausted, after all our sight seeing expeditions. Mr. B—— and Mary, called to say good-bye, as on these last two days we had dined together, at the Café de Paris, and I gave her a list of the shops at which she might safely make her purchases, without fear of being defrauded.

Saturday morning, July 27. We are up early, and now wait for Mr. and Mrs. D——, that we may

breakfast, and be off to the field of Waterloo. It is twelve miles from the city, a long ride, and will probably occupy most of the day in going out, overlooking the battle ground and in returning. While I am waiting I will tell you how we passed the time yesterday. We hired a carriage and a "Valet de place" for the day, and he took us all around and through the city and into some of the public buildings. Brussels is a beautiful city, at least the upper portion, which is built on the acclivity of a hill, and contains the park, the royal palace, and government offices, the finest squares, streets, hotels, and the residences of the wealthy classes. The lower town has a more crowded and mean appearance, and here are the homes of the poorer people. The Hôtel de Bellevue is the principal hotel, and is delightfully located in sight of the park, and immediately adjoining the king's palace, which is a very plain building, and not attractive outside, whatever it may be in the interior. Four beautiful streets surround the park, on which are the finest mansions in Brussels. On the south side is the Royal Palace, and on the north is the House of Parliament, which is a noble looking building externally, ornamented as it is, with beautiful fluted columns in front. The two chambers of Parliament are elegantly fitted up, and with the Senate chamber we were particularly charmed; its decorations were in such excellent taste. The form of the room was semicircular, the seats of the members raised gradually one above the other, three rows running round the half circle, chairs wide and spacious, with neat desks before each one. The walls were faced with square mahogany panels: except the centre portions which were filled in with silk, plaited, like that in the face of our upright piano; the color was light auburn, which

harmonized well with the russet hue of the polished wood and gilded ornaments. The raised platform and desk of the presiding officer was elaborately carved, and on either side resting upon brackets against the wall, were very fine busts of the present king and queen. Mr. Dougherty becoming *a little excited*, could not resist the temptation to give us from the rostrum the "Star Spangled Banner." The old woman in whose charge we were, looked quite confounded, when we joined so enthusiastically in the chorus, and wondered what all the excitement was about. The gentlemen tried to make her understand that it was our national song; but I doubt if her ideas extended beyond the *two franc fee* that she was waiting to receive, as we passed out of the chamber. In the library there were one or two exquisite pictures, and one, a moonlight scene, particularly impressed me. In the foreground were the ruins of an old monastery, with a vista of broken columns extending far, far in the distance, and there was only one solitary figure to give it the effect of moving life and animation. The moon's rays falling from above, cast over the whole scene, such a pure, soft and hallowed light, that as I looked, it impressed me with a holy awe, and made me feel that I would like to sit in dreaming repose under its heavenly influence. Another palace that we visited (now occupied as a museum and picture gallery) was, in years gone by, the home of Maria Theresa. The only painting that we especially desired to see, we failed to get access to, because that part of the building was undergoing repairs; and this picture was Rubens' Crucifixion, which is said to be his best. In a room where the municipal authorities hold their meetings, there was upon the ceiling, the oddest conception and the most incomprehensible (to an

unartistic eye) arrangement of female figures. I scarcely know how intelligibly to describe them so that you will understand. The figures were placed in such postures, that taking your position at one end of the room, they were lying down, mid-way half reclining, at the opposite end sitting upright, each attitude being graceful, easy and charming. Another female figure, with her arms extended above her head, the lower limbs exposed and towards you, change your standpoint as you would, it still occupied the same relative position towards you. It was to us, at least, a most unaccountable and ingenious device of the artist. Riding along the streets, we noticed something that we had seen nowhere else, little looking glasses placed outside of the windows, one for almost every house, and I said to our valet, "what are they for?" His answer was, "Oh, madame, that is to let the lady of the house know, in advance, who is coming; and if it is a visitor that she is disinclined to see, she says to the servant, 'not at home.'" These little mirrors consist of two pieces of glass placed at an angle of forty-five degrees to each other, the one reflecting up, the other down the street; and by means of this contrivance, the lady can see all that passes outside, without the trouble of going to the window, and while she sits behind the shade may continue her knitting or sewing uninterruptedly. We have been teasing and telling "Dock," that this is a capital suggestion for him to follow, and that after our return home, we shall expect to see a half dozen put out at Eighth and Locust. Another convenient and benevolent idea is this, to place clocks at the corners of the principal streets, as high as the second story windows of the dwelling, so that all may see the hour of the day distinctly. Some kindly disposed person must

have suggested this for the convenience of the poor. The old fortifications and walls around the city have been removed, and in their place beautiful boulevards and promenades have been made; and the whole space has been planted with large trees, extending nearly five miles around the city, delightful for either riding or walking. At this season of the year, the wealthier portion of the population are off to Switzerland or the German watering places, and the city has a deserted look; but during the winter months, when the court is at home, it must be very gay and charming, very much like Paris on a miniature scale. The better class of dwellings have no outside steps, no entrance door on the street, as our houses have; but you enter through the "porte-cochére," an open courtyard from the pave: inside you gain access to the house; these passages are closed at night by large doors or gates, all which you will understand by referring to the Butler house on Walnut street. In the newer portion of the city the streets are wide and well paved with granite blocks; but the sidewalks are so narrow that two cannot walk very comfortably together, and the consequence is, most persons prefer, and do walk in the streets.

Saturday evening. We have been to Waterloo, have seen the battle-field, now nearly all covered over with growing grain. The village of Waterloo, on the outskirts of the forest of Soignies, is twelve miles distant from Brussels, and was the headquarters of the English army on the day before and following the battle, to which it has given its name. The moment we came in sight of the place, we were assailed by guides and relic vendors; the first threw a little pamphlet in at the carriage-window, and before we could have time to examine it, a second one snatched it out of Mrs. D——'s hand, and called the first one

an impostor. This at least convinced us that he was a rascal and a mean fellow, so we demanded the book; and seeing that we were in earnest, he yielded it up very unwillingly. Among the curiosities of Waterloo, in the examination of which, they used every persuasion to induce us to leave our carriage, was the grave of the Marquis of Anglesea's *leg*, the house in which it was cut off, and where the boot belonging to it is preserved. The owner of this house, to whose share this relic has fallen, has buried the leg most decorously within a coffin, under a weeping willow, and has honored it with a monument and an epitaph. We passed through "Mont St. Jean," a long straggling village, just on the edge of the field of battle, and on to the "Hotel du Musée," in sight of the mound, surmounted by the Belgic Lion. We were very much interested in looking over the relics contained in the museum connected with this hotel, a great many of them having been collected by "Major Cotton," who established the house that is now kept by his niece, and from whom we purchased a history of the battle, written by her uncle, who was an active participant in the fight; and we bought photographs too of the principal points of interest. At the farm of "La Haye Sainte," close to this house, a spot is shown as the grave of the valorous life guardsman, who killed nine Frenchmen with his own hand in the battle. La Belle Alliance, is a solitary white house, (now a poor public house,) which was occupied by the French, whose lines were drawn up close behind it, but the Château of Hougoumont is decidedly the most interesting spot on the field of Waterloo, because it still exhibits marks of the dreadful conflict. The original house set on fire by French shells has been entirely removed, and a new one now occupies its place; but

some of the outhouses, still exhibit a shattered and patched up appearance; and the walls of the orchard retain the loop holes formed by the English, which on the outside, present a broken surface, crumbling to the touch. In a little chapel (within the enclosure) is shown a crucifix saved (as the peasants say) by miracle from the flames, which, after destroying all about it, stopped on reaching the foot of the cross. You reach the top of the mound (beneath which the bones of friends and foes lie heaped indiscriminately together) by a flight of two hundred steps, and it almost takes my breath away now, as I recall the fatiguing effort of its ascent; but once surmounted, it is by far the best position for a general survey of the whole field. Its present appearance differs of course considerably from what it was, at the time of the battle, owing to the excavations made to obtain earth for this *immense* artificial mound and for other purposes. A half dozen guides were in attendance to describe and point out the different localities of interest, and to represent the action in accordance with our sympathies, no matter *on which side* we were.

Returning to the hotel, we ordered lunch, and while it was being prepared Mrs. D—— and myself took a stroll in the garden, gathered some flowers for Minnie, and ate a few cherries that grew upon the wall—the branches of the trees trained as we would secure grape vines. We shall remember "Miss Cotton's" tea as being excellent, her home-made bread, cold ham, pickles, and cheese, to which we did ample justice, and for all of which she made a very moderate charge. Our ride home was made doubly pleasant by the refreshing influences of this meal, especially the *tea;* and we did not feel the jolting over the rough road to be so great a discomfort as when we passed out; it is the old

military road, *paved* all the distance, (12 miles) but now very much out of repair. The country through which we passed was more in its general appearance and cultivation like Pennsylvania, than any country through which we have travelled. The absence of farm houses was its only peculiarity, as the peasantry live in villages, and from these towns the laborers go out every morning, and return in the evening; for men, women and children, work together in the fields. The men wear over their coarse pantaloons a kind of shirt or smock frock, made of blue chintz, with a yoke fitting the neck, and coming down to the knees. The women wear a short gown and petticoat, a white muslin cap, sometimes it is trimmed with gay ribbons, then they call it a bonnet. The only unsightly thing is their shoes,—clumsy and big, *always* too big for their feet, they go clamping along the roads, and if you did not see them, you would suppose it to be the tramping of horses approaching. These shoes are cut out of a solid piece of wood, and turn up at the toe. The people seem to be very cleanly in their habits, and the houses have a neat and well-kept appearance, externally and internally. We had a peep inside the door of one or two of them; the *brick* floor was clean and nicely sanded, the tins against the wall shone as bright as silver; the curtains at the windows were white as snow, and the row of flower pots between, with their bright blooming flowers, gave the whole not only an air of comfort, but indicated taste, and at least a moderate degree of refinement.

Sabbath evening, July 28. We have been making a short visit (in the hotel) to Mr. Thomas W. Evans and his family. They are now on their return to Paris, and have been away from home one year.

After dinner to-day, sitting with Mrs. D—— in a little alcove, under a covered passage way, leading from the dining hall, a lady came up and addressed me by asking, "Are you not Mrs. Allison?" I responded "Yes." She then introduced herself as Mrs. J——, a cousin of Mrs. Fine; and said that she recognized me from a photograph she had seen of me in Mrs. F——'s album. Her husband and three children are with her, and they were stopping at the same hotel in Paris, but we had not met before. J—— and I were at church once to-day, at the Chapel Royal; the service was long, and the sermon rather dull and pointless. The Sabbath day is much better observed here than in Paris; most of the stores were closed in the morning, but open in the afternoon and evening. We are now writing by candle-light, as no arrangement is made for burning gas in the chambers at any of the hotels on the continent; why I cannot tell. I do not believe I have told you about J——'s *special institution*, established for the comfort of the whole party, but more especially for my benefit. In Paris he bought a lunch basket, and stocked it well with a good many nice little delicacies, to tempt the appetite of the weary travellers; a package of tea, and a small parcel of loaf sugar were not forgotten, and to-night as we were *brewing our tea* over a spirit lamp, some one knocked at the door. It was Mrs. Dixon, who saw at a glance that we were occupied with our *domestic affairs*, and was about retreating, when J——, with his usual gallantry, insisted that she must share our supper. Mrs. D——, and her mother Mrs. H——, are warm, personal friends of Mr. Barnes and family, and are members of his church.

Monday, July 29. We are up very early. J—— and I have had our breakfast, and it is not yet seven o'clock,

but there is a reason for this, let me explain. He had the ill-luck to lose one of the fillings of a tooth; but at the same time had the good fortune to come across an American dentist, Dr. Fay, whose only disengaged hour was 9 o'clock this morning. Our neighbors Mr. and Mrs. D—— are yet in dream-land, I suppose, as there is no stir next door, but in a little while I expect to hear a gentle tap, and a pleasant voice calling out: "Mrs. A——; say, Mrs. A——, are you up? Has the Judge gone?" How the hours of this day are to be disposed of is yet to be determined; but it is probable that we shall go on our journey as far as Antwerp, which is only one hour distant from this city. Mrs. D—— is commissioned to buy one or two point shawls; and very likely we will visit some of the manufactories this morning, to examine laces and compare prices.

Tuesday, July 30. Here we are in the old city of Antwerp, at the hotel "St. Antoine," on "Place Verte." We have pleasant and communicating rooms, have already secured the service of a *valet de place*, and will go out in a little while to view the city and learn its peculiarities. I have only time to say, that we left Brussels yesterday afternoon at half-past 2. The distance was only twenty-six miles, and on our way we passed through Mechlin, were the lace of that name is manufactured,—a very pretty town, with wide, clean streets, and attractive dwellings. The gentlemen of our party left Brussels with regretful adieus, knowing that in all probability they would never stroll along its delightful and charming boulevards again. Mr. D—— was in a state of *great mental disquietude*, waving his hat, and kissing his hand to all the lovely and beautiful women that he was leaving behind.

Before I close my letter, I must tell you of our visit

to the lace manufactories of Brussels, for which the city is so famous. It is made in large rooms, by the hands of females, most of them young girls, who form each sprig, tendril, bud, blossom, and leaf *separately*, and then they are sewed on to the plain net, which is laid over a full designed pattern, traced on a blue ground. In one room we saw perhaps a dozen women, with large cushions on their knees, over which they were bending. Upon these were a great number of small needles, to which they fastened the thread, as they wove it into leaves or flowers. It is a most troublesome and tedious labor, very painful, from the constrained attitude and fixed attention that the girls are compelled to maintain. Poor creatures! how I pitied them, they all had an unhealthy, pallid appearance. As I looked at the wonders of delicate tracery, gossamer-like in texture, I thought of the weary fingers, and the aching eyes, which had toiled over them in meek suffering; and I almost made a vow, that never again should a yard of point lace embellish my person.

M. C. A.

My Dear Will:

I write to you, not from Paris, where we tarried for so long a time, but from Brussels, the capital of Belgium. It seems strange to me, that I am indeed so far away from you all, upon the spot which has been so often a battle field, and where the fate of empires has been decided. The journey from Paris to Brussels gave us an opportunity of seeing how things looked in a portion of France outside of the city, as our journey from Calais to Paris was in the night, we saw not much of anything on our way. The country through which the railroad runs is generally level, and we were surprized at the absence of the forest trees like those of America, there are very few of them in this part of France, none are large, and nearly all the trees which we saw are planted in rows along lines of farms, instead of fences. Owing to the scarcity of wood, they have few enclosures of any kind; ditches and hedges mark the boundaries between plots of land and fields. Another thing noticeable by an American is, that extended tracts of country meet the eye everywhere, and few farm houses and barns are to be seen. The farmers of France do not live upon their own farms, as do ours, but in villages, and as land is very much cut up and divided into small plots, each one goes out to his piece of ground in the morning and returns in the evening; and when you look over a great extent of country, and see so few houses, you can hardly persuade yourself that it is as densely populated as it is. A stranger, unacquainted with the habit of the people in this respect would ask, where do the inhabitants live? But France is a beau-

tiful country; the towns and cities have an antiquated appearance, which is interesting to us, because so different from those we have been accustomed to, and just at this time, everything is seen at its best, for the crops are either growing or have been cut ready to be harvested, and nature having on her most attractive robes, looks bright and beautiful. But I must repeat, the want of dwellings and barns and fences, and the grand forests and woods, which we possess, is a want in the picture, which impresses an American unfavorably. They have no crop that can compare with our corn for beauty. The city where we now are has a bright and cheerful look, and is called a miniature Paris; and so in some respects it is, for the houses, by the use of paint and ornaments of plaster in relief, are made to resemble in appearance the beautiful stone carvings on the public buildings in Paris. The streets are wide and paved with square blocks of stone, and a boulevard which runs all round the city planted with double rows of trees; one of the spaces being devoted to equestrians exclusively, and altogether the street is not less than two hundred feet wide. It gives to the city a most beautiful appearance at this season of the year. Our hotel is a fine large house, and adjoins the palace of the King, and both front on a park, through which are wide avenues of large elm trees, which are very pleasant to the eye, and very comfortable for the people to walk and lounge under in the heat of summer. Brussels has a quiet, sober air, more like that of Philadelphia than any city I have seen since leaving home, and this is more marked just now, as the nobility and aristocracy are away at their country seats. The American Minister, Mr. Sanford, has a very handsome residence on the boulevard; his wife is a sister of Mr. D——, of W. P., and she is said to be a very attractive and beautiful

lady. Mr. D——, who has a letter of introduction, proposed that we should together call on him, but we have not yet found time to do so. The palace of the King is built on the line of the street, and has nothing of grandeur in its external view, and this is to some extent true of the palaces of Paris, such as the Tuileries and the Louvre, grand old historic buildings they are! but the interior arrangements and furnishing, the decorations, works of art, paintings and sculpture are magnificent, and can only be appreciated when seen. The Emperor Napoléon is engaged in connecting the palace of the Louvre with the Tuileries, so as to identify and connect his name with these piles of past and of present interest. Belgium is a small kingdom, not more than one-sixth as large as England, and the palace, in its mathematical proportions, is in keeping with the kingdom itself; but small as Belgium is, the Belgians are proud of their little State; in the city of Brussels, they have erected a monument of marble, surmounted by a statue of liberty, over three hundred of their people, who were killed in the fight with the Dutch, when they rebelled against Holland, to which country they were at that time subject. I said to our guide, a Belgian, who had been in the fight for independence, that Napoléon was hungry for their country, and some of these days would swallow them down at a mouthful. He became very indignant, and said they "would never be under French control; that they would drive out the French, as they had driven out the Dutch." Seven thousand Dutch soldiers were killed in the streets of Brussels in the contest of 1830. On Saturday, we drove out twelve miles to the battle-field of Waterloo; had a pleasant day, and from the mound obtained an excellent and extended view of the scene of conflict. Every important spot of the ground was pointed out by

the guides, and each point of interest brought to our notice, we went over the enclosed grounds of Hougoumont, which position to the British was the key of battle, and from which the French were unable to drive out the Allies. It is a strong point; the house is built of brick, and a high wall, that still bears the marks of conflict, encloses some ten or fifteen acres of ground. Hougoumont, resisted every attack made on it, and in one assault, the French lost fifteen hundred men in a very short time. This battle sent Napoléon into exile, a fugitive from power, and changed the condition of nations, yet it was fought with only about seventy thousand men on each side, in some of our battles more than double that number were engaged and they lasted for two or three days. In endurance we excel the Europeans; they seldom fight more than one day; American endurance has thus taught them a new lesson in the art and practice of war. I was greatly pleased with my visit to Waterloo, and would only have been too glad if you could have been with me, and have seen it at the same time. Some day, Will, you may come yourself, to see what Mamma and I are enjoying with so much satisfaction now. As we rode out to the battlefield I could look over extensive fields of wheat, red clover, beets and flax; and everywhere we saw the evidence of thrift and industry. The wagons and farm utensils are like those we have at home; the houses are large and comfortable, and as we passed them, we could see that they were neat, and that the floors of many, which were brick, were nicely cleaned and sanded. These people, when under the control of Holland, must have learned the neat Dutch habits; for they are not only industrious, but seem to have a great abhorence of dirt, even the ground outside of their houses is kept tidy and well swept. I would rather

live in Belgium than in France, for here the evidences of comfort abound, and the buildings are much larger and more comfortable than those of the French peasantry. Every one that we have met was well and comfortably clothed, which is unlike the Irish poor, who usually go ragged and barefooted, but the Belgian and Frenchman will take the trouble to cut his shoes out of wood to enable him to walk with more comfort; they are clumsy certainly, but much better than to be without shoes of any kind. Yesterday, M—— and I attended service in the old chapel, attached to one of the former palaces of the city, which, at a later period, was converted into a Protestant chapel, and was the place where the Captain-General and family worshipped. It is old, but very pretty, and without the crosses and images which abound in the Catholic churches of Europe. Over the little pulpit, which still remains, is inscribed in Latin the text: "God is a spirit, and he who would worship him, must worship him in spirit and in truth," and on each side of it, the 37th, 38th, 39th and 40th verses of the 22d chapter of Matthew are also placed, and like the one over the pulpit, were in Latin also. Get the passage in your Testament, Will, and see what I refer to. I ought to have said at the first, that we were greatly pleased with your letter; and hope that it will not be the last one we shall receive before we see you again. I have tried to engage passage home for the 9th of October, in the same ship in which we came over. We had intended returning in September, but Mamma felt so fearful lest the equinoctial storm would not be over, that she has persuaded me to postpone it until October. She has so much confidence in Captain Brooks, and the City of London, that she felt it would be much safer to go

back as we came. The agent of the Inman line is to write to me at Cologne, and let me know whether I can get a comfortable state-room or not; if I can, you may expect us back the 19th or 20th of that month. We start this morning for Antwerp; from there we go to the Hague, thence to Amsterdam, and from there across Holland to the Rhine; up the Rhine to Frankford, and thence across into Switzerland. You will thus see what we expect to do in the days that are before us, intending to return to Paris before we go to England. And now, Will, my dear boy, I must say for the present, adieu. If Perrin is home, kiss him for Papa, and tell him how much both Mamma and myself would like to see him; and how often we think of you both, and also of all the dear friends at home. Give them our love. I hope that both you and Perrin will have much enjoyment in your summer excursions to Brigantine and up the Hudson River. I wish I could share the sea bathing with you, but that is impossible, for when I get back summer will be over, and an October sea bath is a rather shaky affair.

J. A.



Antwerp, Wednesday Evening,
July 31, 1867.

The old clock of the Cathedral of Antwerp has just struck eight. M—— and I are together in our room at the hotel, Mr. and Mrs. D—— have left for the Hague, we having been obliged to tarry, to give M—— time to get over her first attack of neuralgia since we left our friends behind us on the 8th of June. Yesterday, she went out shopping among the lace stores of Antwerp, to enable Mrs. D—— to execute commissions for friends at home, and to make some purchases for herself, they did not return to the hotel until near six o'clock, our hour for dinner. We had breakfasted early, and during all the interval she had nothing to eat; this, with the fatigue, brought on her old torment, and this morning found her suffering very much, so that I insisted upon her not trying to travel to-day, as we had intended, expecting to leave for the Hague in the half-past ten train, A. M. M——, who is now nearly over the attack, is up and about the room, putting her things in order, having made a comfortable supper on tea, bread and butter, and roast chicken, so you see how soon she has rallied. If she had not overtaxed herself yesterday, she would have escaped altogether probably. I have provided a lunch basket, and am provisioned with tea, sugar, crackers, pickles, cheese, and Bologna sausage, to guard against contingencies in travel, and I must not forget to mention a little tea-kettle and spirit lamp, with which we have several times made very nice tea. I hope in this way to keep M—— from flagging, and she gets on very

well indeed if she can only get nourishment with any degree of regularity.

Antwerp is an old city, of very irregular construction, the streets are broad, but winding, and the footways so narrow that half the people walk in the open streets; the entire space from house to house is paved with square blocks of stone. The modern houses are after the style of Paris; while the older ones are of Dutch and Spanish origin, with high pointed gables facing the street and very narrow; these gables taper to the top like a succession of steps, the houses being most of them five and six stories high. The old Spanish streets have a very singular and picturesque appearance to an American; they are entirely novel, and bring back the days of Spanish domination and cruelty in the Netherlands vividly to mind. The palace of Charles V., still stands in the heart of the city, fronting the old Cathedral, which was built in the 13th century, and is noted for its spire of great elevation and remarkable beauty of form and decoration. Napoléon compared it to Mechlin lace; and Charles V. said of it, that it ought to be kept under a glass case, to preserve it from decay, but it is now undergoing repair, time having made sad inroads upon its beauty. Our ride from Brussels to Antwerp, which occupied about an hour, indicated that we had passed into a new country, unlike that through which in my letter to Will, I remarked was more like home, than any I had seen, especially that portion around Brussels; but here we are, to all appearances, on the "Neck;" the land is low and flat, and the whole of it appears to be given up to grazing. It would be easy to imagine that we are upon the meadows below Philadelphia, instead of the famous low lands of Flanders and the Netherlands. One accustomed to country life at home,

would be forcibly impressed with the strong resemblance of what he sees here, with that with which he has been familiar in America, the general appearance of the city excepted. Antwerp does not impress the stranger with the idea of thrift or commercial enterprise, except upon its river front, where the immense docks constructed by Napoléon I., and the great number of ships, give evidence of a large foreign trade. But the heart of the city has no large stores, they are mostly shops, small and not attractive. The business carried on in laces and fine goods, is transacted in the lower story of private houses—which are kept locked, and the customer cannot gain admittance until he has rung the bell, and been inspected by the mirrors which are placed at the story above outside, and by which it can first be determined whether he will be admitted or not. This singular custom, which we first noticed at Brussels, had its origin, I imagine, in the condition of society which formerly existed in this country, when the war of races was most fierce, when the inquisition made the blood of Flanders to flow in torrents, and that, the best Protestant blood of the land. Every man had to be on the watch against his neighbor; to betray a friend to death, or to life-long torments, under the rule of Charles V. and Philip II., was according to the prevailing ethics in religious belief, to secure the salvation of the betrayer. It is hard to realize as you walk these now comparatively quiet streets, that this city was once the seat of military and commercial empire. Its glory has departed and from being at one time a place of the greatest importance, it has dwindled away so as to be of very small account. It is, however, still famous for its paintings of the old masters; for Rubens and Vandyke both lived, and the former is buried here. His works in large numbers are still pre-

served in the city; and those that are world-renowned we have seen. "The Elevation of Christ," nailed to the cross, "His descent from the Cross," and "His Crucifixion between the two thieves," are among the most noted. Altogether we have examined twenty or more of his pictures, the first two mentioned are in the Cathedral of Nôtre Dame, and the last, are in a museum or gallery of paintings which I visited this morning, without Maggie, who was not able to go with me. We went together yesterday morning to visit the church of St. Jacques, and were greatly pleased; it is far more splendid in its decorations than the Cathedral. Here Rubens is buried, and it is a kind of Westminster Abbey for Antwerp. The principal families are entombed in the vaults beneath the church, the greater part of its floor consisting of stone flagging on which are engraved the names of the dead, who once lived, and in their sphere ruled and reigned in this city. There are two marble statues of St. Paul and St. John, that are exquisite pieces of sculpture, and also an unusually fine group in stone, of "the elevation of the cross," after our Saviour had been nailed to it. Some of the window decorations are most beautiful and rich in coloring, and I suppose there is no city in Europe which contains so many of the noted works of the old masters as Antwerp. Among those that are famous are the pictures of Quintin Matsys, who was a blacksmith; he fell in love with the daughter of a painter, who refused to allow her to marry any one but an artist. Matsys threw his hammer and anvil aside, took to brush and easel, and became one of the most famous of the world's artists; his works are regarded with pride by the people of Antwerp. Nearly all these great works of art are delineations of events in the life of Christ; most of them are possessed by the churches,

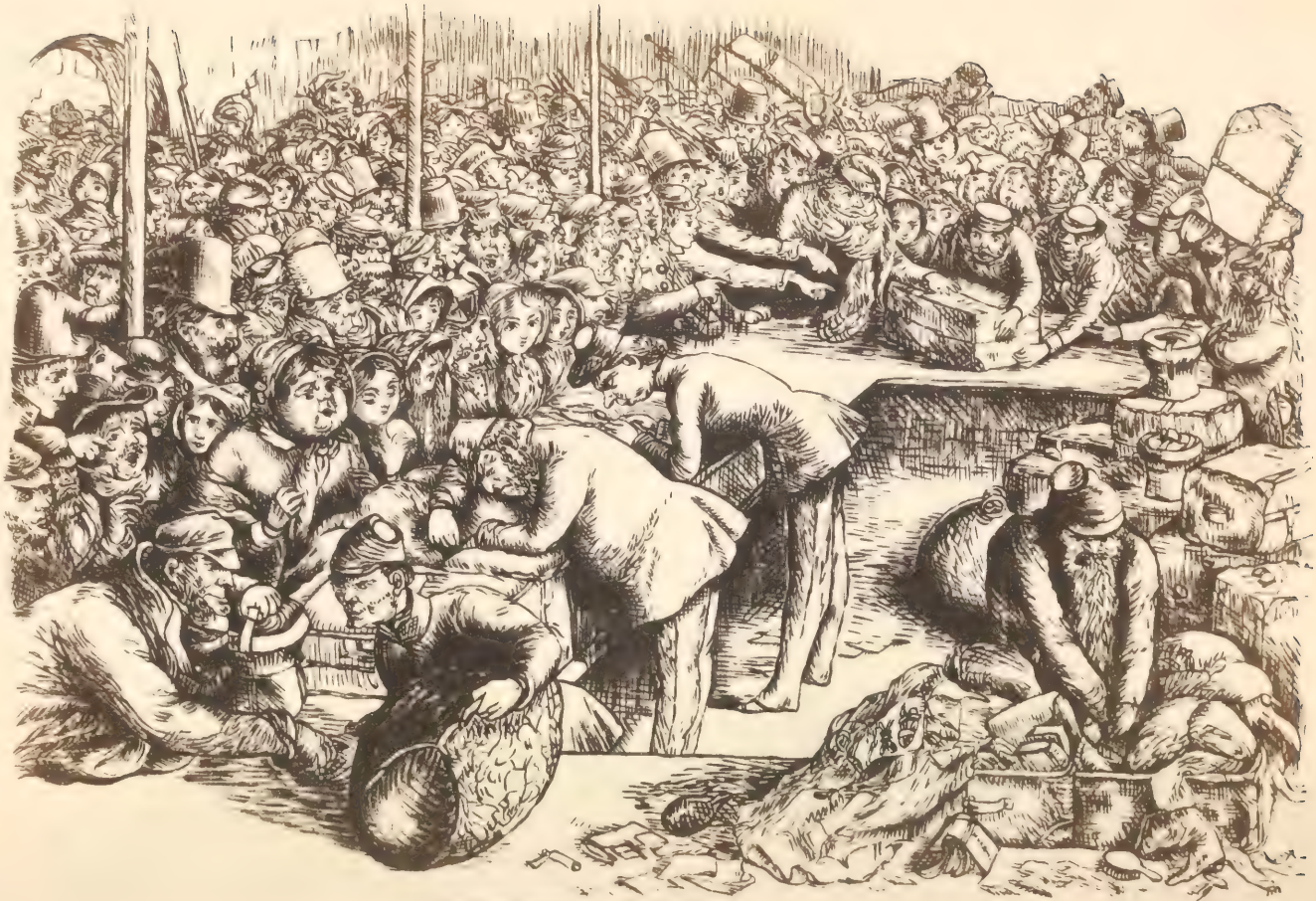
and were painted for them by Rubens. Antwerp has no covered market; the huckster women sit in the middle of the street appropriated to them, and sell precisely the same kind of vegetables that are found in our market,—potatoes, beets, peas, beans, cauliflower, cherries, carrots, parsnips, etc.; but our corn was wanting. I have not seen a stalk of it since I saw it growing last year at home. We have noticed a few peaches and apricots in the shop windows, which were very high in price. There are very peculiar styles of dresses worn by the women, which I will leave for M——'s pen to describe to you. All the poor people go about the streets in wooden shoes; and, as an evidence of their adherence to old habits, they have not yet invented any way of fastening them to the feet. They go with them slip-shod, and you can hear the noise some distance off, as they clap and clamp on the stone pavement. I have been informed, that the rich use these shoes in winter, but they have them lined and made to fit comfortably to the foot, and that they are preferred to any other, as being more dry and warm. In the museum I saw to-day a very curious sight; a painter, without arms, sitting on a chair without a back, holding his easel with the toes of his left foot; while with the right foot he was making a copy of one of Ruben's pictures: He appeared to paint with as much ease with his toes as those around him painted with their hands, and seemed to be very skilful in the execution of his work.

I received but three of Grandpa's papers before leaving Paris; many of them must have miscarried, though their loss is supplied by finding New York papers wherever we go. The *Herald*, is on the table of our present stopping place, up to the 16th of July, and the London *Times*, with the telegraph news of much latter

date from America. On Monday morning, I was crossing the square, in Brussels, in front of our hotel, when a man accosted me in English, and said: "Do you want to buy an English or American paper?" and handed me the New York *Times* of the 13th of July, for which he asked (and Grandpa will say I was foolish enough to give) a franc and a half—thirty cents. One must be as far from home as we are, to understand our feelings in relation to events transpiring there. But it is time for me to lay my pen aside, and get ready for our start to *Grandma's land*, Holland, how I wish she could be with us, and see where her ancestors came from. It is morning, the Cathedral clock has just struck, and it strikes the quarter, half, and three-quarters, as well as the full hour. It plays its sweet chimes, as it has played them for others before us, for hundreds of years, the rich and the poor, the feeble and the mighty of the earth. We have heard it for the last time, and go hence, but the old time piece will continue to strike on the ear of the living, telling them how fast time flies, and how near is eternity.

Farewell to Antwerp forever.

J. A.



EXAMINATION OF BAGGAGE.

Mailed at Cologne,
August 5, 1867.

I take up the journal at the date that J—— closed his letter, mailed at Antwerp, on the morning of the day that we left that city, (Thursday, August 1st.) At half past ten A. M., we took our seats in the train for Holland, and our *valet de place* accompanied us to the cars, looked after the luggage, secured our tickets and comfortable seats for us. The country through which we passed to reach the Belgian frontier, was very flat, an almost perfectly level surface, that reminded us of the meadow lands about Penrose Ferry, below Philadelphia. At a town called Roosendaal, we had the annoyance of a Custom House examination of baggage again; but *we*, carrying so little, were not subjected to as much trouble as many others. After the investigation, our attention was attracted to a crowd of people collected in and about the depôt, who were evidently on the lookout for some distinguished person, upon whom they wished to confer honor. Directly we heard music—tunes that were not familiar to our ears, one, two, three; then came the old national air of "Hail Columbia"—what did it all mean? We could not tell, but we cheered vociferously, and waived our handkerchiefs to the imaginary hero, whoever he might be. After-investigation proclaimed him a worthy man, the leader of a celebrated Prussian band, who had been up to the Paris Exposition, and, having received from Louis Napoléon a decoration of honor, was now on his return home. At a place called Moerdijk, we took boat for Rotterdam, a ride of two hours, in a cold,

chilly, moist atmosphere, more like a November day than the beginning of August. Dinner was provided for those who chose to partake of it on this boat; but it was such a dirty little craft, we preferred to eat our own lunch, that we had prepared before leaving Antwerp. Our worthy train-band Captain sat in front of us on a camp-stool, eating his salt fish and bread, as if he were a hungry, rather than a distinguished individual, with his decoration carefully pinned on the breast of his coat. His men were orderly, and well-behaved, and we were very much amused in watching to see how carefully they brushed their clothes, burnished up the ornaments on their caps, going over and over the articles a half dozen times, so that not the least speck of dust should remain, and after all that care, submitting themselves to each other for final inspection. All this preparation was in anticipation of their arrival at the Hague, where an immense crowd awaited them at the depot. They were escorted to the town hall, congratulatory speeches were made, and a dinner given in their honor. At Rotterdam we left the boat to take cars for the Hague, where we expected to join Mr. and Mrs D——, supposing that they would meet us at the depôt; and they only failed to keep their pledge, because they were so unfortunate as to have hired a stumbling horse, that fell down when they had made half the distance, and broke the shafts of their carriage: however, "all's well that ends well!" they had secured for us a comfortable room at the Hotel Paulez, where, after a good bath and a palatable dinner, we felt quite refreshed, and ready to accept their invitation to ride. The Hague is a beautiful city, situated three miles from the shore of the German Ocean, and is one of the best built cities in Europe. The streets are wide and paved with *brick;*

the dwellings large and some of them very elegant on the principal streets, indicating the wealth of the proprietors; but at this season of the year they have a shut-up, dismal look; the aristocratic portion of the population are out of town. This city is the seat of government and of the supreme court of justice, and the King resides here. The Queen and himself, for some *domestic reason*, do not live together; her palace is two miles out of the city, and is called "T Huis in't Bosch," or House in the Woods. The king visits her *once a year*, and her residence is reached by a fine macadamized road, lined with elegant mansions, and rows of trees; it stands in the centre of a park embellished with artificial lakes and lovely gardens. Externally, it is of an unpretending character, but within it is said to be very luxurious in its appointments. The park is nearly two miles long; the forest trees are large, and the shade so dense, that it has a dull and gloomy appearance. In passing through one of the principal avenues near the city, on which the cafés, private club-houses, and public beer gardens are situated, we came unexpectedly upon a crowd of people with carriages in waiting. The curiosity of our gentlemen was aroused in an instant, and nothing would satisfy them but a voyage of discovery. So they voted *themselves* a committee of *two*, and started off to investigate; Mrs. D—— and myself retaining our seats in the carriage. After an interval of twenty minutes they came back quite as wise as they started. Mr. D—— said there was "no admittance, and they could not understand the Dutch." When we reached the hotel, we were thoroughly chilled by the damp atmosphere, and ordered tea in our own room. Then came another new experience, they brought to us a copper tea-kettle, filled with boiling water, a shallow scuttle, containing

ignited coals, and on a waiter a small canister of tea, delicate china cups and plates, bread with little pats of butter made out in the shape of ring-jumbles. The whole arrangement was a novelty, and as *we made* our tea it was "just right to a T."

Friday Morning, August 2. We were detained until a late hour by Baron Makey. The visit was intended for Mr. D——; but we all enjoyed his pleasant call and agreeable conversation, after which he kindly proffered to escort J—— and Mr. D—— to the Courts of Justice, while Mrs. D—— and myself started off independently to hunt up the shops, and the oddities of the town. A walk of three squares brought us into the centre of business life. A number of ladies (whether native or foreign I cannot say) were dressed just as we were, with very slight differences; but the common people, the women particularly, wear the queerest and most peculiar headgear in the shape of bonnets and ornaments, that we ever saw. The fishmonger's style was a hat something like a coal scuttle, and others like immense market baskets turned upside down, with twisted cork-screw like ornaments fastened round the head, and standing *out* above the ears like branch candlesticks. Others again wore a sort of scull-cap, fitting the head closely, and made of *gold*, as we were informed, although our impression was that they were made of a less expensive metal. The dress was a short-gown and petticoat of some gay contrasting color, and the horrid big clumsy wooden shoes, were worn by both men and women. The fishermen convey their fish to market in small carts, drawn by dogs, the dogs placed three abreast; and if the load is heavy a fourth is attached by a trace to the side. They were strong limbed, vigorous-looking animals, that pulled







with a will; but it made me feel sorry to see them overworked, as many of them were, receiving blows instead of kindness as an equivalent for their labor. And this suggested the query, what do the women of Holland get in return for their *servitude?* In passing through Rotterdam, riding along one of the canals, we saw two women engaged in unloading a boat; one standing in the vessel pitching out bricks to the other in the street; and a third sitting down chipping mortar from a pile of old bricks. So far as we have observed, they perform the same labor as the men. The chief attraction at the Hague is a collection of paintings by the Dutch masters, in the National Museum, and the most celebrated painting is the "Young Bull," by Paul Potter, a picture which occupies nearly the whole side of one of the large rooms. This highly prized work of art, which the Dutch government offered Napoléon one hundred thousand dollars if he would allow it to remain at the Hague, was carried off to Paris by his order, and hung up in the Louvre; where it was considered the fourth in value in that collection, which is the largest in the world. The picture represents a young bull, with white and brown spots, a cow reclining in the green grass before it, two or three sheep, and an aged cowherd leaning over a fence; and the figures are all life-size, and unlike most large pictures, everything will bear the closest inspection. It is valued at twenty-five thousand dollars.

At three o'clock we had a lunch in our room, making our tea as on the night before, and quite to our taste. We have been surprised to have very poor bread furnished us at this hotel—we had supposed that of all countries this *Dutch land* would excel in this particular. At breakfast we thought to vary the bill of

fare by calling for warm cakes, but the waiter could not be made to understand what we wished, and mine host, Paulez, had to be called, to whom we gave the receipt. Of course *he knew* without being told, so he said, and bustled off to have them prepared. The making was a slow process, it occupied a full half hour; and when our patience was *nearly* exhausted they were brought in, made according to order, and really very nice. Passing a glazed door looking out into the yard I saw Mynheer Paulez, directing a man how to skin eels, and I could not resist the impulse to go out and ask him if there was not a less cruel process. With one hand he held the head, and with the other he tore from the quivering flesh the entire length of skin from head to tail.

At a quarter past four P. M. we were on our way to Amsterdam, (thirty-two miles from the Hague,) passing through Leiden, where we felt a very strong inclination to stop, but concluded to go on to the larger city. "Leiden has a population of 37,000, is situated on the Rhine, and is celebrated for its University." At six o'clock we arrived at Amsterdam, or rather at the depôt, which is outside the city some distance and a long way from "Brack's Doelen Hotel," where we had been advised to stop; and for accepting the suggestion we afterwards repented. When I say that the house has been kept as a hotel for two hundred and fifty years, you will know that it is old enough to be somewhat out of condition. We were to have a choice of rooms, *two* to select between, and the first chamber into which we were ushered was immensely large, bare, musty and mildewy looking. We saw no arrangements for sleeping and our conclusion was that we had misunderstood our attendant in saying that it was a bed-room, and that the screen that divided it was in-

tended to give greater privacy to persons who wished to lunch unobserved. This delusion was soon dissolved, for upon closer inspection we saw two box-like beds and other conveniences for the toilet. None of the party liked the accommodations, and we said so. Mynheer Brack responded, very independently, "do as you please, you will probably get no better elsewhere." That may be so, we will be satisfied. Mr. and Mrs. D—— will have this spacious room. "Where shall we go?" J—— said. In a smaller one across the hall we settled down in a dingy, murky atmosphere, glad that it was only for a night. Mr. D—— vowed he would enliven his thoughts by *dreaming about the bride*, who was the principal figure introduced in the marriage procession that illustrated the screen. At supper we had the same tea arrangements, but no peculiarities of cooking, only little pickled herring were offered as a *luxury*.

Saturday Morning, August 3. Up at eight o'clock, and looking across the street from my window, I see the office of an "Advocat." In the street a woman drawing a heavy load of wood with ropes attached to the cart and joined to a band of leather that passes across her forehead, it requires *all* her strength to drag it along; and it is not a pleasant sight. We have determined to abandon our first intention of spending the Sabbath here. Our worthy host has advised us not to remain long at this season of the year, as contagious fevers make it unsafe; so we have secured the services of a trusty *valet de place*, ("Bolander,") who is to show us what may be of interest to strangers in the city. "Amsterdam" is derived from to "dam" the river "Amstel," which runs through the city and divides it into two nearly equal parts, and "it has 260,000 inhabi-

tants of whom 35,000 are Jews. Its ground plan has somewhat the shape of a half bent bow; the straight line, representing the string, rests on an arm of the Zuider Zee, which in front of Amsterdam is from eight to nine fathoms in depth. Its walls are surrounded by a semi-circular canal, and within the city are four other great canals, all running in curves, parallel with the outer one. They are called Prinsen Gracht, Keizer's Gracht, Heeren Gracht, and Singel, the last being the innermost. The Keizer's Gracht is one hundred and forty feet wide." They are lined with handsome houses, and the buildings compare favorably with those of the Hague or Brussels. "The various small canals which intersect the town in all directions divide it into ninety islands, and are traversed by two hundred and fifty bridges, partly wood and partly stone. The whole city, however, wharves, streets, houses and canals, are built on piles driven into the ground. The mouths of the canals, which open into the sea and river, are provided with strong flood-gates, and a dyke is erected upon the side of the town nearest the sea to guard against the chance of inundations. The constant attention, which a Dutchman has been obliged to give to maintaining in perfect order the works on which his safety depends, has given a formal and methodical direction to his tastes in cases where nature would have been better left to herself. The trees are often found growing not in a natural way, but as they have been arranged in straight rows and long avenues, their branches cut and clipped, until they are transformed into green walls. In every way the laws of nature seem to be reversed, for what elsewhere would be considered impossible has been carried into effect. "The house built upon the sand," may be seen here, *standing*, as neither Amsterdam nor Rotterdam has any better foundation than

sand. Windmills are so numerous (nine thousand or more in Holland) that they may be said to be never out of sight in a Dutch landscape.

In the suburbs of the cities they are congregated like armies of giants, spreading out their immensely broad arms, as if to protect the streets and houses which they overlook. They are employed almost as variously as the steam engine with us; they saw timber, crush seed for oil, grind flour and snuff, beat hemp, and drain the land. At least one-half of them have water-wheels attached to them, which act as pumps, and by constantly raising the water into the canals above, keep the low land dry and fit for cultivation. The canals are the public highways of the country, answering the same purpose as our roads, thoroughfares for the people, and for the conveyance of all kinds of merchandise and provision from one locality to another. People make use of boats in moving household furniture, instead of wagons; and we observed that most of the dwellings had an arrangement for hoisting or lowering goods, placed just below the roof, and concealed by the ornamental finish of the cornice. A large class of the population live constantly upon the canals, making their vessels their homes. Some of these vessels are of great length, but generally narrow, suitable to the canals of the town. "This mode of living, is a good example of Dutch industry and thrift. A man marries, he and his wife possess or purchase a small boat. They live and cook on board, move about, and carry articles to and from market. Their children are born or at least nursed on the vessel, the wife mends and makes all the family clothes, and assists in navigating the craft, especially in steering; when you may at the same time observe the husband with a rope over his shoulder, dragging the boat along, when the

wind is unfavorable. Their cabins display the same neatness as the parlors of their countrymen on shore. Many of them have little gardens of tulips, hyacinths, roses, and various other flowers." One of the peculiarities of Holland, is the sort of veneration in which the stork is held by the peasant inhabitants. "These birds are not only never injured or disturbed, but a cart-wheel, or some other contrivance, is often placed on the house-top for their use; if not expressly to invite them to settle, at least to prevent them becoming a nuisance; since otherwise, the bird, attracted by the warmth of the fire, would naturally deposit the material of its nest in the chimney top itself, so as to stop it up, and dirty the house, which the owner prevents by a stand or rest, so placed as to allow the smoke to escape from beneath it. Their huge nests may be seen perched on the roofs of farm houses, and even in towns, on the edge of a gable or near a chimney. It is considered a good omen to a dwelling and its inmates if the stork selects it for its habitation; and to kill one, is looked upon in hardly any other light than a crime." We met on the street a man dressed in black, wearing a cocked hat, and wig, a long crape hat-band, and a short cloak; our valet said he was called "The Aunsprecker," *undertaker*, and that his duty was, on the death of any one, to notify the friends and connections of the event. To announce that sickness is in a house, the bell is not tied up, as with us, but a paper is stuck upon the door, containing the daily bulletin of the invalid's health, drawn up by the doctor, which prevents the necessity of ringing, and the chance of disturbing the sick person, when friends come to inquire after him. "In two of the towns of Holland, Haarlem and Enchhuysen, when a lady is sick after the birth of a child, a silk pin-

cushion, covered and fringed with pointed lace, is exposed at the door. The sex of the infant is marked by the color; if a boy, red—if a girl, white. The house, which shows in this manner that the number of its occupants has been increased by a birth, enjoys by ancient law and custom various immunities and privileges for a certain number of days; nothing which is likely to disturb the sick is allowed to approach it, and it is protected from legal executions; no bailiff dares to molest its inmates, and when troops pass it on the march the drums cease to beat." The little mirrors we saw projecting from almost all the houses, and rude busts of Turks' or Moors' heads in front of the drug shops, with their open mouths, were called "*Gapers;*" but what they were intended to signify, we could not guess, unless it was to illustrate how children should distend their mouths in swallowing medicine. The churches of Amsterdam are in themselves barren of interest, and make no pretensions to architectural beauty, and the sermons to be preached on Sundays are announced beforehand in *placards*, like show-bills with us. The congregation sit during the sermon with their hats on or off, as they please. The Jews form a large part of the population, and reside in a particular quarter of the city, and they have four synagogues. We met large numbers of them on the streets,—men, women and children,—going, as we supposed, to their places of worship, as this was Saturday, their Sabbath; and for this reason we were disappointed in failing to gain access to any of the diamond mills, which are almost exclusively the property of Jews, and consequently are closed on Saturday, but not on Sunday. Amsterdam is celebrated for the number of its charitable establishments; it has no less than twenty-three institutions of benevolence, including hospitals for the aged

and infirm, the insane, orphans and widows; some of them attached to the churches of particular denominations, others open to all sects without distinction. The hospital for Protestant old men and women looked more like a palace than lodgings for poor people. We extended our ride to that part of the city facing the Zuyder Zee, passing over the immensely broad dyke, built so wide and strong as seemingly to bid defiance to the inundations of the ocean at high tide, but I have not the time to describe its construction; as it is determined that we leave for Cologne at half-past two P. M. J——'s inclination and my own, would prompt the decision to go farther north, into some of the provinces of this peculiar country, where the inhabitants, living removed from intercourse with strangers, retain more of the old customs, habits, and dress of their forefathers, than in South Holland. The women in the north are said to have beautifully clear complexions, and to be distinguished for the neatness of their dress. They wear on the back of the head a broad fillet of gold, shaped like a horse shoe, which confines the short cut hair, and terminates on each side of the temple in two rosettes, also of pure gold, suspended somewhat like blinkers before the eyes of a horse, over which is worn a cap or veil of the finest and richest lace, with lappets hanging down the neck, and a pair of enormous gold ear-rings These ornaments are often of real gold, even among the lower classes, and the cost must be considerable, for great sacrifices are made to purchase them, and they are considered heir-looms in a family. If to-morrow were not the Sabbath day, we would at least remain one day over, to visit a noted little town called Broek, that is only two hours distant, partly by boat and partly by carriage, and I will give you the description that has excited our curiosity. "There is

neither horse nor cart road through the place, so we were obliged to leave our carriage at a small inn, on the outskirts, and to walk through it. A notice on a board warns strangers that they are not to smoke in the village without a stopper on their pipe, or to ride through it, but must dismount and lead their horses at a foot pace. The little narrow lanes, or passages, which intersect it, are paved with bricks or little stones, set in patterns. The houses are mostly of wood, painted white and green. Almost all the houses glitter in the sun, with roofs of glazed tiles of different colors. Those occupied by the poorer classes, are usually only one story; those of the rich, are, for the most part, of the style which has been appropriately called 'the florid cockney,'—something between Grecian and Chinese. One has a pasteboard-looking front, intended to represent a temple, another is painted with such various colors as to call to mind the scenery of a theatre. Many of them are placed at the edge of canals, and are approached by bridges. Yet Broek has an inanimate and listless appearance, owing to the custom of keeping the front door and windows always closed, save for the entrance of the bridal pair after marriage, and for the exit of a corpse for burial. Before almost every house in the place we had remarked a collection of shoes and sabots, for the inmates usually put them off at the door, like the Turks, and walk through the house in slippers or stockings. The closed door, in every house, mentioned above, leads to an apartment which is rarely entered or opened, save by the housewife herself, who once a week unfastens the shutters, takes down all the china, dusts it, and scrubs the furniture, and after scouring the floor and walls, and polishing the stones, closes up the door and shutters again, until the revolving

week brings round another day of purification." Spiders must stand a worse chance here than in any other country of the globe; the forlorn attempt of a poor solitary spinner to establish himself in the corner of a window, to which elsewhere he might be supposed to have a right, is immediately detected and scattered to the wind. To sum up all, to such an extent do paradoxes prevail in Holland, that even "the *cow's tails*, in other countries proverbial for growing downwards, and descending in the world as they advance in age, here grow upwards; for, with a view of promoting the cleanliness of the animal while in the stall, the tail is tied up to a ring in the roof of the stable."

Sabbath Day, August 4. Here we are, another stage in our journey accomplished, at the "Hôtel du Nord," in Cologne. We bade adieu to "Dutchland" yesterday and arrived here at 10 P. M. Our journey had no incidents worth recording, unless it be to mention that when we entered the town of Emmerich on the Prussian frontier, we were subjected to the annoyance of having our baggage overhauled again, and to the vexatious necessity of changing our Holland coin for Prussian thalers and silver groschens. We passed on the outskirts of Dusseldorf, famous only for having possessed years ago, a very fine collection of paintings, known as the Munich Gallery.

Our apartments here are more pleasant and more luxuriously furnished than any that we have occupied since we left home, and I feel as if I could enjoy a week's rest with these surroundings, with the greatest comfort, for I am *very weary* and have not been out. J—— was at church this morning, and Mr. and Mrs. D—— were at Cathedral service, and on their return met the Forneys, and have now gone to dine with

them at the Hôtel de Bellevue, on the opposite side of the Rhine, at a town called "Deutz." J—— and I declined the invitation, preferring a quiet dinner alone, as our appetites were small, having breakfasted as late as ten o'clock. Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft sat at the table just opposite to us. He is a much older man than I had supposed, and in appearance is not unlike Mr. Barnes. I am writing at a centre-table, beside a beautifully ornamented bookcase; and two front windows looking out into the street, are draped in crimson damask with white lace curtains between. The coverings above the two beds are of the same material; the pillows so large they encroach nearly half way down; and it is scarcely possible to lie at full length, or assume any other than a half sitting posture. In addition to the blankets, we are supplied with a light, puffy feather bed, which is intended more especially to keep the feet warm; but to enjoy it one would need to be a very quiet sleeper. M. C. A.

August 5, 1867.

DEAR PERRIN:

Just one week ago to-day, I wrote and mailed a letter to Will from Brussels, which is a beautiful city, not so large as Paris, (where Mamma and I staid so long,) and not near so large as Philadelphia. And as we are now in a city which belongs to another kingdom, I thought I would write a letter to my dear little Perrin, from this place, Cologne. You must get Will to show you where it is on the map, and then you will remember when you study geography, by the letter which Papa wrote to his little boy in America, where this old city of Cologne is; and when you are large enough to read history, and learn what an ancient place it is, and how important a position it has at different times held in the world's history, you will be greatly interested in learning all you can about it. But it may be, that when you have read all that books can tell you of Cologne, that the most pleasant of all your thoughts in association with it will be, that Papa when there wrote a letter to you from the very heart of the old city, and in sight of its great cathedral. This cathedral is a very large church, which was begun several hundred years ago, and upon which they are still working, for it has never been completed. Since I wrote my letter to Will, Mamma and I have been through Holland, where they have a different government, and another king from that of Belgium, and different again from where we are at present, which is in Prussia. It was from Holland that grandma's great grandfather went to America. Some of the people appear to us very strange; they wear

bright golden plates, made to fit the forepart of the head, extending from ear to ear, and some have large gilt ornaments as large as an egg, stuck in the hair just over the ears; we could not help being amused at their singular appearance. We looked just as peculiar to them, for as we passed through the streets of Amsterdam, the servants came to the windows and laughed at us; even ladies and gentlemen would stop and look at us as something very strange; and yet we were not conscious of anything about us to attract attention. Holland, you know, has been rescued from the ocean by large banks of earth faced with stone, and in this way the sea is now kept from overflowing the country. If the dykes, as these banks are called, should break, towns, villages and even cities would be entirely destroyed, as well as the farms. I wonder how my little boy would like to live in a country exposed all the time to such danger, and yet the people of Holland do not seem to think about it at all, but live on from day to day, and from year to year, as if no peril threatened them; but a great many of them are good persons, fearing and serving God, and feel safe in His hands. Mamma and I have been very much impressed with the use they make of everything here; the dogs do a great deal of labor, which with us the horses are made to perform. They are harnessed to carts, something like our push-cart, sometimes one, often two; they draw quite heavy loads, and trot along and seem to do their work as freely as horses do with us. Milk and bread in the cities are distributed in this way, and thus the dogs are turned to good account, and not allowed to live in idleness. Every person and animal that can work is made to do their part, and sometimes in a way that we are not accustomed to, and which to an American is very offensive. Women do much of

the out-door labor of the hardest and roughest kind; an illustration of this we saw as we entered Rotterdam, women were unloading bricks from a boat, pitching them from one to another. In Amsterdam two women passed our hotel strapped to a loaded cart, the straps of leather were fastened to the cart and passed over their breasts and shoulders, with which they pulled it along. Now don't you think this would look very strange in the streets of Philadelphia? But to live in Holland, every one must work hard, taxes are very high, and food is expensive; the people do not sit down in idleness and complain of their hard lot in life, but try to make the best of it, and they seem very cheerful and happy. Though the country is flat and wet, and one would think it unhealthy, they are rosy looking and strong. You would regard Amsterdam as a remarkable city, I am sure, as nearly every street has a wide canal running through it, with room for wagons to drive and people to walk along each side of it. The houses are five and six stories high, and many of them are very large. One of these canal streets is three miles long, and is called the rich man's street, because they are nearly all rich men who live upon it. I saw on the boats a great many children, some of them playing as our little children play in their streets and yards at home, and this surprised me very much; on making inquiry, I was told that the boat was their home, the only one they had. The children were born there, and there the father and mother lived, both parents helping with the work of managing their home upon the canal, loading and unloading it, and when on its way the father often pulls his floating craft, and the mother steers it, while the children play on its deck. But I cannot write more of these things now; when I come home, I can better tell you about them. How much I

would love to see and kiss my little boy Perrin, who is so very dear to me, and I will never forget the last sight I had of him on the wharf at New York; and my heart is moved every time I think of it. I pray to God to keep you safe, and hope you are having a pleasant summer, and that our being away will not seem so long as it would if you were not contented and pleased. Good-bye, my dear Perrin, be a good boy, be obedient and kind to all; that God will bless you, is my daily prayer. J. A.

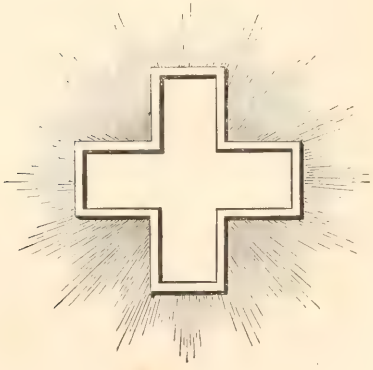


Postscript to M——'s letter of August 4, 1867.

I have written to Perrin, in which I have given some of my impressions about Holland, and M—— has given hers to you more in detail. On the whole, we were disappointed in the country, for in many respects it was very different from what we had supposed. Nine-tenths of the land is given up to grazing, and with the exception of a small portion bordering on Prussia, but few crops of grain are grown; the country is very flat, and as far as the eye can take in the prospect, it is an unbroken level, without fences or hedges to mark the division of fields. The roadways are lined with ditches filled with stagnant water, and the houses are small, most of them one story only, some one-and-a-half story. The grain principally grown on that portion bordering on Prussia is wheat and buckwheat; small patches of potatoes, flax in occasional fields, and oats. The extent of the buckwheat crop was a matter of surprise to me; the Holland farmers cannot believe the prevailing notion the American farmers have, that it is an exhaustive crop. Another strange fact which I observed is, that the wheat through Belgium and Holland is cut or ready for the sickle, while the oats are still green and growing, and will not be ready for harvesting for several weeks to come. With us the reverse of this is true, unless my memory is at fault. The only attractive place we visited in Holland was the Hague, it is a beautiful city, and has a population of 65,000 inhabitants. The streets are wide, paved with brick, and there are many fine walks bor-

dered with trees. This city is the seat of government, the residence of the court, and the abode of foreign ministers, it was originally the hunting seat of the courts of Holland, and was named "La Haye," from the hedge which surrounded their lodge. Baron Makay gave us some interesting information in regard to the social habits of the citizens. He said that although the laws established the political equality of the people, (the revolution of 1796 having swept away all former distinctions,) yet the old families of Holland were among the most aristocratic in Europe. They are very exclusive, and will not marry, or allow their children to form any association outside of their own particular circle or class; and any one presuming to infringe upon the rule, is at once and finally debarred from all future intercourse. Wealth is no passport to society, if accumulated by the person possessing it, no matter how well educated he may be, for in going to the Hague to reside, he must expect to be shut out from this distingué inner court of society. We visited the old Parliament House and the Courts of Justice; the latter are intended only for the accommodation of the Judges and spectators. Trial by jury has not been adopted, the people are opposed to its introduction, and the Judges decide all questions of law and of fact, both civil and criminal. The Baron said that they had so much confidence in their Judges, that they much prefer leaving all decisions to them, rather than to a jury of unlearned men. Very few Americans, I think, would be favorably impressed with Holland: it is such a monotonously dull, level country. The climate is colder than the opposite coast of England in similar latitudes, and the winters are severe, the atmosphere being very moist, owing to the abundance of water. The people are burdened very heavily with taxes, for

the immense cost of keeping the dykes in repair, the support of the king and the standing army, together with the other expenses of government, try them to the utmost extent of their ability. I am glad that we have seen this country, though it is not just what I had expected to find it, and regret not having been able to go farther north into the provinces, where the people have less intercourse with strangers, and retain most of their national peculiarities; but Maggie was not well, had taken cold, and I was afraid to venture upon an excursion that would be attended with some discomfort; and then our friends were anxious to get into Germany, so it was thought best to go on to Cologne. It is now our intention to go up the Rhine, stopping at different points before reaching Frankfort, and to avoid night travel as far as possible. J. A.



Mailed at Frankfort-on-the-Main.
August 9, 1867.

Monday, August 5. A party of four is an accommodating number that any ordinary carriage will seat comfortably, and if the persons are agreeable, as in our case we were, the pleasure and enjoyment of the ride is greatly increased by such companionship. We were off to see the sights of Cologne in and about the city; but in truth there was not very much to look at, except its magnificent cathedral, that justly attracts the wonder and admiration of all beholders. Although commenced in the twelfth century it is yet unfinished; nearly $2,000,000 have been expended on it by the kings of Prussia, during the last forty years; and it is estimated that it will require $5,000,000 for its completion. "The master-mind which planned this noble pile is unknown, and the original designs are lost. The interior is four hundred and twenty-one feet long, and one hundred and forty feet broad, and the portion appropriated to divine service occupies an area of seventy thousand square feet. It has seven interior Chapels. One, the chapel of the three Kings or Magi, contains the bones of the three wise men who came from the East to Bethlehem, to worship and offer their presents to the infant Saviour. The silver case containing the bones, which is ornamented with precious stones, and the surrounding valuables in the Chapel are worth two hundred and forty thousand pounds," it is said, but this is probably an exaggerated estimate. Under a slab in the pavement, between the high altar and the shrine of the magi, the heart of Maria de

Medici is buried, but her body was conveyed to France. Cologne was at one time the residence, as it was the birth-place of the painter Rubens; and it was in his house that Maria of Medica died in penury. There are several other churches that I would like to speak of, but time presses, and I can only mention one other, to which this legend is attached: "When the plague raged in Cologne, in 1357, Richmodis, the wife of the Knight Mengis Von Adocht, was attacked by the plague, and having fallen into a death-like trance, was interred in the 'Apostles' Church.' Being awakened from her trance by a thievish grave-digger, in his attempts to obtain her valuable rings, she returned to the house of her husband, who, thinking he beheld an apparition, declared he would sooner believe that his horses could ascend to the loft of his house than his departed spouse return in propria persona. Scarcely had the words escaped his lips," says the legend, "than horses hoofs were heard mounting the stairs, and their heads were seen looking out of a window in the upper story of the house." Two horses' heads are still to be seen, (where we saw them,) projecting their heads out of an upper window in a house in New Market street, where they have been placed to commemorate the miraculous event. The lady recovered, and lived many years after; and in the church are preserved several garments made by her, that are said to possess miraculous healing powers. Cologne, situated as it is, on the banks of the river, (Rhine,) at a considerable elevation, with every facility for making it one of the cleanest, is one of the dirtiest cities we have been in, (excepting Amsterdam, the dirtiest of all,) and every particular street you pass through seems to delight in its own particular smell. Although the well known perfume "Eau de Cologne,"

is an important production of the place, it is not manufactured for home purification, I am sure, but must be sent abroad where it is less needed. J—— and Mrs. D—— laid in a supply of "Jean Maria Farina's," bought at "No. 4 Julick Place." I am particular to note down the direction, as we had such a search to find the locality, and to save vexatious trouble in future, for I am confident they are cultivating a foreign taste that cannot be gratified at home. The only peculiarity of dress I noticed here, was that the market women wear small handkerchiefs or shawls over their heads instead of bonnets. The barbers have for a sign two bright copper plates, suspended from a rod in front of their doors, to indicate their skill in putting the faces of their customers in as smooth a condition, I suppose. We dismissed our carriage at the wharf, and took passage (in the James Miller) for Coblentz, up the Rhine, and the first two persons that greeted us, were Mr. B—— and Mary. This was quite a surprise to us all, and added two more to our party; six to dine at the table, arranged at our suggestion, in the open air, rather than in the close little cabin below. Shielded by an awning from the heat of the sun, we enjoyed the plain but comfortable meal, and the arrangement would have been quite to our satisfaction, had not a party of eight or ten college students, (coarse, rude fellows,) placed themselves about us, and staring with all the vulgarity of English cockneys, spoiled the whole enjoyment of the dinner. What there was about our appearance or mode of eating that was exceptional, and calculated to excite their merriment, we could not tell; but as we had no means of resenting the annoyance, we had to submit to the nuisance of being stared at. If these students are illustrative evidences of polite morals as taught at the

University of Bonn, we will not send our boys to its academic halls. It was quite dark when we reached Coblentz, as late as nine in the evening, when we entered the city with a feeling of disappointment. The Rhine *had not realized our expectations.* The banks of the river from Cologne to Bonn, were almost as flat as in Holland, and our comparison at the time was with "the low flats on the shores of New Jersey." The scenery does not compare favorably with the Hudson; but we must reserve our judgment until to-morrow. Our rooms at the "Hôtel de Bellevue" are small, having two beds (more like cribs for children) in each, a washstand and bureau. They are dirty and badly ventilated, and we have strong suspicions that the *animals* lodge below us. Oh! this is even worse than Cologne; but there is no help for it; we are in for the night; and that is well, because out of doors the atmosphere is damp and chill.

Tuesday, August 6. There was no inducement to play lazy this morning, so we were up bright and early. I should have said early and dull, as we were feeling very stupid after an uncomfortable night; however, our breakfast was quite palatable, and the table was even ornamented with flowers. As soon as the meal was disposed of, we hired an open carriage, into which we all managed to squeeze, and directed our driver to show us the lions and attractions of the city. The town is built upon a triangular piece of land, between the rivers Moselle and Rhine, and is surrounded by immense fortifications. The streets are mostly regular, and many of the public buildings are handsome, and among these are the King's Palace, and the church of St. Castor, founded in the ninth century, and said to be the church in which Charle-



The Baron and his Son
on a predatory excursion

magne divided his empire among his grandchildren. But of all places and points of interest that we visited, not *one* has made so lasting an impression upon our minds as the ride of three miles up to the "Castle of Stolzenfels." It was built by one of the Archbishops of Treves, both as a residence and fortress, is finely placed on a jutting rock overlooking the Rhine, and its picturesque outline and commanding position justify its name of the "Proud Rock." It was presented to the King of Prussia by the city of Coblentz, by whom it was repaired, and it is now the residence of the dowager Queen. Many of the rooms are beautifully frescoed, and the armory contains numerous relics, among which are the swords of Murat, Napoléon, and Blucher, and the chapel walls are frescoed, representing the knightly virtues and accomplishments, by scenes from history; among others, courage is illustrated by the death of the blind king, John of Bohemia, at the battle of Cressy, after having fastened his horse to those of two knights. A carriage road has been formed, partly by bridging a ravine, up to the Castle, "three hundred feet above the Rhine," and is carried thence in zigzags to the top of the hill, and pretty gardens and walks have been laid out around it, and here it was, from this elevation, that we were *first favorably impressed* with the beauties and attractions of this world-renowned river. The views from the windows of the Castle were very grand and lovely; but there is often one step only from the sublime to the ridiculous, and our future recollections of "Stolzenfels" will always be associated with a lot of mean little donkeys, and our ride up its dizzy heights, mounted upon their backs. That ride cost us twenty groschens apiece—about fifty cents. The ladies were allowed the first choice, to select from twenty or more head-

strong little brutes, which one each might prefer; and one of the attendants had discrimination enough to know (*and see*, perhaps) that Mrs. D—— would need a *stronger beast* than either Mary or myself; for in deference to this opinion she was allowed to mount first. Mary in weight came next, and after her came *ponderous* Maggie. The gentlemen followed in the rear, and my shaggy mule led off, while Madame Dougherty and Mrs. B—— came on at a trot. Justice Allison and advocate Barnet, with their accustomed gallantry, tried to catch up, but mulish stubbornness put an interdict upon their good intentions. Counsellor Dougherty was in despair; his jennet would not go, for love or money; not even with blows could she be induced to stir beyond a walk, for of all the pack, his vixenish jade was the most obstinate and self-willed. The lash made no impression upon her leathery hide, so he tried caresses, called her pet names, "beautiful creature, delight of my eyes, vision of my dreams, (imploringly,) Oh! take me to my Celie; she is beyond my sight, she is fleeing from me; I shall never see her more;" and then in a despairing tone calling: "Celie, Celie, *my beloved*, wait for me, *let me clasp you in my arms, and feel that I have you safe.*" This rapturous appeal, and the conversation that it naturally called out from the other members of the party, kept us in a convulsive state of excitement all the way up the ascent; and in coming down, the amusement was in criticising each particular member of the party, and the ludicrous appearance we presented one to the other. At the foot of the hill we purchased, at a stall by the road side, some little agate ornaments and boxes, after which we returned to the hotel and had a hurried dinner, before taking the boat for Biberich, at half-past 2 P. M.



In the distance from Coblentz to Biberich nearly all the interest of the Rhine is centred; at least it so impressed us. And yet acknowledging its attractions to be *very great*, we had a feeling of disappointment; it was not *all* that we had expected to see. Take away its historical associations and traditional memories, and the efforts of art, aided by the munificence of kings and princes to adorn every town, city, castle and ruin, and I could name a half dozen rivers, in our own country, that would far exceed it in natural attractiveness and wild picturesque scenery. The thousand legends that are connected with these old castles and romantic ruins, add greatly to the interest that attaches to them; as an illustration, the Castle of "Shönberg" received its name, "Beautiful Hill," as the story goes, "from seven beautiful daughters of the house; they were beautiful to admiration, but no less cold-hearted than beautiful. Love was looked upon as a fable, pleasure and the chase were their idols; they sang, but it was only of knightly deeds of heroic actions. Vainly the flower of chivalry sought to win their love; youth, valor, accomplishments, all were to them as naught. Frequently did they exercise their capricious tempers at the expense of their suitors, who were occasionally encouraged, in order to be repulsed with twofold cruelty. At length the nobles began to lose their tempers; and the sisters perceived that they must come to a decision. The suitors were accordingly informed that they might expect an answer if they would assemble on the morrow in the halls of the castle. In due time they entered, each seeking to place himself in the most favorable position. An hour and then another hour elapsed, still the maidens did not come, the anxious nobles began to express their impatience; when suddenly their attention was at-

tracted by sounds of mirth. At this, they all rushed to the windows, and, looking towards the river, they saw a light skiff quitting the shore freighted with the seven sisters, who, with cruel mockery and loud laughter, saluted their lovers. The knights saw the trick that had been played upon them, but they were soon avenged; for even while they continued to look, the receding boat and its lovely cargo suddenly struck upon a rock, and in an instant sunk beneath the flood. Seven rugged, pointed rocks may be seen to this day when the water is low; and the dangerous spot is carefully avoided by the passing mariners, by whom the rocks are called the Seven Maidens."

The Castle of Rheinstein stands on a projecting ledge of rocks, which rises almost perpendicular from the bank of the river, and to the eye from below, it seems quite inaccessible, although there is a road barely wide enough to pass between the rocks and the river. The Fortress of Rheinfels is the most extensive ruin on the Rhine; the views in its vicinity are among the most beautiful and picturesque in the whole course of the river, and the rocks which frame it in are peculiarly wild and precipitous. Opposite to Rheinstein there are extensive vineyards, and indeed vines were planted on all the hillsides, having a good exposure for the growth of grapes; and some of the slopes looked to us so steep, we wondered how it was possible for the laborers to get up to trim the vines. These vineyards are nothing more than a succession of terraces extending from the top to the bottom of the hills; some of which must be nearly one thousand feet high; in a number of places we counted more than a dozen terraces rising one above another, supported by walls of masonry, from four to five feet high, and in other places where the hillsides were very steep, the vines

were planted in baskets to retain the soil about their roots. To reach many of these narrow plots, the vine-dresser—female as well as male—must scale the precipices, and hang as it were from the face of the rocks; while a great deal of the soil itself and every particle of manure must be carried up on their shoulders. This will give you some idea of the labor and expense of such cultivation, and of the great value of every inch of ground in these narrow strips to repay it. The appearance of the Rhineland vinedresser, does not verify that which painters draw and poets describe; but they at least look cheerful and contented, and that is perhaps more than can be said of the lordly occupants of the castles.

We passed Bingen—"fair Bingen on the Rhine." Near it, and surrounded by the river, rises the little square tower called "Mouse Tower," renowned for the tradition of Bishop Hatto, Archbishop of Mayence, having refused the starving poor of his diocese corn from his well-stocked granaries, shut them up at last in a barn to which he set fire, and calling their cries of agony "the whistle of mice." Legions of these animals infested his palace; to avoid them, he built the tower, where they pursued and devoured him alive. Some of the finest views we lost in approaching Biberich; as the twilight deepened into night, the air became damp and chill, and we had to seek the shelter of the confined little cabin. It was as late as ten in the evening when we landed at the pier, where there was a good deal of confusion and detention for some unaccountable reason. Even after we had secured our seats in the stage, we were kept waiting, for what purpose, no one could tell; we were certainly crowded in so closely that there was no possibility of compressing even a little body in; however, misery like pleasure,

must come to an end; the driver at last mounted the box, and we were off to Weisbaden, three miles from Biberich. It was a chilly, comfortless ride, and we could see nothing outside as we passed along, and inside we had only the grumbles of discontented passengers to amuse us. The plethoric Germans insisting that they were stifled in the confined atmosphere, while the consumptive and thin-blooded patients were chilled to the marrow if a window was raised an inch. "Poor old Dock," in his *unselfish* desire to put himself in the most uncomfortable position for the convenience of others, and more than half an eye to business too, sat at the door, almost smothered in bundles and shawls, in readiness to be out first, and secure rooms for the night. It was midnight when we reached the town, the hotels were crowded; we applied to one, then to a second, and finally settled down to where we now are, at the "Quatre Saisons."

Wednesday night, August 7. Our tea table and its appendages have all been put aside, our friends have dispersed, each one to his own apartments, and I *alone* sit up to jot down the occurrences of the day. We had a ride of two hours, in and around the town of Weisbaden, which is regularly built, and has some fine old buildings, most of which are appropriated as lodging houses or hotels, and fronting on the public park are a number of beautiful villas, owned and occupied by wealthy persons, during the *season*, which is said to be longer here than at many other watering places. Its bath and mineral waters have great celebrity for their medicinal properties, and the hours for drinking the waters are from five to eight in the morning, and again in the evening about six. A long avenue of trees serves as a promenade for the water-

drinkers, and leads up to the principal spring. The waters are boiling hot, the patients receive their portions, and walk about, glass in hand, until it is cool enough to drink, and it is said to taste like "boiled sea-water," but we felt no desire to test it. The most remarkable building, to us, in the place, was the "Kursaal," or gambling house, where gaming is carried on from morning until midnight. A Frenchman pays forty-three thousand florins yearly rent, for the privilege of opening gaming tables. The building occupies the entire side of one square, the three other sides of which are lined by colonnades, filled with gay shops, serving as a promenade in wet weather, and a sort of bazaar during the whole of the season, where for money you can buy almost everything. The interior of the building is divided into ball-rooms, reading-rooms, dining-rooms, and gaming-rooms; but the last forms the great centre of attraction and gaiety, and a balcony leading from the ball-room, opens out into a beautiful garden, where, when dinner is over, every one betakes himself to sip coffee or eat ices. Tables are placed in the open air, within hearing of a band of music; and at the hour (8 o'clock) when we were there, the space behind the "The Kursaal" was so completely filled with company, and the tables were so crowded together, that there was barely room to pass, and we could not find one unoccupied seat. It was a novel sight to us, and rather exciting withal. Wiesbaden is beautifully situated in a picturesque neighborhood, affording agreeable walks and rides, and the most complete retirement, within a few hundred yards of its precincts, and by ascending any of the adjacent hills, elevated only a few hundred feet above the town, a charming prospect is disclosed to view, of the Rhine, and the spires and boat bridge of Mayence. The

superb "Russo-Greek Chapel," on the hill called Nero berg, (from a tradition that that Emperor dwelt there,) was raised by the Duke of Nassau, to contain the remains of his first wife, a Russian princess. We passed within sight, and quite near to it, and now feel sorry that we did not make the effort to see the interior, as it is said to contain an effigy in marble of the princess, and is altogether very beautiful.

Thursday, August 8. This night we are domiciled in Frankfort-on-the-Main; and at this hour, 10 o'clock, J—— is in bed; I must soon follow, for I am very weary, but I must note the incidents of the day before retiring; if I do not, to-morrow's occupations will crowd them out of my recollection altogether. Before leaving Wiesbaden we made a few purchases at the bazaar, strolled along the streets a few squares, but did not extend our walk a long distance, as the air was chilly, with an occasional shower of rain, that hurried us back to our hotel. Half-past two found us at the depôt waiting for the train that would convey us to this old city, and among our fellow passengers was the Prince de Joinville. With a prayer for the safety and continued good health of all the dear friends at home, I will say good-night.

Friday morning, August 9, 12 o'clock. We have been delightfully occupied since breakfast hour in reading our budget of letters from home; no less than five,—two from Grandpa, two from Minnie, and one from "Uncle William," giving us a touching account of poor *old Prince's* death and burial! Faithful old fellow! I am glad he was so carefully nursed during his sickness, and so tenderly carried to his last resting place. I was quite certain that Aunt Mary would be

very much interested in hearing about our visit to Ireland. I have read some portions of your letters to Mrs. D—— and Mary, those parts that I knew would particularly interest them. Mary and Mr. B—— are at the Hôtel Russia, having followed us on a later train from Wiesbaden; but making application at a late hour in the evening at this hotel, (the Angleterre,) they could not be accommodated. It would be necessary for you to be in our situation, to be able fully to understand what value we place upon your messages of love and kindness. Friends and children seem doubly dear under such circumstances, and after so long a separation. I am glad that you enjoy our letters and find them satisfactory, *to us* they seem very disjointed and meagre in detail; but that is unavoidable, pressed as we are for time. They are often written in *great discomfort*, and at night, actually when I feel too sleepy and tired to think or talk very sensibly about anything.

M. C. A.

Frankfort,
August 9, 1867.

Dear Friends:—I have just finished a letter to Judge Ludlow, and Maggie hands over her sheet, and says, "do fill it out, and let it be mailed to-day." We have reached this place by easy journeys from Cologne; and one hour's ride from Wiesbaden brought us to Frankfort-on-the-Main;—a city, that at different periods, has played a very important part in the history of Europe, dating back as far as the days of its founder, Charlemagne. What attractions it may have for strangers we have not yet discovered, having only passed through on our way from the depôt; but many of the buildings that we saw, seemed to tell the story of olden times, when kings and mighty men of war, created, maintained, and overthrew the empires of the world. It is in these associations of the past that one finds the greatest pleasure in visiting these old cities of Central Europe. The homes, the palaces, the temples, magnificent and grand, remain; but those who created them—where are they? The portion of Germany in which we are now, is in many respects interesting, and in some particulars reminds me of home, as my early life was spent among people whose ancestors went from here to Pennsylvania, taking with them the habits and peculiar customs I now see around me, and for this reason, I am conscious that I feel much more at ease than I did in France. Quiet and good order everywhere characterize the German's rule. I have not read what M—— has written, excepting that portion which relates to our

ride on the donkeys to the Castle of Stolzenfels. When you read it, I am sure you will say that wonders never cease; but it must be confessed that it was an entirely unexpected performance to all the party, and when the carriage stopped at the foot of the hill, and it was suggested that we should take mules to ride up the mountain, Maggie was the first to protest against the arrangement, and said, "Indeed I can never ride on the back of one of those shaggy little things." A little coaxing and encouragement overcame her fears, and she mounted, Mrs. D—— and Mrs. B—— were already upon the backs of their steeds, and the gentlemen had no alternative but to make it their pleasure to follow the ladies. We were a jovial party you may rest assured, each one laughing at the ridiculous figure of the others, never before did the same persons present so ludicrous a sight; but no one got through the fatigue better, or enjoyed the ride more than Maggie. We were much pleased with our second day's journey up the Rhine; the scenery is charming, and the old castles, many of them in ruins, which crown the hills, seem to cling to the mountain sides, and add an attractive feature to the landscape, which no other river that our eyes are familiar with, exhibits. Some of these ruins are very extensive, others have to a great extent yielded to the agency of time and the elements, or to the desolation which war inflicted on them, and are rapidly crumbling into decay. They present unquestionable evidence of the power and magnificence of the titled *highwaymen* of the Rhine, who lived by robbery and pillage; and this is well illustrated, by an anecdote which was told to us: An Archbishop of Cologne, having built a castle, appointed a steward to the command of it. The governor previous to entering upon the duties of his office, applied to the Bishop to

know how he was to maintain himself, no revenue having been assigned to him for that purpose. The Prelate by way of answer, merely desired him to observe that his castle stood close to the junction of four roads.

I suppose Maggie has given you in her long letter the particulars of the last few days, so that it will be useless to repeat. We feel now, since the receipt of your letters, that we are well informed in regard to all that is transpiring at home; and again, as the English say, *thanks.*

J. A.

Mailed at Heidelberg,
August 16, 1867.

Friday, August 9. We were occupied most of the day in writing letters, up to 5 P. M., dinner hour, and were on the lookout for novelties in the culinary department, nothing new made its appearance; but an old favorite, which, was quite as acceptable, a nice dish of venison dressed with currant jelly. The last was particularly palatable to me, as you know my weakness for preserves and *sweet things* in general; and this was only the second time that I have tasted anything of the kind since leaving home. Strawberries we had for dessert, but no cream, and I said to the garçon, "Why do you not use cream with the berries?" His answer was a question, "Why, do you do that in America?" A ride of two hours after dinner, gave us a most satisfactory view of the city; the public gardens that completely encircle it occupy the site of the old walls and fortifications, and they add very much to its attractiveness. So also do the beautiful private dwellings and palaces on the quays facing the Main, and in the principal street called "Zeil," inhabited by rich merchants and bankers; but the quarter of the city that we were most interested in seeing, was the older portions, with their dark and narrow streets, their quaint wooden buildings, with gables overhanging their basement stories. We saw the house in which Göthe was born, a very large old-fashioned building. His father's coat of arms, which by a curious coincidence bears the poetical device of three lyres, (still remaining over the door,) "was chosen by the poet's

father, on the occasion of his marriage, from a fancied resemblance to a hore-shoe, the grandfather of the poet having been a farrier by trade." We saw, too, the house in which Luther resided for a time, in the Dom Platz, and from which it is said he addressed the people before starting out on his memorable journey to Worms. A portrait of him cut in stone is placed beside the entrance door, and below it the inscription, "In silentio et spe erit fortitudo vestra." Frankfort is the native place of the Rothschild family, and the house in which they were born is in the Judengasse, Jews' street, a dark, dirty, dingy old street, with the usual rags and filth of a Jew's quarter. The houses are five and six stories high; the upper stories projecting so far over those below, as to almost entirely exclude the sunlight, during the day. These poor Jews were until lately treated with great illiberality. "The gates of the quarter to which they were exclusively confined, were closed upon them at an early hour of the night; after which, no one was allowed to pass out or in, under heavy penalty, but now, they are no longer restricted or compelled to live in one street, but may hire or purchase houses where they please."

Saturday, August 10. We were either tired or lazy, perhaps a little of both, this morning, and did not breakfast until ten o'clock. After that hour, we started out to see the shops, and to call upon Mr. and Mrs. B——; but meeting them on the street we were prevented from following out our intention, and said, "good-bye," just where we met, not knowing when or where we should see each other again, as our lines of travel diverge at this point. They go to Dresden, and we to Homburg. To expedite our movements and to economize time, we hired a carriage

and drove to see the famous statue of "Ariadne," seated on a tiger. This production of art is the pride and boast of the people of this city, and is the property of a private gentleman, Mr. Bethman. The statue is placed in a Grecian Temple, built for its reception; the walls are painted crimson, and the light from above passes through a rose-colored screen, which gives the marble a soft flesh-like warmth of coloring, and a life-like expression, that I never could have imagined; it was exquisitely beautiful, and the loveliness of the effect is quite indescribable. We visited the house in which Baron Rothschild was born, and went all through it from parlor to kitchen, and found it in the neatest possible order. Our attendant was an agreeable French madame, whom the Baron employs to show strangers through. It is a small, old-fashioned, three-story house, the front door opening directly into a lower room, very narrow stairways, so narrow that two could not well pass each other, and with very low ceilings. The furniture looked well worn and as if it dated back three or four generations; an old corner cupboard, a secretary bookcase with brass ornaments and handles to the drawers, side tables with lion-clawed feet, a corner clock, and some old family portraits hung against the wall, which, with a few old-fashioned china jars on the mantel shelf, completed the furniture of the parlor and family room. In this obscure dwelling the beginnings of their princely fortunes were made, and it is to their credit, that they do not try to conceal their humble origin. A wealthy member of the family has a beautiful villa near the city; and they have a banking house not two squares off from this street.

The town-hall, or "Römer," is a very old building of the 15th century, not attractive except for its historical associations, as the scene of the ceremonies

attending the election of the Emperors, and the place where the festivities succeeding their coronation were celebrated. The walls of the banqueting-room, where the Emperors were entertained and waited on at table by kings and princes, are covered with their portraits (52) in the order of succession. At the end of the hall is the "Judgment of Solomon," and in the election chamber the Senate of Frankfort holds its sittings. The floor of this room, has a surface as smooth as a polished mirror; an incautious step extended J—— full length upon his back, and as no injury resulted, we had a joke at his expense. In front of the building is an open place or square, called the Römerberg, which down to 1700 no Jew was allowed to cross. "Upon the occasion of the Imperial coronation an ox was roasted whole, from which the arch-steward cut a slice for the Emperor, a fountain flowed with wine, from which the cup bearer filled his glass, and the marshal distributed corn from a silver measure. The people enjoyed the privilege, of appropriating the scarlet cloth, upon which the Emperor walked from the cathedral. So greedily was it cut away, behind him, as he passed, that he ran the risk of having his heels cut also." The cathedral is chiefly remarkable on account of the coronation of the Emperors of Germany, having taken place within it. In the election chapel the Emperor was chosen; and forty-six Emperors after having gained their election, have been crowned in front of the high altar. Here we saw (and sat in) the chair in which the Emperor sat in church, and it was wide enough to seat a renowned "Daddy Lambert." On our way back to the hotel, we drove along the river front and saw a handsome old bridge over the Main, connecting Frankfort with the suburb of "Sachsenhausen," a very old town

founded by Charlemagne. In the middle of the bridge was a statue of him, and near to it is a gilded cock perched on an iron pole; according to tradition, the architect vowed that the first living thing that crossed the bridge should be sacrificed to the devil; and a hapless cock became the victim.

We had an hour to rest before dinner, at 5 P. M. Our bill of fare was much the same as on the day before. Table-d'hôte dinners are so tediously prolonged, by serving such delectable little tid-bits, that they only provoke hunger, instead of satisfying it. Pastry we never see, so we conclude that it is either considered unhealthy or unfashionable. We leave for Homburg at eight this evening, only one hour's ride from this city.

Sunday, August 11. Mr. and Mrs. D—— have gone to church, and J—— has gone in search of a Presbyterian house of worship; as he had no definite information to guide him, I determined to remain in doors. We reached this fashionable watering place last evening, at nine o'clock, and as it was Saturday night, we had considerable trouble to secure quarters. Our first application was at the "Hôtel Bellevue," delightfully located in front of the public gardens; but no rooms could be had, "all full." Our coachman recommended a new boarding house situated on the outskirts of the town, which, when we saw, we declined to ask accommodations, and drove back to the main street. The "Hôtel de Russie" was also full to overflowing, but the gentlemanly son of the proprietor offered to get for us rooms at a private house adjoining. Our escorts were commissioned to inspect them; Mrs. D—— and myself remaining in the carriage to wait their report; after an absence of twenty minutes, they

came back to say they had only the merit of being clean; they were carpetless, but not entirely comfortless, so we decided to get out, as the probabilities were that we might wander about half the night, and do no better. We mounted up three pairs of narrow wooden stairs, landed on a small platform, upon which opened four doors; the first door we entered introduced us into a pleasant little sitting-room for two communicating bed-rooms. It was not so bad as the gentlemen had represented, and we at once determined to be comfortable; took off our bonnets, ordered tea, and sat around the centre-table to enjoy it. Three front windows look directly out upon the principal street, and across the way is the public gambling house in the full glare of gas light, brilliantly gay, with crowds of well dressed people passing in and out; and Mr. and Mrs. D—— feeling refreshed by our tea, could not resist the temptation, and went over to inspect the crowd a little closer. The gaming tables were crowded with young and old men, women, young girls, and boys not out of their teens, all intently absorbed in play, and one pretty little girl interested them, by her youth, and the desperation with which she continued to risk her money, after having lost heavily, and then assuming an air of nonchalance quite foreign to her real feelings. An old German Countess, who sat near her, was winning large sums at every turn of the wheel, yet this old woman is seventy years of age, and a cripple; she is carried in and out of the building by her attendant, and the hours of each day during the season she spends in play, losing and gaining; it is the excitement that she seeks, and a desire, perhaps, to obliterate from her memory the sins of her past life (that have not been few), and to deaden the fearful apprehensions of a coming future, for which she is so unprepared. This morn-







ing, as we sat at breakfast, by the open window, she passed, stopping opposite the Kursaal, her servant carried her to her usual Sabbath day's occupation; for the day is no restriction, if possible, it is one of seemingly greater license.

Monday, August 12. We have been out for a drive of five or six miles, on the outskirts of the town, passing through a dense wood, where very good roads have been made. We found the heat so oppressive, that we were glad to return to the pleasant gardens about the springs; they are beautifully laid out, and gay with flowers of every shade of color. At night the gardens are illuminated by a hundred lamps, and as the light is mellowed by passing through ground glass shades, it is not a difficult matter to imagine yourself in some enchanted resort of the fairies. The waters here, are said to be very valuable in cases of diseased stomach and liver, with neither of which maladies are we troubled, so we have not tested their efficacy, but to the larger proportion of these summer excursionists they are the least of all the attractions of the town; for gambling, and its attendant excitements, are the great inducements that bring them to these places of resort. The gambling house here, is a much larger and more showy building than the one at Wiesbaden; and its interior decorations and arrangements are said to be more splendid and expensive than any other house of the kind in Europe. It is the property of the Prince of Hesse-Homburg, and from which he receives the principal part of his revenue, to the destruction of all morality and honesty among his own subjects, as well as among thousands of strangers. The building contains dining, coffee, smoking and reading-rooms, where all the English and foreign papers are kept on file.

Balls and concerts are of weekly occurrence. We passed an hour looking at the insanely infatuated people playing at "Rouge-et-Noir." The old Countess Kissing was at her seat, and in front of her were three piles of gold, and any quantity of small silver coin. She is so wealthy, that she cannot in any reasonable way spend her income; so she gambles for pastime and excitement, and yesterday (Sunday) she lost a thousand dollars. We have learned something of her history, but it will not bear a repetition here.

I did not tell you how we passed the day. J—— went to church twice; in the morning at the English Episcopal, and in the evening we went together to the Palace Chapel of the Prince of Hesse-Homburg. It was a gloomy, dilapidated old palace, not worthy the name of a princely residence; the little chapel was plain and old-fashioned in the extreme, and not in the least pretty or attractive. A young Scotchman preached an earnest and very good practical sermon. They used Rouse's version of the Psalms, and as we passed out a man stood at the door to receive contributions. I do not remember to have mentioned that they harness cows, and make them draw heavy loads. In Frankfort we saw two or three miserable-looking animals attached to market wagons, and to-day we saw four. The milk used in this hotel is served in a small cart drawn by one big dog, and this morning, a woman, who had it in charge, carried it into the house, while Carlo stretched himself out to rest until she was through, and when called he jumped up cheerfully and trotted off again with his load. Fruit is very abundant; grapes, apricots, and plums in any quantity, and at small cost, but the gentlemen grieve more about the loss of corn than anything beside. We have been talking about our future plans, and our route beyond

this point; but we have not yet decided upon any definite choice of arrangement. I would prefer the river route, but the others give the preference to the railway as being more expeditious, and all agree in saying the Rhine above Mayence is tame. J—— is very desirous to visit Worms, to see with his own eyes the memorable old city, and the spot, if not the building, in which was held the diet at which Luther appeared before Charles Fifth.

Heidelberg is another famous old city, celebrated for its University, and its beautiful castle, now in ruins, that we shall feel an interest in visiting, but beyond that, we do not care to tarry long until we attain the region of the Alps. Mr. and Mrs. D—— wish to see something more of the springs, and the fashionable life surrounding them, and will probably tarry at Baden-Baden, some time. The Grand Duke has a villa there, and it is said that during the season, princes and princesses may be met with at every turn; but we are getting somewhat surfeited with seeing such grandees, for the truth must be told, they *look*, *dress*, *walk*, and *eat* very much as other mortals do. We have paid our last visit to the "Kursaal," standing a half hour to witness the games and the infatuated people that were the actors in them, and among the number was old Countess Kissing, a miserable insane old woman, just standing on the verge of the grave, with no thought for eternity. No one is allowed to sit at or about these tables but those that are participants in the games, and to stand for any length of time, even to gratify one's curiosity, is fatiguing.

Tuesday, August 13. Half-past nine in the evening finds us seated in an upper room, beside an open window, in the hotel "Alten Kaiser," in the old city of

Worms. Looking out, I see within a stone's throw, the old cathedral, with its two towers. We are well pleased that we carried out our determination, and that we are here in this memorable old place. The hour was half-past seven when we landed at the depôt, a mile outside of the town. No carriages were waiting to receive passengers, only one small, dirty, old omnibus, connected with this house; which, we suppose, is the only one in the place open for the accomodation of strangers, who may be led either by religious interest or curiosity to visit the town. But it was only the conveyance *to* the house that was shabby, for the hotel itself is quite comfortable, and arranged as all European houses of entertainment are, with an open court entrance, the doors inside, and the lower floor occupied by offices, dining and coffee-rooms. Our chamber, on the second floor front, looking out upon the main street, is well and neatly furnished, with sofas and chairs covered with crimson plush; two beds, a washstand, and a centre-table, at which J—— and I are seated writing. Our supper was very neatly served, and well prepared,—roast chicken, bread and butter, with an excellent cup of tea. We separated from Mr. and Mrs. D—— at Frankfort, they going directly on to Heidelberg, there to wait our coming, where we shall join them to-morrow. We left Homburg at one o'clock, walking a half mile to the depôt, and buying photographs on our way down. One hour brought us to Frankfort, where we changed cars for Mayence, and another hour's ride landed us in the depôt in that old city, a photographic view of which I remember to have in my scrap-book, at home. The original, quite dispelled the impression formed by that hazy picture of its being a most charming and attractive city, however, it is not just to express a decided opinion one way or

another, as our opportunity for judging correctly was limited to a stroll of an hour only, in a walk of a dozen squares near the depôt, in the oldest part of the town. We looked round and through an old church that was undergoing repairs, outside of which was a hideous representation in wood of the crucifixion of Christ, and in front of which were two or three workmen in the attitude of prayer. Mayence was the birth-place of John Guttenberg, the inventor of types; but J—— will not remember that fact with as much interest as the *kiss* he *stole* from a *pretty baby* that he saw asleep in its mother's arms.

M. C. A.



Heidelberg, Thursday Morning,
August 15, 1867.

I take M——'s place to fill out her letter home, as she does not feel very well this morning, and is still resting, having had a good deal of headache all night. I write from our hotel in Heidelberg, which we reached yesterday about 2 P. M., after a very hot ride, several hours distant from our place of departure, where we sojourned over night, in the ancient city of Worms, where M——'s account left us when she ceased writing. On Tuesday, the night of our arrival at Worms, our sleep was very much broken by the incessant noise in the street below, which is paved, as are most of the German cities, with square blocks of stone, and between the tramp of horses and the rattle of wagons, and the noise of many voices, we were unable to obtain any rest that was refreshing; then we arose at six o'clock, very early for us, for we have gotten out of our regular home habit; we had our breakfast served in our own room, which consisted of very good coffee, and bread—much better than we have had anywhere since leaving Paris. To my surprise in Belgium, Holland, Prussia, and all the German States, the bread has been very inferior to that which we obtained in France and in Ireland. We have also a delicious fish from the Rhine, large and of excellent flavor, with a German name which I cannot remember. After breakfast we hired a carriage from the landlord, (as there are no public hacks in the place,) for which he wanted to charge us more than double the Paris rates, but which I refused to give him, then he abated his demand.

Our coachman was in livery, we drove through the city, and saw in a short time all that was worth seeing in it. We were taken first to the monument of Luther, now in process of erection, it is to be surrounded by four statues of reformers contemporaneous with him. It promises to be very enduring, if permanence can be anticipated of anything here, where society is in a ferment, and where revolution is only kept down by the immense standing armies, which hold in check the rising spirit of the people. I was informed by a professor in the University of Edinburgh, (a native of Worms, now making a visit to the place of his birth,) that the statue of Luther is finished, and ready to be set up, the site of the monument is quite close to the cathedral, and very near to the spot where Luther stood when in the presence of the Emperor and of his Diet, when called on to recant, gave utterance to the memorable declaration: "*Here I stand; I cannot go forward; I cannot go backwards; so help me God.*" I imagined I could see the sturdy figure of the heroic reformer, in the presence of principalities and powers, counting life itself as not to be weighed in exchange for the truth. He stood on that immovable rock, *justification by faith*, from which as he declared, he could neither advance nor retreat, and there a power mightier than himself, enabled him to continue to stand. In this doctrine there was nothing new; Luther only held it up to view, stripped of the errors and supperstitions, with which centuries of ignorance and ecclesiastical corruption had obscured it. This city, which once numbered forty thousand inhabitants, has now only about twelve thousand. It was many years ago an imperial free city of great commercial and political importance; and is famous in history as the place where the Emperor Charlemagne celebrated his

marriage; and where he convened his early assemblies of Franks, constituting a rude Parliament, from which our assemblies date their origin. Worms was burned, and almost totally destroyed by the French in 1689, and has never regained its prosperity; but it is now reviving; of this the many new and handsome houses after the Paris style, which we saw in our drive, give evidence.

We next drove to the Elm tree, outside of the city, where Luther was met by a deputation of his friends, who tried to persuade him to turn back, assuring him that a plot to assassinate him had been discovered, and that if he entered he would never leave Worms alive. The tree is very large, six or seven feet in diameter, and is protected by an iron railing, outside of which are stone seats, for the accommodation of travellers who make a pilgrimage to this spot. We saw several persons who live in the neighborhood. I made them understand we were from the United States, and had come to Worms because of Luther's association with it, they seemed pleased, shook hands at parting; one man uncovered his head as he bowed to us his adieu. On our return to the city we visited the cathedral, which has been a magnificent structure, but is now fast falling into decay, for the rain is making its way through the roof and arches overhead; and the walls are damp and water-stained; neglect, decay and departed glory is written over them all. A society has lately been formed to rescue it from ruin, and if possible restore it to its former condition. For religious services it is little valued by the citizens of Worms; a seat in the choir, where the chapter of the cathedral formerly sat, rents now for two shillings a year. What a commentary upon the grandeur of this earth which passeth away! Charles V. would be horrified if he







could revisit this building, tread again these aisles now almost deserted, and witness the ruin which has supplanted a power, which he doubtless thought was to endure for all time. At the cathedral we dismissed our carriage for a stroll through the city, and at a book store, a pleasant young German, who could speak a little English, showed us a volume of sermons in manuscript, bound in leather, which were written about the time America was discovered, then we purchased a few photographs, and returned to our hotel, taking our departure from Worms before dinner.

I had an amusing time with a conductor, who tried to make me understand that the train to Heidelberg would be along at a quarter past two o'clock. I could understand the two very well, but the added minutes I could not make out, so I took out my watch and pointed to the figures on its face, but he seemed to understand my signs as little as I understood his language; I surmised that it was a quarter he meant, and just then a German word, that I had not heard or thought of for twenty-five years, came into my head, and I said to him, "*Szwi* and *fattle*." This he understood, and answering me, Ya, ya, szwi and fattle." I have found the few German words, the meaning of which I learned by hearing others use them, when I was a boy, of great service to me; and between signs and a word here and there, we have gotten along very well. When we were about leaving the car at Mayence, the day before, I could not make the conductor understand my question, "Do we change cars here for Worms?" and was at a loss to know what to do, whether to get out, or sit still. In the car with us were two very respectable-looking ladies and a gentleman; one of the ladies noticing our embarrassment, asked the conductor for us, and then in tolerably good

English said, "Yes we change cars." I said to her, "You speak English?" She answered, "Yes, it is taught in the schools of our country." She said they were Hollanders, and not Germans. I told her we had just been in Holland, and that my wife was of Holland ancestry, on her mother's side, and that the interest we had in the country had taken us there to see it. They seemed pleased by what I told them, but as they stopped at Mayence, we soon parted. After M—— and I had taken a meal at the restaurant, we strolled out to view the city. Near to the depôt, there is a very high tower, with a massive gateway beneath, which is pierced with small windows to its top. The wall of this tower is very thick, and in former days would have constituted a formidable barrier in the way of an attacking army, but, with the advance in military engineering and improved artillery, would now be of little account. The walls of the old cities of Europe are fast passing away, they were taking down the one which for centuries had enclosed Antwerp when we were there, and converting the bed of it into a boulevard.

As we passed along the street, I saw a German woman carrying a baby in her arms, and holding a parasol over it to shield it from the sun. I took the liberty of stopping the mother, who at first did not understand me, but when I placed the little dumpy hand of her sleeping child in my own and softly touched its cheek, which was plump, clean and rosy, and then stooped down and kissed it, it needed not the words *schönis kind*, handsome child, to explain to the mother my action, or the feeling which prompted it. The smile that lighted up her face, and the delighted look which she gave me in return, showed that there is a way to reach a mother's heart which needs not words to give it expression. There is something in the innocent

appearance of a pretty baby that always appeals to the warmest sympathies of my heart, and M—— laughed at me, and said she believed I was baby mad; but this is a digression, and I must hasten back to my narrative. We passed on our way here through Manheim, which is a city of about thirty thousand inhabitants. It was formerly the capital of the Palatinate, and was several times destroyed in the wars which from time to time have swept over and through this part of the world; it has in it the palace in which the elector Philip lived in 1720, when he removed his capital from Heidelberg to Manheim. We had not time to go through the town fearing that we would be left by the train, but what we saw of it, as we passed by it in the cars, made a pleasant impression. A large number of English people have taken up their residence at Manheim, on account of the cheapness of living. It is but a short ride by rail to Heidelberg, which we reached without adventure of any kind, except having for our companions, four ladies, either English or American: the younger of whom had a pet Italian grayhound, about half the size of Cute, which she smuggled into the car, very much to her delight. She said the conductor would not allow it if he had discovered it. I helped the ladies in with their bags and bundles, which were very numerous, and for which I was thanked by the mother of the party. I find that kindness and politeness go very far to make our way pleasant in travelling. At Heidelberg we found Mr. and Mrs. D——, who had come on directly to this point from Homburg, this morning they are out riding, having gone to pay a second visit to the castle, now in ruins. To-day they go in advance of us to Baden-Baden, the most famous watering place in Germany, and we will probably follow them to-morrow, where

we expect to stay over Sunday, and then on Monday hope to leave for Basle, at which point we enter Switzerland, but our friends will tarry longer at Baden, perhaps a week. Last evening when we reached this point M—— had headache, and no wonder; she had little rest the night before, and the journey had been made in the heat of the day; after dinner, feeling better, she thought she could take the ride up the mountain and round by the castle, which our friends proposed. We did not get back to the hotel until half-past eight o'clock, and then neuralgia produced by exhaustion caused her sleepless suffering all night. We have kept quiet to-day, and have remained in our rooms to write, while our friends are out riding. So here we are for the present in the famous old city of Heidelberg; more famous for what it has been in the past than for what it is at the present day. So often has it been ravaged by contending armies, that few of its buildings, public or private, have much claim to beauty; it has some showy houses, and many that are very old and poor. Its University, one of the largest in Europe, counting the number of its students, has but a very plain building in the middle of the town for their accommodation. We saw a number of them at the heights above the castle last evening, drinking Rhine wine, of which every person seems to partake freely, and it is the rarest occurrence to see any one make a meal without wine, except it be their early breakfast, which mostly consists of bread, butter and coffee. The Germans keep up their old custom of dinner at one o'clock, while in Paris they breakfast at eleven and dine at five or six. A waiter at the hotel told us that the students often fought among themselves, and always aimed to cut each other about the face or neck, so that whoever



was wounded could never deny the injury which the other had inflicted on him, and of this we had evidence which seemed a confirmation of the statement. On our way up the Rhine, at Bonn, famous also for its University, a number of the students came on the boat on which we were, one of them had a severe gash on his cheek and another on his neck, which were quite fresh, scarcely healed over. By the way, did M—— tell you what a rude set of fellows they were? how they gathered about us, whilst we took our meal on the deck of the steamer, smoked, performed all kinds of antics, made their jocose remarks in German, and coming so close to us as to interfere with the comfort of our meal, sat near trying to stare the ladies out of countenance; we were glad when these specimens of Prussian aristocracy left us. In America such conduct would simply be impossible. On our way from Amsterdam to Cologne, two men, evidently of substance and culture, came into the car in which we were; before entering they wished us to leave, as they desired to smoke. The train was about to move off and we were compelled to remain; the coupé held only eight persons including our own party; two other Americans, and the two Germans. After a while one of the Germans pulled out his cigar case, lighted a cigar and began to smoke. One of the Americans, who spoke German, remonstrated, but the smoker persisted, said though it was offensive to the ladies he would smoke nevertheless, and as we could not prevent it we had to submit; but after awhile our turn came; the window by which I sat was raised and the current of air was uncomfortable to the smoker, and without as much as saying by your leave, he closed it. When he took his seat I put the window up again: placed my hand on it, and requested the American Professor, who spoke German to say to him, that if he

had the right to smoke, he had no right to suffocate us; we looked at each other full in the face, then he yielded the point, and thought it best not to push matters any farther. Before he left the car he begged Madame's pardon.

To return from my digression; the castle to which we drove last evening is one of most magnificent ruins in Europe, and Mr. D——, who has just come in, on his return from his visit of the morning, is in raptures with it; says we must not leave Heidelberg on any account without going through it. Last evening when we drove there, M—— was feeling so sick that we contented ourselves with a look at the walls from the extensive court yard, beside, it was too late to make the exploration. In its earlier days the castle was a fortification of immense strength, was bombarded five times, twice laid in ashes, and three times taken by assault and delivered over to pillage; and was last abandoned by the Elector Philip, who having quarrelled with the people of Heidelberg, removed his capital to Manheim. When he was about to return, some years afterward, the castle was struck by lightning, and reduced to its present condition. I have suggested, and D—— says it "is a splendid idea," that the Elector of Baden, whose property it is, should put it in repair, or give it to the citizens of Germany, on condition that they build up its waste places, for the use of the University. The literary importance of the latter, and its reputation as an ancient seat of learning, would be well linked in association with this famous castle, and a proud history they might yet have in the future, connecting the one with the other. The castle, looking at it from the window at which I am writing, does not appear to be much above the town, and yet in our ride to it, we found it was considerably elevated, planted on

the side of the hill or mountain, which rises behind the city. Heidelberg has an old church, built of sandstone, which has a wall dividing it in two, lengthwise, one side of it is devoted to the Catholic, and the other to the Protestant service; perhaps no other church can boast of the possession of two congregations of such opposite creeds. It was, originally Catholic, and this was the compromise, when so many of its members abandoned the Church of Rome. It was the effort on the part of the Elector Philip to restore the Protestant portion of the building to the Catholics, that ended in quarrels, which caused him to abandon Heidelberg as the seat of his government. In the morning, Mr. and Mrs. D—— take their departure, and we separate with mutual regret; but Mr. D——'s plans and ours do not agree after this, and I suppose we have ended our sojourn together. M—— is much better; and to-morrow will, I hope, be able to go through the castle, and the next day to Baden-Baden.

Friday morning, August 16. I thought I had ended my letter last night, but it was too late to mail it, and as I have a little space left, I will send a salutation to you all. Heidelberg, the mountains, and the castle, all appear as if they had put on a sombre dress this morning. It is a very charming picture that lies spread out before me, and the interest which centres about the old city and castle, increases the more one dwells in thought on them. Here Luther, and the reformers of his day, performed much of their important work, and here the catechism, which took its name from this city, was prepared, with the view of reconciling differences which developed into angry controversy between those who held to the views of Calvin and those who sided with Luther. Our apartment in the hotel is very

comfortable, and quite large, and unlike most of the German hotels; the floors are carpeted, and the room furnished with walnut sofas and chairs, covered with velvet plush. Our windows, three in number, are hung with long muslin curtains, which give to the chamber quite a cheerful and homelike aspect. Then above all, the view upon which we look is so very beautiful, that altogether we have good reason to feel content with our quarters. Just now a train of cars swept by, and it made me feel like going home, but they went not in the direction where our hearts and friends are; yet the time will come, if our lives are spared, when we will turn our faces toward Philadelphia and the dear treasures it contains.

J. A.





HEIDELBERG.



MEETING BY MOONLIGHT.





Mailed at Zürich,
Saturday, August 24.

I have been very negligent about writing for the last few days, not feeling well, I have been averse to writing in such a mood, and besides J—— is a much better scribe than myself, and has written you in detail so fully about Heidelberg and its surrounding attractions, that I have nothing to add of special interest. His letter was mailed on Friday, the day that our visit was made to the castle, beautiful in ruins, and more magnificent and extensive than any we have before seen, or will probably have the opportunity of seeing again. The town itself consists of only one long street, about a mile and a half in length, between the river Neckar and the castle hill. Most of the houses are very plain, and the hotels are the more attractive buildings in the place. As an edifice the University is not as good or as spacious in its arrangements as our High School on Broad street, and the library is a separate building, and both front on an open place or square planted with trees, called the "Ludwigs Platz." The castle is situated on a mountain slope, "three hundred and twenty-six feet above the river," from which the most beautiful and extensive views of the surrounding country may be had, including the valleys of the Rhine and Neckar, but all descriptions of scenery are tame and irksome, unless you have seen the locality in person, and had its glories photographed upon your memory; so I will not weary you with my verbiage. A little incident occurred about twilight last evening that I will tell for Perrin's amusement. Sitting at our upper window,

enjoying the distant views of the castle and the surrounding mountains, I heard the sharp, quick clang of a tambourine, followed by the growl of a bear. Looking down, I saw upon the pave, two big, gray, shaggy animals, held by chains in the hands of two rough-looking men. A crowd was soon collected, the bears were made to go through some awkward performances—standing on their hind legs, dancing, and last of all, holding up the tambourine to catch a shower of pennies that were tossed to them by the curious throng; while J—— wasted two delicious pears, on their unappreciating taste, to amuse himself in seeing how quickly they gobbled them down. Saturday morning we were up with the birds, at daybreak; had an early breakfast, and were ready for the half-past nine train for Baden-Baden. Three German watering-places ought to give us a pretty fair insight into the fashionable life and habits of the German people. It was a hot and dusty ride of five hours, through a country that, for the eye, had no especial attractions, and the only incident worth recalling occurred at Carlsruhe, where we changed cars for Baden. In passing from one train to the other, we were in some doubt about which was our car, and J—— addressing his inquiry to a liveried servant instead of a conductor, saw in a moment his mistake, by noticing on the side of that particular car a crown, and raising his eyes, they rested upon Louis Napoléon, standing at the door, and the Empress sitting beside him, looking out; as it was rude to take more than a casual glance, we passed on. They were (as we had seen announced in the London *Times*) on their way to visit the King of Austria. If they had their attendants, we had our escort too waiting our arrival at the depôt in Baden, with a warmer welcome than they will probably receive at

the end of their journey. Mr. D—— had secured for us comfortable quarters at the hotel "Victoria," (located at the angle of two streets—Place Léopold —) and kept by Mr. G——, a brother-in-law's brother of our neighbor Mr. G——. Our room is on the first floor, easy of access, and comfortable, for one of J——'s *great aversions* is to mounting stairs. Our first impressions of the town were most agreeable, and after having seen it more thoroughly we are all of the opinion that for beauty of location, variety of scenery, and local attractions, it far exceeds either Wiesbaden or Homburg. The drives about the town are charming, the mountain views are grand and extended, and above and around the place are large numbers of beautiful dwellings, occupied by the wealthy summer residents. The Sabbath day was spent quietly in our room, resting most of the time in bed up to dinner hour, five o'clock. I was *really sick* and despondent, feeling so *intensely* weak and miserable, that I thought I had gone quite to the extent of my ability, and that my strength was *all* expended, and I *should never see home again.* This ended *in a cry;* after that I felt better, and the next day (Monday) I rallied again, and was able to make one of the party to visit the old and new castles, the latter called new only to distinguish it from the one in ruins above it, on the summit of the mountain, where the present Duke's ancestors resided down to the fourteenth century, when the house below was founded—an ugly, unattractive building, only remarkable for its charmingly beautiful location, overlooking a great extent of country, and its intricate and curious dungeons under ground, in examining which we were all greatly interested. Under the guidance of one of the Grand Duke's servants (who receives *pay* for his services) we were conducted down a wind-

ing stairway, into these dismal vaults, under a tower in the right hand corner of the inner court, through an ancient bath constructed by the Romans. "This entrance has been broken through in modern times, for originally the dungeons were only accessible from above by a perpendicular shaft or chimney running through the centre of the building, and still in existence." In passing under it we could barely discern the daylight at the top. "According to tradition, prisoners bound fast in an arm-chair and blindfolded, were let down by a windlass into these dark and mysterious vaults and winding passages, excavated out of the solid rock on which the castle is founded. The dungeons were closed not with doors of wood or iron, but with solid slabs of stone turning upon pivots, and ingeniously fitted. Several of them still remain; they are nearly a foot thick. In one chamber, loftier than the rest, called the rack chamber, the instruments of torture stood; a row of iron rings, forming part of the fearful apparatus, still remains in the wall. In a passage adjoining, there is a well or pit in the floor, now boarded over, originally covered with a trap door. The prisoner upon whom doom had been passed, was led into this passage, and desired to kiss an image of the Virgin, placed at the opposite end; but no sooner did his feet rest on the trap-door, than it gave way beneath his weight, and precipitated him to a great depth below upon a machine, composed of wheels, armed with lancets, by which he was torn to pieces. The secret of this terrible dungeon remained unknown until, as the story goes, an attempt to rescue a little dog, which had fallen through the planking above the pit, led to the discovery, at a depth of many yards, of fragments of ponderous wheels, set round with rusty knives, with portions of bones, rags, and

torn garments adhering to them. The last and largest of the vaults is called the Hall of Judgment. Here the judges sat upon stone benches, remains of which may still be seen around the wall. Behind the niche where the president sat, is the outlet to a subterranean passage, by which the members of the court entered, and it is said to have communicated at one time with the old castle on the top of the hill, but is now walled up." It made us shudder to think how many poor fellow-mortals had been tortured and condemned to horrible deaths in this dismal place, and we were glad to get out into the sunlight and free air of heaven again, after breathing its damp and musty atmosphere, our uncertain steps guided only by the dim light of a three-penny candle. The upper part of the castle is only worth notice on account of the beautiful views from its windows and a terraced walk behind. We saw only two or three of the rooms, (as the family were at home,) and were very much surprised to find them so luxuriously furnished, the walls covered with fine paintings and portraits of all the Grand (rascals, some of them) Dukes of Baden. We passed out of the main hall, where three or four lackeys dressed in scarlet breeches and knee-buckles, with powdered wigs, stood as immovable as statues. Resuming our seats in the carriage, we drove up to the old ruin, a part of which is now turned into a restaurant, and ordering a cup of tea and some refreshments, we strolled about until it was prepared. Some *lovelorn* frequenter of this castle, has placed a huge Æolian harp high up in an opening between two towers; and as there is usually at that elevation, a fresh breeze, the numberless passages and corridors are filled with a plaintive dirge-like monody. The views from the summit of its mouldering ivy-grown towers, commanded the Baden-valley, and the

distant Rhine, forming one of the most extensive, and grandest pictures anywhere to be seen, and Mr. D—— and J—— clambered about in every direction, above and below, but we were satisfied with less effort, and enjoyed our tea *amazingly*, after we succeeded in getting our tea-kettle to boil. It was perverse enough to have tried the patience of Job, yet our endurance was equal to the emergency, and we came off victorious, feeling greatly refreshed by its invigorating influences, but the effort to have our photographs taken, in a group, seated on donkeys, was a failure, very much to our regret.

The evening (after a lovely drive through the beautiful town) was spent at the Kursaal, and in wandering about the garden surrounding it, looking at the immense number of gaily dressed people that filled every part. A large proportion of them were seated at little tables placed at convenient intervals, where ices, coffee, and all other refreshments were served. Two sides of the shady avenues leading to the building are occupied by shops of traders from all parts of Europe, one would suppose, from the extent and variety of the wares offered for sale; but we were only tempted to buy a pair of gloves, or rather we only *yielded* to that one temptation, when we would like to have had twenty things. The beautiful Swiss carvings were too pretty to be left behind, but our consolation was that we were on our way to headquarters, were we could be gratified at less cost. The interior of the gambling house was arranged very much as those were at Wiesbaden and Homburg, but not so elegant or luxurious in its adornments. Yet it was very gay and brilliant in its draperies, mirrors, chandeliers, sculptures, and costly paintings, with flowers arranged in exquisite order and taste in the halls

and assembly rooms. Three of these were devoted to gambling purposes, and in each of them was a table about the size of a billiard table, surrounded by a crowd of men and women busy watching the movements of the gamblers who deal the cards. There are four regular gamblers at each of these tables, two at each side, whose duties are to deal the cards, or turn the roulette, watch the players, receive the money they lose, and pay out the money they win. Everybody understands that the chances are by a small per cent. in favor of the bank, but it is equally understood that beyond this acknowledged advantage, the whole game is carried on and conducted with entire fairness, for the business is legalized and regularly licensed by the Grand Duke himself, and for which "he yearly receives the sum of 30,000 dollars from the proprietor of this establishment, a Frenchman, who in addition for this privilege, has to pay to the government of the Grand Duke one-half of the yearly expenses of all the public improvements." Fascination and disgust alternated as we watched the players, and stood for an hour examining their anxious features, trying to read in their countenances what thoughts were passing in their minds. Most of them were men, some of them hard, cold, and practised adepts, others young and impulsive boys, (how thankful I was that my own were not exposed to such temptations,) yet every table had its proportionate number of females among the heaviest betters, several of them were young and pretty. One we noticed particularly, a Philadelphian, living on Walnut street, (Mr. D—— informed us,) who was playing recklessly, and in a long series of games she never won a coin. When her purse was empty she rose from her seat, picked up her empty port-monnaie, and walked away in company with a foppishly dressed

young fellow, with a sadder expression of countenance than when she entered the room. But the most horrible to me of all these sights, were the *gray-haired women* gamblers, one old crone, haggard and weird looking, we watched for a long time, she gained at every turn of the wheel until she had accumulated a great pile of gold, and as she dropped it piece by piece into her dirty old purse, she looked the very picture of miserly content.

Tuesday morning, August 20. Was busily occupied in making our preparations to leave at 3 P. M. for Bale. Mr. and Mrs. D—— remaining for a few days, will join us at some point beyond. The day was intensely hot and dusty, the ride long and wearisome, and we did not reach the city until seven in the evening. Our entrance into Switzerland did not impress us favorably, and what added still more to our discomfort, was the fact that the hotel to which we were advised to go, "Three Kings," (probably we should have fared better had there been but one,) was so crowded that we had to *take* and be *satisfied* with a room under the rafters, *five* stories high, where, like birds perched in the top of a tree, we looked down upon our grovelling fellow mortals below, determined that only one night would see us in Bale with such accommodations.

Wednesday morning, August 21. Ordering our breakfast at an early hour, we had time to drive through the city and see what its attractions were, at least externally, before taking the train at half-past ten for Zürich. The better improved portion of the city lies on the left bank of the Rhine, and is connected with the right by a long bridge that we crossed when entering the city from the railway station, which has,



what we have not seen anywhere else, semi-circular offsets built in, at intervals, along the entire length of the bridge, and around which seats were ranged, where persons could sit to rest and enjoy the views up and down the river. A portion of the old city walls, with one or two watch-towers, still remain in a tolerably good state of preservation; curious old structures they were, very high, with loopholes above to give an extended lookout over the country. We passed a new and very beautiful Protestant church, of what denomination our coachman could not tell—it had two fine spires. The fountains for public use, distributed at convenient distances, are a novel curiosity to us, and they all have large reservoirs at their basis where women may often be seen washing their clothes and filling their water cans—reminding us of Bible scenes, and the wells of Samaria. The water flows usually from the mouth of a grotesque figure, man or beast, sometimes a hideous sea monster, or coiling serpent: but why such forbidding subjects should be selected to convey so pure an element, instead of some more refining and pleasant object in nature, is a question we cannot answer or understand. Speaking of fountains reminds me of what we saw on a number of public buildings at Cologne. On the Cathedral the water is carried off from the roof by pipes passing through the bodies of some such horrible monster, the water flowing out at the distended mouth; savage and ferocious dogs, carved in stone, projecting three feet beyond the building, wolves and frightful grinning faces, with the head and shoulders visible, why it would make you shudder to look at them.

At half-past ten, we were on our way to Zürich; the day was pleasant, much cooler than the day before, and the rate of speed on the railway not so swift as in

France, and this added greatly to *my* comfort. The cars had the same arrangements, a centre passageway down the middle, with seats on each side as our own have, but the back supports were much higher and more comfortably padded. Nearly the whole distance was a succession of narrow valleys, beautifully fertile, shut in and protected by hills and mountains; the most charming and unexpectedly lovely views opened up to us at every turn of the road. Upon our arrival at the depôt, we had determined to seek quarters at the "Hôtel et Pension Baur;" but the crowd going in that direction, we determined to go elsewhere, to the "Hôtel Bellevue," and we have not regretted our choice. Our room is luxurious, and has an open balcony overlooking and almost overhanging the lake, as I raise my eyes, I look out upon the most enchanting and lovely view, combining all the requisite features of an exquisite landscape; water in the foreground, villages, orchards and vineyards scattered over a highly cultivated country, and in the background rises the distant snow-covered Alps. About midway in the lake, opposite the house, is an island, upon which there are public baths; the buildings from our window looked so tempting in a grove of shade, that J—— could not resist, and is now passing over in a little row boat. The waters of this lake are of a most peculiar color, being of a bluish green, like the river at Niagara. Little steamers ply up and down to different points on the lake at intervals during the day, and the distance to the extreme end is twelve miles, and in one place it is three miles wide. Of the forty castles which once bordered this beautiful sheet of water, the remains of only four are now to be seen. The Swiss are very proud of Zürich, as indeed they may well be, for its University is famous; its museums, its libraries, and

its musical societies are a study, and well worth visiting, but unfortunately we are not people of leisure or means, that we may tarry long enough in any one place to get more than an outside glimpse of its attractions. Yet we are thankful for even this privilege, and shall gather enough in this cursory way to make us happy in thought for the rest of our days. J—— comes back from his swimming bath feeling very much refreshed; but after a visit to the Hôtel "Baur au Lac," (the man on the lake,) *he* is a little disappointed that we did not seek quarters there; he says its location is so inviting on the opposite side, with lovely gardens extending down to the shore, arranged with arbors and pavilions entirely protected from the sun, and in one of them a band of music was playing for the enjoyment of a large company of gaily and elegantly dressed people; but I did not share his regrets. He saw, at the same time, Mr. and Mrs. H——, Mr. M——, of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and the eldest son of C—— G——, that was an additional reason for feeling satisfied with our plainer quarters, which are certainly more comfortable. Besides, I begin to feel travel soiled and averse to dropping in among a party of fashionable people, who burden themselves with three-story trunks, and flit from place to place more to display their elaborate toilets than to get either satisfaction or instruction from their journey. Miss Sybil P—— and Mrs. J—— are staying at this hotel, we have just been informed.

Thursday, August 22. The atmosphere is not as cool to-day as we had expected and hoped it would have been after the delightful shower we had last evening, so we have determined to remain in doors and rest, and rest to us now is a *great luxury* that we steal occasionally from our greater anxiety not to lose anything in

the way of sight seeing; I am sitting at the open door on the balcony, I count no less than five gay little steamers on the lake; I hear the laughter of women coming up from below, and the strains of distant music floating across the water. The view in the hazy atmosphere of twilight is lovely—*oh! so lovely*—I wish you were all here to enjoy it with me, for no photograph could give you any correct idea of its *life*, *coloring* or beauty.

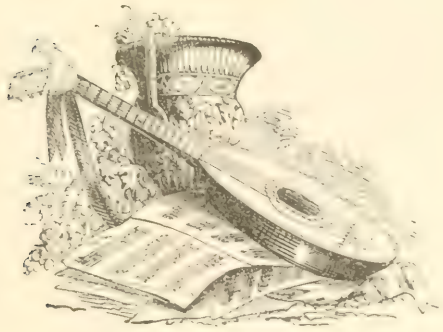
Friday, August 23. We have just returned from a drive in and around the city of Zürich, and we were very much impressed with the beauty of its location and its very fine public and charitable institutions. The better improved and more elegant dwelling houses are built upon a hill, high above the very old portions of the town, where space is not so crowded, and where they have plenty of pure air and pleasant gardens about their homes. We noticed that here, as in England and France, the people have the same commendable taste for flowers; they are to be seen everywhere, in the court yards, at the windows, and in the densely crowded parts of the city, even the roofs of the houses are made to answer the purpose of a garden-plot below, and looking above you will see the blossoms and trailing vines falling down as an ornamental screen to beautify and adorn an otherwise unsightly old building. The geraniums and fuchsias grow very large, almost as large as fruit trees, and in a good many instances I have observed that they were trained up against the side of the houses, reaching as high as the second story windows. Several old churches we passed, but did not get out to look into; one, St. Peter's, had for its pastor during twenty-three years, Lavater—and in which he is buried. The public buildings generally

are very large and magnificent; among that number are the Polytechnic College, Town Library, Schools, Hospitals, etc. Adjacent to these are the cemeteries, containing a beautiful gothic chapel and several fine monuments that we saw through the open railings, not caring to hunt up the custodian to gain admission; and beyond this again, mounting a dozen steps we came out upon a lovely terraced walk delightfully shaded by a long avenue of linden trees, with a splendid view, particularly from the crescent, in which there was a monument erected, and a bust of the vocal composer "Hans Georg Nägeli," a Swiss. Dismissing our carriage at the market place, for they have no sheds or protections of any kind from the sun or rain, we walked through the stalls to see more closely the rustic country people and their peculiarities of dress. The women wore a short gown, or jacket and petticoat, not below the ankle, no danger of drabbled skirts there; but what gave them a distinctive character from any that we had seen before was their bonnets, the front a plain piece fitting close to the head and tied under the chin, the crown a foot high, distended in the form of a palm leaf, and the whole covered with some black material. Hot and heavy they looked, and hideously ugly they were, making the coarse and weather exposed faces of the women look more repulsive if possible under them; yet with all this rough exterior I have no doubt that kindly hearts beat within, judging from the expression of the old woman's features from whom we bought some delicious pears and plums. When J—— held out his hand containing some small coin for her to take out her pay her face brightened up to an expression that was almost agreeable, in acknowledgment of his kindness, and when he said good morning (by a nod) she

dropped a low courtsey. All our varieties of fruits we saw in abundance with one exception—peaches—they sell in small quantities as high as five cents apiece. Tomatoes and corn we saw none of, but very fine potatoes in large quantities. I must explain a little before I tell you about another purchase that I made and the long hunt we had to find it, and be suited after it was found. I brought with me from Paris but one dress, my short one, knowing that at any time I could if necessary buy another; this I have not found it quite so easy to do, without giving an order, to make it certain that it will be a fit. This requires time, time that I have not felt disposed to give to such a purpose, and to obviate this necessity I determined to get a silk sack, a *cover-all;* so J—— (who is very patient as a shopper) went with me. It was a long and wearisome hunt, in and out of one store into another; however our efforts were at last successful, and we bought from a pretty little Swiss girl a sack that will answer my purpose nicely; it has a trimming of beads back and front, and is altogether quite a *smart looking affair.* The silks of Zürich have considerable reputation, and there are said to be no less than ten thousand looms in this Canton alone for its manufacture. We saw some exquisite ivory carvings, designed for every possible use, that were too tempting for my envious eyes; J——'s attention was more especially taken up with the wood carvings and the cuckoo clocks. It is now eight P. M., J—— has gone over to the other house to make a second inquiry about our friends, if they do not come to-night we have determined to go on to Lucerne, and spend our Sabbath there, and with that intention we have ordered our breakfast at eight in the morning. Sorry I shall be to leave our comfortable quarters here and

our lovely surroundings; but we are told that good hotels are a specialty in Switzerland, a really bad one is not to be found in its length and breadth, so we are going to take this assertion on faith, and believe we shall be comfortable everywhere; at least we will be *merry* and *good natured* under all circumstances. To increase my contentment *just now*, I will order my tea and have the kettle boiling by the time J—— comes in. Nine o'clock. It is quite time "the young man" was making his appearance. At ten o'clock J—— came in, and without giving me the chance to ask a question—no very unusual thing—or say a word, he talked away at such a rapid rate I suspected something was up, and sure enough, he had smuggled our friends in when my back was turned, and the first intimation I had of their presence was in finding myself pinioned in the arms of *somebody*, that turned out to be our good old friend "Dock."

M. C. A.



Mailed at Interlaken,
September 1, 1867.

Saturday evening, August 24. I am very weary, but cannot say good-night without writing down the incidents of the day, for to-morrow's excitements will obliterate them, perhaps, for we are kept under *such a pressure.*

The hour of our departure from Zürich this morning was half past nine. Our last breakfast was memorable, because we had taken especial pains to order it the night before. It was to be mutton chops with *roast* potatoes in the skins, and punctually at the hour we seated ourselves in the coffee-room beside a neatly laid table; coffee and rolls were placed before us, and very soon in came the host himself, carrying in one hand the plate of delicate chops, and in the other a dish of potatoes, putting down both with the air of a man that felt he had done his *whole duty*, and deserved praise. We were so sorry to say they were not just right, although they were done to a turn as *baked* potatoes, they were not roasted in their jackets as we had directed, and poor fellow! he looked so disappointed. Our ride to Lucerne we enjoyed very much, the road passing through a lovely country, peaceful little villages, (never without a church or two,) with well cultivated fields adjacent, scattered along the way. Pretty Swiss châlets at the roadside, almost concealed from view by shrubbery and vines, how lovely they looked! After passing through an immensely long tunnel, (they abound in this country from necessity,) we entered the outskirts of the city and the

depôt, which are on the left side of the river Reuss, where it passes out from the lake. The principal hotels and better improved portions of the city are on the opposite side, to which we crossed, passing over a very old but substantially built bridge, down a long and narrow street with no side walks, until we came out at the head of the lake, with all its loveliness in full view; what a charming picture, with its framing of high mountains on either side bathed in sunlight. The "Hôtel Schweizerhof" is the leading house, but no admittance could be gained there, for it was uncomfortably full already. The English hotel we would not patronize, and overlooking the Lucerne, that we supposed was an appendage of the Schweizerhof, we asked for a room at the Rigi, received polite attention, and comfortable quarters. Our only objection to its location is, that we are shut out from the lake views; but we do not sit indoors much; and the room is sweet and clean. Pretty white curtains are draped at the wide open window that overlooks some quaint old houses across the way, the different stories look like graduated store boxes placed one above the other, getting smaller and smaller in size as they ascend, until the last surmounts them all as if it were intended for a bird cage. On the lower floor of one of these old houses, I see five gray haired women washing clothes, and I wonder for how long a time they have been toiling at their tubs, and what in life is pleasant to them.

After an early table-d'hôte, at half past twelve, we walked out to look at the shop windows. A half hour satisfied us that nature's ornamentation of the city was more attractive than the gew-gaws offered for sale in the stores; so we hired a carriage for two francs an hour, and enjoyed a drive of three miles along the lake shore, the road rising high above, and overlook-

ing the city; which is built in the form of an amphitheatre around the head of the lake, and is completely surrounded by walls and old watch towers, that are in a tolerably good state of preservation even now, after the lapse of a half dozen centuries. We passed a number of beautiful villas, charming in their location, where *happy people* might pass a summer contentedly, and wish for nothing more enjoyable than the exquisite views from their grounds. Our whole ride was a succession of completely *satisfying* pictures, constantly varying at every turn of the road, and *the last* always impressing us as the most beautiful of all; and to give still more variety and pleasure to the day, we had a row of an hour on the lake about twilight, just as the sun was passing below the mountain tops, which was perfectly enchanting.

Sabbath Day, August 25. The hour is 10 P. M. J——, by his sound breathing, lets me know that he is passing off into the land of dreams, where I feel a strong temptation to follow him, and will, when I say that the most of this day has been passed in our room, reading and resting until near sunset, when we started out to walk. Passing up the main street, through two or three narrow lanes, under the old wall, out at an open gate, into the open country beyond, we toiled up a high hill, intending to pass along the outside of the wall, and if possible gain access to one of the old towers to gratify our curiosity in regard to their interior arrangements; but when we reached the summit we found the grounds enclosed as private property, and the barking of a ferocious dog determined us to retrace our steps. On the way down we met two or three Sisters of Charity, the only indication we saw of its being holy-day here. The people generally seem to

have given themselves greater license; the streets were crowded all day, with soldiers parading, bands of music playing on the quay in front of the principal hotels, travellers arriving and departing just as on all other days. Steamboats on the lakes were making excursions to all points below, and carriages filled with noisy and gaily dressed people driving about the city at all hours. There are several Catholic churches, but only one Protestant church, supported by the English establishment, and by strangers who frequent the town in numbers.

Monday, August 26. After the delightful shower of last night, we have a cool and pleasant morning, and the dust is settled for twenty-four hours at least. J—— is off for a walk in advance of the hour to meet Mr. and Mrs. D—— at the depot, they are under pledge to meet us here, as we are to make the Brünig pass together. Our friend D——D is a very important personage, as his good nature and pleasant jokes are unfailing to make our travel less tedious and more enjoyable. The *only thing* that puts him out, is *the starting, early breakfasts*, and the *counting of baggage*, "big trunk and little trunk, big satchel and little satchel—and one across the shoulders, shawl number one, and two, and the big *cotton* umbrella." "What more, Celie? have we got all?" This is his *invariable* question. If the response is, "*all's right;*" it's *all well*, if not, you should see—to appreciate the self-abandon of abasement that he puts on; the comic distortion of his features always sets me off into convulsive laughter—and that pleases him amazingly.

J—— comes in to say they have arrived, but have gone to the "Schweizerhof"—Mr. D—— preferring a *little more* gaiety for money expended.

Tuesday evening, August 27. Our friends have just left us, we have been together all day, but I am *too weary* now to tell you much about our day's excursion. We are going to bed with very thankful and happy hearts, having been the recipients of no less than five letters from home, all full to overflowing with good news and pleasant messages. We were just reading them when Mr. and Mrs. D—— came in, and they asked to have a share in the enjoyment. I read aloud Minnie's, and at almost every sentence, Mr. D—— would exclaim, "What a delightful home letter, none of the *little things* left out," just what we thought, and for all this considerate kindness we would return our most sincere thanks to one and all. Our day's excursion down the Lake, through its entire length, (twenty-five miles, made in two hours and a half,) gave us all untold pleasure and enjoyment, in beholding the beauty of the emerald green water, the exquisite verdure of the cultivated hillsides, backed by high mountains, some of them cultivated to their very summits, others bare, and of a dark dun color, contrasting beautifully with the soft velvet turf, and the lovely little châlets perched like bird's nests on every accessible point. The more elegant pensions shielded, but not concealed by shade trees, and the charming little villages that were scattered all along its banks on either side, increased the picturesque effect of the whole, and made it seem to our eyes more like a magical panoramic picture, than anything that ever passed before our vision. And for me to attempt a description would be the extreme of folly and presumption, for no words at my command could give you any adequate conception of its grandeur or magnificence, its loveliness or beauty, and I will only say that I felt in passing through such scenes like a worshipper in the Temple of God, *silent*





and *saldand*. At Flüelen we hired a carriage and drove to Altorf, a distance of two miles, perhaps, where tradition has fixed the place and scene of Tell's refusal to take off his hat to Gessler, and where he is said to have hit with his unerring arrow the apple that was placed on the head of his son. A rude fountain marks the spot where the intrepid father stood, and another fountain identifies the position of his son, at the foot of a lime tree. The top of the first fountain is surmounted by a statue of Tell, and the other is ornamented (or defaced) by three coarse frescoes representing Tell's celebrated feat, his leap from the boat, and the death of Gessler. This was all that the rustic little village contained of interest to us, and after securing a nice cup of tea for my especial benefit, served in an upper room of the best hotel in the place, we resumed our seats in the carriage and drove back to Flüelen. Only one adventure occurred by the way, the loss of Mrs. D——'s guide book; which, however, through the good offices of some of our fellow travellers was restored to her, minus its cover and a dozen leaves of information. Mr. D—— said, "Now, Celie, if that had been *me* you would have said it was *carelessness*, in *you*, it must have been an accident." Another memorable place connected with the history of Tell, is the little chapel on the Lake, hidden by trees and almost washed by its waters, according to tradition, this is the spot where he sprang on shore out of the boat in which Gessler was conveying him to the dungeons of his castle near Küssnacht. "The chapel on Tells-Platte was erected by the Canton of Urie, only thirty years after Tell's death, and in the presence of a hundred and fourteen persons." The walls of the interior were decorated with some rude pictures and images of the Virgin and saints, and "once a year, the

Sunday after Ascension Day, mass is performed there, and a patriotic sermon preached, and large numbers of people from the neighboring cantons attend the service, their boats being gaily decorated for the occasion." Our sail returning, was not so pleasant as the going out from Lucerne, on account of a heavy shower of rain that compelled us to sit in the close little cabin below deck, but some of the views that we caught in passing were like framed pictures, any one of which would have been a gem worthy of being carried home. At every turn of the helm the scene shifted, the most surprising combinations presenting themselves to our delighted gaze, and in one or two instances, the Lake was so narrow between shores, that we wondered where a passage could be found for our little steamer amid the rocks perpendicular and high above our heads. Steep snow-clad mountains, their summits capped with clouds were visible through the gorges which opened at intervals; and at the extremity of the sharp angle which the lake here formed, a short distance from the west bank, "a pyramid of rock, eighty feet in height rises from the lake, the Wytenstein, which since 1860, has borne the following inscription in colossal letters, said to weigh fifty pounds each: 'To Frederick Schiller, the bard of Tell. The Swiss cantons, 1859.'" As we approached the city it looked in the distance very quaint and picturesque, with its old walls and watch towers, its church spires, old buildings and beautiful hotels along the quay.

Wednesday, August 28. This has been another never-to-be-forgotten day, filled in with enjoyment only, from sunrise until sunset, but before I detail its incidents, I must mention that after our sail, we had a ride last evening. A little out of town there is a monument

that we went to see, "it commemorates the fidelity of the Swiss Guard, who at the peril of their own lives protected Louis Sixteenth and his family, at the storming of the Tuileries, in 1792. It represents a lion of colossal size, wounded to death, with a spear sticking in his side, yet endeavoring in his last gasp to protect from injury a shield bearing the *fleur-de-lis* of the Bourbons, which he holds in his paw. The figure hewn from the living rock is twenty-eight feet long and eighteen feet high." It is a grand work of art. Our regretful adieus were made to Lucerne and all its lovely surroundings at half-past 10 A. M., when we took passage on a little steamer crowded with people for Alpnach, a town on a lake of the same name, forming an arm of the Lake of Lucerne. It is a place of no importance in itself, except as a starting point where travellers take seats in a diligence, or hire a conveyance to carry them over the Brünig Pass. We preferred to hire a carriage at two francs additional cost, for our party of four, at thirty francs; this gave us privacy, and the control of our driver and vehicle, to consult our comfort and the rate of travel. The only drawback to our enjoyment was the rain that started with us, and continued to fall during most of the day, and yet with this disadvantage, we had some glorious mountain views and lovely prospects, looking down through rifts of broken clouds, far, *far down* into the peaceful verdant valleys hundreds and thousands of feet below.

> "Through the parting clouds only the earth could be seen,
> Far down 'neath the vapors the meadows of green."

The road was a wonderful piece of engineering skill, a post-road that has only been in use six years, formerly it was a mule path, difficult and dangerous, now it is macadamized, and as smooth as a floor. Then it

took ten hours, (distance here is measured by time,) we made it in five, allowing one hour for dinner. The first town through which we passed was Sarnen the seat of government of the Canton of Untérwalden, and we saw from our carriage window a nunnery and monastery, the town hall, and several churches, all looking neat, and substantially built, and beyond the town was a pretty lake several miles long. At the summit of the pass, ("3,152 feet,") the road ascends by numerous windings through the woods till it reaches the highest point, when it comes out at the town of Brünig, a cluster of rustic but comfortable looking châlets. Here we tarried an hour to rest man and beast, to get our dinner, and if asked, we would give our testimony as to the fitness of the hostess and her pretty (?) daughters to keep a hotel. The young girls had their hair plaited behind, and interlaced with white ribbon, the coils fastened at the side with a peculiar spoon-shaped silver ornament; their complexions were dark but clear. Ten minutes *outside* the town, three little girls presented themselves beside our carriage, and commenced to sing some of their wild mountain roundelays; very sweet their voices were, and very happy we made them by dividing some small change among the trio.

The descending road was very circuitous, and in some places frightfully steep, our progress was necessarily slow, but the driver exaggerated the danger, and the result was that we reached Brienz just too late for the evening boat, that we had expected would carry us over to Giessbach, where our intention was to spend the night, and where we will rest, no thanks to him. His deliberation was intended to compel us to spend the night at Brienz, we strongly suspected, at the hotel in which he may have had some interest, but in this his

plans were frustrated, for upon inquiry we were informed that a row boat would carry us over safely, and the distance was only half an hour. Down to the water's edge we groped our way, guided only by the feeble glimmer of a single candle. Our luggage was transferred from the carriage to the boat, piled up in the middle, and we seated ourselves at the head of the skiff under an awning. At the other end sat two stout men and a strong armed woman, whose face we could not see in the darkness; but we felt that she pulled with a vigorous will, and her presence instinctively gave us an additional feeling of security. The men were not tardy either; they guided us safely and well, through and between the other craft that lay beside the pier at the landing below Giessbach. The guide books told us the landing was at the foot of a hill, and that there was an *easy* and *convenient* "footpath leading up to the hotel;" it did terminate there, but as to its being either easy or convenient, we will all four affirm that it was *just the reverse.* Let me tell you the form of our procedure. In advance, to lead the way, went the two men, each shouldering a trunk; next in order came the woman, one valise strapped across her brawny shoulders, the shawls on her left arm, and in her right hand she carried a lantern, containing the *tip end* of a candle, the light from which was so feeble, that it only served to make the darkness more visible. "Dock" kept near the woman, "Celie" just behind him, and J—— and myself in the rear. We had accomplished a third of the distance up perhaps, by the roughest and most circuitous pathway, when, Oh! horrors, the light went out in total darkness. There was an exclamation of fright from every member of our party, as we waited to know what expedient would extricate us in our peril. A woman's

wit, *as usual*, relieved us in the emergency, by signs and gestures, for we could not understand a word she said; she formed us in line, one in advance of the other holding hands, she, our leader, holding Dock's hand with a grip in her horny palm that made him wince, and several times he called out, "say, old lady, don't squeeze may hand so tight; this is *my wife* behind!" Our progress was slow, but her strong will carried us through in safety, and landed us on the porch in front of the hotel to our great relief and satisfaction. If the poor peasant woman had *shown better* by gas light, I cannot say what the gentlemen might not have done in the fulness of their grateful hearts; as it was they repaid her well with coin, and judging from the gratitude expressed by her homely features, she felt herself abundantly rewarded. Rooms were secured for the night with the promise of a more pleasant change in the morning, and after a comfortable meal came the most delightful incident of the day, which was the illumination of the falls of Giessbach. To see it was *enchanting*, to describe it *impossible;* no written words could portray its beauties, no freak of the imagination could picture such a scene except in dreams. At nine o'clock, at the signal of a bell, all the visitors of the house repaired to the terrace, in front of the restaurant, below the hotel, where the eye could take in the entire length and breadth of the five cascades. The night was moonless and dark, the people hushed in expectancy, we could hear the fall of water and see lights passing and repassing above the falls; when suddenly a rocket was thrown off from the highest point above and another from below, then in an instant, as if touched by magic, the whole face of the waters was flooded with the most exquisite colors; first, pure white, like a flow of molten silver; then blood

red, it looked like a torrent of blood, changing again to a heavenly blue, so pure and lovely; then came a gorgeous orange, followed by an emerald green; each color following the other in quick succession, but not mingling the one with the other. It was too ecstatic a visitation to last long, only five minutes; but the memory of its charms I can *never lose*.

Thursday, August 29. Another delightful day, and our morning walk was to overlook the dangers of the night before, our zig-zag pathway, and to get a correct idea of the extent and height of the falls. We were very much surprised to find them a series of cascades, seven in number, the water precipitating itself from rock to ledge, at an elevation of a thousand feet above the level of the Lake. Three bridges are thrown across at safe points, one passes you behind the falls, and unless you have the protection of an umbrella, you may expect to get a thorough drenching by the spray; and up to this point we made our way over tree-roots, rocks, broken stones, and mud, but beyond this Mrs. D—— and I would not venture; the gentlemen going without us, we returned to our rooms. In the evening again we were, if possible, more entranced with the illumination; we had an increased number of visitors, and one gentleman standing behind me, was so completely carried away by his feelings, that he shouted "bravo! bravo!"

Friday, August 30. All this morning has been wasted in the vain attempt to make our conflicting routes agree. Mr. D——'s plans carry him in an opposite direction, but it has been finally determined that we shall go on by the lake of Brienz to Interlaken, and there spend our Sabbath day. It was a trial to say good-

bye, taking our last look at the beautiful falls, and feeling that never in human probability should our eyes again rest upon their loveliness. Waiting at the foot of the hill, until the hour when the little steamer was due, we were agreeably entertained by a half dozen peasant girls, who sang as many Swiss songs. One of them had a voice of great power and compass, none of them were very sweet; but the novelty of the occasion and our surroundings added a charm to their music that it would not have had, under other circumstances, and their clean white leg-a-mutton sleeves, and picturesque bodices, quite redeemed their plain features. Will and Perrin would have been more interested in watching the movements of an old Swiss mountaineer, who stood six feet high in his boots, the feather in his hat adding two feet more, made him look like a giant. A handsome old man he was, broad across the shoulders, muscular in limbs, strong and vigorous at sixty. The little trinkets, birds' feathers, and mountain herbs that he offered for sale, found few purchasers, except among the more sympathetic, who bought what they did not care to carry, as an act of charity alone.

M. C. A.



M——, laying down her pen, and pointing to the closing line or two of her letter, has just said to me, "there, see what you have to do," and a pretty task it is to place on one so prosy and matter of fact as myself. That which relates to the poetic and refined in nature belongs properly to M——, for women always appreciate the beautiful and delicate more than men, and therefore the work of writing of the wonders upon which we now look with so much delight, should all have been performed by her. Some person, I know not who, Tupper, I believe, once wrote, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," and it is true, eminently true of the land in which we now sojourn. Switzerland, for so long a time the country to which multitudes have made their pilgrimage in search of health and enjoyment, is and must continue to be "a joy forever." It is a wonderful manifestation of God's power, as well as of his goodness, and here all may come to worship and admire, from nature up to nature's God.

M—— has written of the Lake of Lucerne, and our day's excursion to Flüelen, which is at the farthest end of the lake from the city of Lucerne, and if you look at the map you will be enabled to trace the rest of our day's enjoyment, for such it truly was: I never in any one day saw so much that was grand and beautiful in landscape, that could be compared to this. The lake is bounded on both sides with mountains that tower aloft in their sublimity, with numerous indentations and valleys, that are covered with châlets, or little Swiss houses. Sometimes these are placed so near the summit, that they seem perched

upon the almost precipitous face of the mountain, to which there is no access except by foot paths, and which no one could reach except the goat and mountaineer, who have become habituated to this mode of life. I had read of the cultivation of the face of these apparently inaccessible steeps, but until I saw them I never could have believed it possible that such hidden and dangerous spots, some of them not many feet square, could have been tilled and made to yield their contribution to the support and livelihood of man. These little châlets, which are so numerous and inhabited only in summer, are occupied by a portion of each family, who resort to them for the purpose of making hay and cheese, while other members of the household remain in the valleys to gather the food with which to feed their cattle in the winter. The low lands are kept closely shorn, the grass is never allowed to grow more than two or three inches, when it is cut and housed, and this gives the landscape a very neat aspect, every field looks like a well kept lawn. Our day upon the lake is one long to be remembered, and a gentleman who has travelled extensively over Switzerland remarked to me, that he had not seen anything to excel the beauty of the Lake of Lucerne; but the Lake of Genèva I have been told has the reputation of surpassing all others, and Professor F—— of the University of Pennsylvania, (who is an old friend of "Uncle William," and whom I met at Giessbach,) told me, that he had gone to Genèva to stay a day or two, and was so much charmed with the Lake and its surroundings, that he had remained there for several weeks. He had not seen Lucerne and was making his way in that direction when I encountered him and his family at the falls of Giessbach. M—— has written you of our dangerous adventure after reaching Brienz,

of our row across the lake, after night, and our perilous ascent of the zig-zag foot path which leads up to the very comfortable hotel at the falls, which we traversed, much of our way in entire darkness, holding each other firmly by the hand, and led by our sturdy guide; it was a new feature in our experience as travellers. But we were amply repaid for our toil, not only by the indescribable beauty of the illumination of the falls—which plunge by several successive leaps hundreds of feet down the face of the mountain, (within fifty yards of the hotel,)—but by the beauty of the situation which was disclosed when the light of day enabled us to look upon the view, which was spread out before us. The plateau upon which the hotel stands, is considerably elevated above the lake and is almost circular in form, the rocks rise high and steep above, except an opening to the south, which gives a beautiful look-out upon the lake and the mountains about Brienz. From the lake this amphitheatre gradually rises; it is well and beautifully cultivated, and is ornamented with flowers and fountains. Its walls of rock and the evergreen foliage of the pine, which beautify them to their tops, make this one of the most charming spots we have found. This part of Switzerland has become a place of resort for most travellers, who are attracted hither by the reputation, not so much of Giessbach, or the beauty of its falls, as by the wonderful effect of their nightly illumination, which as M—— says, "no pen can properly describe." It is the fullest realization of all that one can imagine of the magical effect which enchantment may be supposed to produce; and illustrates how the art of man, may add attraction and variety to these charming creations of the Almighty. Mr. D—— and I, by a winding and somewhat difficult path, ascended almost to the top of the fall, and both of

us felt amply repaid for our labor by the view of the landscape which lay spread out below us, a picture the eye could long look upon without tiring.

We took our departure from Giessbach on Friday afternoon, about 4 o'clock, and after an hour's sail down the lake of Brienz we reached Interlaken, where we are now resting, and here for the first time we saw in the distance a glacier. On the 25th of August we had seen snow in small patches, on the mountain tops which overlook the lake of Lucerne, but last evening as we drove to the hotel in Interlaken and looked up to the everlasting hills which seemed to bound the view whichever way we turned, in an opening or gap in those nearest to us, we saw a mountain covered with ice and snow. We inquired the name, and were informed that it was the glacier of the Jungfrau, and right before us was the dazzling peak of Silberhorn, which was as white as the mountains at home are in midwinter. The Jungfrau is called the Queen of the Bernese Alps, and seemed not more than a mile or two from us, which distinctness in vision is accounted for by the clearness of the atmosphere, and the great height of this mountain, which is over twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea. It is a considerable distance away, perhaps ten or twelve miles; and is covered with a spotless and perpetual shroud of snow; the accumulation of ages. The sun is shining with great power upon us so far in the valley below it, and yet through the entire summer the heat makes no visible impression upon this mantle of white in which the Jungfrau is wrapped. So it has been, and thus it will probably continue to be, till it shall melt away before the fervent heat which God has said he will kindle, when in the fulness of time this earth shall be consumed to make way for the new heavens and the new earth. As







M—— and I stood last evening at our chamber window which looks out upon these lofty snow-clad mountains, we felt that it was a great privilege to be permitted to see with our own eyes these great wonders of creation; our thoughts went back over mountain, valley and ocean, to our dear friends in Philadelphia, and we said if you only were here to share our pleasures, how happy it would make us. We could not help calling you to mind one by one, and wondering how each was prospering in our absence, and I need not assure you how often, very often, you are in our thoughts; we count now the weeks which keep us separate from you.

This morning, after a late breakfast, we took carriage for the village of Lauterbrunnen, about ten miles from Interlaken. The day was hot and we hardly felt ourselves repaid for the toil and expense (about $5 of our money) which the ride cost us; yet the trip was not without its enjoyment. The greater part of the way was through a valley, narrow and lined on each side with walls of rock rising to a great height; at the village, which is near the head of the valley, the mountains rise so abrupt and high on either side that in July the sun does not shine upon the meadows before seven o'clock, and in winter not before noon. The word Lauterbrunnen means "nothing but springs," and in this vicinity no less than twenty brooks leap from the mountains above to the valley below, the largest of these presents an unbroken fall of nine hundred and twenty-five feet; but the volume of water is not very great, and is scattered in spray before it reaches the ground. It is called a "scarf of mist."

"That left so late the mountain's brow,
As though its waters ne'er would sever,
But, ere it reach the plain below,
Breaks into drops that part forever."

Just in front of the falls the valley has a very fresh and bright appearance, with a number of small houses clustered in sight. One house in particular attracts attention; it is evidently the abode of comfort, everything about it indicating neatness and good management; it is well painted, and the barn is in as good condition as the house. As I stopped to look at it, I asked a young American, we had met at the hotel, who lived there? he said it was "the parish clergyman—a Protestant." A very neat church was not far off, and in the meadow in front of the house, half a dozen men and women were making hay; among them was the pastor of the church; he was using his rake as freely as the others, and was not unlike brother John in size, age and general appearance. How this scene carried me back to Somerville and the friends whose home is a parsonage, not unlike the one I saw to-day, though it is much larger; I turned to Maggie and said, "who does that remind you of?" her reply indicated that the same thoughts were present to her mind which had moved me so much, and as I gazed on the picture she said "Brother John, go and speak to him." For a moment she forgot that he spoke one language and I another; we felt greatly drawn towards him, and would have loved to have taken him by the hand, and told him of another who like himself, was the shepherd of a flock, and kept watch for souls, toiling at his post amid discouragement, difficulty and trials, but who faltered not—looking for his reward in a blessed and happy hereafter. Among the last letters received on the day we left Lucerne, were delightful ones from John, Jane and Annie. They gave us full accounts of Perrin, and the care they are taking of him, for which we are very thankful. We had a rich treat in the two let-

ters from Catskill, the two from you, (Minnie,) two from grandpa and one from Mr. Fine. But to return to my narrative of the day's events. When we alighted from our carriage at Lauterbrunnen we were surrounded at once by about twenty importunate guides, (one or two of whom could speak a little English,) all of them anxious to furnish horses, or to carry us on chairs over the Wengern Alps to Grindelwald. When asked what they demanded for carrying the ladies a six hours' journey over the mountains along a mere bridle path, they named the sum, charging considerably more for Mrs. D—— than for M———; and when asked the reason for the increased demand, said she was so much the heavier of the two, that three men would do for M——, but it would take four for Mrs. D——. D—— shouted with laughter, as this was a good offset to a hit she had made at him. I must tell you here that at Baden Baden I was ordering breakfast for four one morning, and trying to explain to the German waiter that part of it was for Mr. and Mrs. D——, and as we were on the first, and they on the third floor, I had forgotten the number of their room; at last the waiter seemed to comprehend me, and said in broken English, "Oh! yes, it is the *old gentleman* who sits opposite to you at table-d'hote." I told this to M—— with injunctions of secrecy, but she thought it too good for her to keep. After a short time spent in trying to understand this collection of anxious Germans, a young boy, who said he was only sixteen years old, made his appearance and addressed us in English. His story was that he was from the State of Indiana; that he had come to Switzerland to perfect himself in the knowledge of the French and German, and that he was following the occupation of a guide in order to

obtain sufficient means to return to America. In answer to a question from Mrs. D——, he said his father was able to furnish him with money, but that he preferred to earn it himself. This was true Yankee spirit, and was all very well if true, but I rather suspected he had been a wild, wayward boy, who had left America without his parents' consent, and was too proud under such circumstances to ask for assistance. Here we found him among the mountains of Switzerland, following the difficult and often dangerous occupation of guide, with many certificates from those he had served, testifying to his capacity, and faithful performance of duty.

Before we left the hotel at Lauterbrunnen, Bierstadt, who painted the Yosemite Valley, which has given him so extended a reputation, came down the mountain and stopped at the inn. D—— knew him, introduced him to me, and we had a pleasant chat of half an hour, before we parted, he going round by carriage to the glaciers of the Grindelwald, whither we expect to go on Monday next. Bierstadt is making a summer excursion through Switzerland, sketching by the way, and is accompanied by his wife; they travel wherever wheels can go, in a one-horse carriage, and have hired a guide for the season. He said the scenery of the Rocky Mountains far exceeded anything to be found in this country, and remarked that when it had been conveniently opened for travel, the people of Europe would visit America for the grand and the beautiful, just as all the world now come to this country to behold its wonders.

Our ride home was much more pleasant than the ride up the valley, as the sun most of the way was behind the mountain, and here as soon as the sun goes down or is shaded, it becomes cool and pleasant, and the

evenings and nights are refreshing. We were entertained at several places to-day with performances on the Alpine horn by roadside musicians, it is a rude instrument ten or twelve feet long, which has wonderful power in waking into being the sleeping melody of these silent hills, and their varied and far off echoes. We were at our hotel at half-past three o'clock, and after dinner, at six, we all took a stroll to see the town by gas light. The chief attractions of this place, are its many and very beautiful hotels. Interlaken is a place of great resort for tourists, as a point of departure in every direction, and for this reason these excellent hotels are to be found here. The "Victoria" is one of the most attractive I have seen anywhere, and last evening as we looked in the *salons*, they were filled with dress and fashion, but M—— and I prefer the plainer houses. Our present stopping place is all that could be desired, beside the most economical we have been in since leaving home, it is kept, in part, on the American plan, which they call pension. They charge a round sum per day for everything, rooms, light, service and three meals; we pay seven francs each, which is a little over two dollars of our money, and this is less than half we have generally paid elsewhere. Our breakfasts and suppers are light, they consist, in Switzerland, of bread and butter, honey, and tea or coffee; if you wish anything more substantial it is an extra charge. The dinners are a full course service, beginning always with soup, followed by fish, three or four kinds of meat and fowl, with their side dishes; desserts of fresh and dried fruit, cakes, and sometimes ices, and always puddings. M—— says she likes the last part of the dinner best. So you see one can live on pension accommodation very cheap, and live well too. A summer could be spent in Switzerland includ-

ing the cost of the voyage to and from our country, at less outlay than it requires to pay expenses at a fashionable watering place at home. Last night as I was writing, I was much disturbed by hearing a voice (I am sorry to say of an American) in the room adjoining ours, saying angrily and rudely to some one in the hall, "go away, I won't unlock my door, go to bed and don't disturb me," this was repeated several times, very roughly. In reply, I heard a young lady, softly pleading, "Father please let me see you, please do unlock the door." Her tones were very sorrowful, but her father after awhile, ceased to make any response; she patiently tarried as if she could not leave until she had seen him, and been reconciled to him before she retired for the night; she remained at his door for some time, and called to him gently, but earnestly, "do let me see you, please unlock the door," but all her entreaties were in vain, and finally she left and silence reigned. I was exceedingly vexed, and felt that the man must be very hard hearted, it mattered not what the cause of offending had been, he should have admitted his child. Did any one remember at home that yesterday was my birth-day, August 31st, 1867, and that I was forty-eight years old? I once thought when a man had reached forty-eight years, he had made a great advance in life; the fact that I am no longer young I am compelled to admit, and as the past recedes the future seems to draw rapidly and closely near. I look more and more toward the end, and ask myself, when and what shall it be? It is time that I bring my letter to a close by a report of our present condition and our future purpose; first as to M——, she is well and has had no return of neuralgia since we left Heidelberg, and I have as you see proceeded very slowly since the weather has become warm, travelling a day or two,

and then resting from one to three days, just as her strength seemed to allow. Only think of all this fatigue and excitement, now of nearly three months' duration, and only one attack of neuralgia! Yesterday made great demands upon her strength, but this morning she is in good health and in excellent spirits. Our next destination will probably be Genèva. I had hoped and almost made up my mind to reach the valley of the Rhone by way of the Grimsel pass, but with M—— I am afraid to undertake it. It requires two days by horse to get over the pass, which is very toilsome going up and very fatiguing coming down the rough steep sides of the mountain, and I fear for her strength. If you look at the map you will see the Grimsel between Brienz and the St. Gotthard pass, from there I proposed following the Rhone valley to Villeneuve at the head of the lake of Geneva, stopping at the baths of Leuk for a day or two; but I have abandoned this route, to adopt the easier one of reaching Genèva. We have about two weeks yet for the mountains of Switzerland, one for gay Paris, two for old England, and then we will sing "homeward bound."

J. A.



September 1, 1867.

The first day of the month is the Sabbath, and it has been to me emphatically a day of rest, spent quietly in our room which we call *home*. J—— walked a distance of half a mile to attend religious services at a Scotch Presbyterian Church, standing on the outskirts of Interlaken. Interlaken as its name indicates, lies between the lakes of Brienz and Thun; It is a very pleasant town, created and sustained by the influx of summer tourists,—a city of large hotels and *pensions*, beautiful pleasure-grounds, attractive bazaars, and halls for amusements, while its environs make it more charming than words can describe.

Monday, 2. We were awake at daybreak, and heard the birds singing, had disposed of our breakfast before many of the guests in the house had left their pillows, and were off in a carriage holding four and no more (our German Swiss driver on the box) to the valley of the Grindelwald, and J—— was the only one of the party who could hold any conversation with our guide. Half the distance was retracing the roadway of the Saturday before, when making our excursion to Lauterbrunnen; where the road diverged at the crossing of the Lütschine, a glacier-fed stream that rushes and tumbles over its rocky base with mad fury. The road was narrow, rough, and in some parts dangerously steep, but a person who could give place to fear or think of danger under such circumstances and with such surroundings, must be quite insensible to the

beauties and glories of nature. *We* did not belong to that class, and quite exhausted our small dictionary of descriptive words and imaginative ideas to find expression for our overcharged sensibilities and inflated feelings. Our carriage was seldom without two or three attendants; little girls offered us delicious fruits, plums, grapes, and apricots, in pretty rustic baskets. Women presented themselves carrying large trays of beautiful wood carvings, *very beautiful*, but so fragile and gossamer like in form as to make it appear quite impossible to carry any of them home in safety; yet their importunities and appeals were eager and *earnest* and their poverty *so extreme* that it seemed heartless to refuse their requests.

The valley of the Grindelwald can boast of one good hotel and three or four *pensions*, but the two glaciers that approach almost to their very doors are the chief attraction that draws strangers by hundreds every summer to the lovely valley. We tarried at the hotel only long enough to give our escorts time to secure the services of five stalwart, able bodied men, and two "chaise à porteurs." We were to be *carried sitting*— Mrs. D—— and I, but the gentlemen preferred walking. It was a merry and droll experience, reminding me of my childhood when I was "toted" about on a hand-chair by the school girls, and I asked Mrs. D—— to go in advance, that I might have a little heyday amusement at her expense. The gentlemen doffed their coats and vests to lead the way, our path winding through garden plots, across fields, up and down craggy hills, over rugged stones and glacier streams. We were carried in safety but not without some trepidation and quaking fear that by a sudden jolt or pitch we might find ourselves tilted out by the way; but no such accident befell either of us, and we were *trans-*

ported and delivered in safety at the foot of the glacier to the no small relief of our honest carriers. Poor fellows! how I pitied them; the beaded drops of perspiration stood out upon their foreheads and dropped down behind from the tips of their hair, yet they wiped them away as if unconscious of any unusual fatigue, which was at least comforting and soothing to our feelings. I am sure I did not bear down more than ninety-five pounds, and consoled myself by the contrast with my friend, and it was very evident that the men had been doing the same, as in returning they proposed an exchange of burdens. At the entrance to, or opening in the glacier, we were charged a franc apiece, and the tunnel or gallery penetrated perhaps a hundred feet into the heart of the glacier. It had two or three angles in its passage and terminated in a little semicircular chamber, in which there were three candles burning supported on rods; the centre one higher than the two on either side, a representation of Calvary as we supposed. The ice was of a pure azure tint, beautifully clear and free from imperfections; but the cold was so penetrating that we did not dare to tarry five minutes; water dripping from above and running at our feet made it unsafe to remain long in such a temperature. Above, the outlying surface was rough and dirty from the washings and sediment of earth mixing with the snow and ice, and higher up it was broken in deep crevices and gaping fissures. With our Alpenstocks—iron pointed—we tried to walk upon the uneven surface, but it was very slippery and so difficult to make any progress that we soon abandoned the effort. Mr. D——, more intrepid and venturesome, thought he could walk without assistance, using his staff alone; this he quickly discovered was a delusion, having made only twenty feet up from the base, when snap went his

support, and there he stood crest fallen, not daring to go forward or to retrace his steps, until the guide went to his rescue and landed him below on a more secure foundation. At a little châlet by the wayside we had a treat of wild strawberries and fresh milk, while our carriers expected and were *allowed* to have *something stronger*, and at another place we examined and bought a few photographs. Returning to the hotel by the same sure-footed convoy, we had a cup of tea with bread and butter, intending to make the last more palatable by the addition of honey; but the bees disputed our right to appropriate *their honeysuckle sweets*, and we in self-defence were obliged to yield the point to their stinging protest.

Our ride back to Interlaken was most delightful and exciting, the air was cool and invigorating, the valley looked even more lovely and charming than in the morning, and the mountains appeared more bold and majestic. The sun just passing behind the higher peaks, gilded their summits with untold splendor; clouds in broken and fleecy masses lay above them to soften their harsher outlines; little châlets were scattered about on all the hill sides and slopes; cattle feeding and goats herding high up upon the impending mountains, hanging as it seemed to us upon the very face of the steep precipices; how they either got up or came down was a mystery that we could not solve. Except one man who performed upon the Alpine horn and expected a reward for his inharmonious sounds, and a little boy who showed us a marmot that he had in an open box, we were not much annoyed with beggars. The road was all down hill, and we made the distance in two hours, one less than in going out. The evening was spent in talking over the enjoyments of the day, and rambling through the town.

M. C. A.

Wednesday, Sept. 4, 1867.

You will be surprised when I state that I have seated myself for a short time (as it is almost dark) at a window of the *Hospice of the Grimsel*, to pen a continuation of our journal letter home. I have said that you will be surprised, because in my letter mailed on the first, three days ago, I stated that we had abandoned our talked of route over the Grimsel pass and down the valley of the Rhone to the lake of Genèva, and so we had; but wise people change their minds sometimes, and wise or foolish we have changed ours. We are this evening at the end of our second day's journey from Interlaken, and not far from the summit of what is considered one of the finest passes in Switzerland; taking the very route we had concluded to abandon, and are thus far in its successful prosecution.

Yesterday, Tuesday morning, we decided to try and accomplish that which would enable us to see some of the wildest of Switzerland's wild scenery. M—— insisted that she felt well, and strong enough to make the effort, and on Tuesday, we packed the valise, taking with us nothing but M——'s satchel and the lunch basket, and leaving the valise in the charge of Mr. D——, to be taken to Genèva or Lausanne, on Friday or Saturday. We took our departure from Interlaken in a one-horse carriage for Hoff or Imhoff, intending to commence the ascent of the mountain by the bridle path; where we dismissed our carriage, and for the best reason in the world, because it could go

no further. You can imagine Mr. and Mrs. D——'s surprise on coming down to breakfast (ours being over more than an hour before) when we informed them of our sudden determination, and that our carriage was ordered to be ready in half an hour. Our friends were disappointed, as they expected we would go in company to Genèva by way of Bern and Freyburg, they having decided not to try the difficult pass of the Grimsel; D—— would not consent to make the attempt, having no love for adventures attended with so much fatigue and danger; and Mrs. D—— had not the courage to go without the protection and escort of her lord, and in truth is a little afraid, as I imagine, to trust herself to horseback conveyance or to the care of "chaises à porteurs." To make the passage, three or four men are required, so as to afford the proper and needed relief to those who undertake the difficult labor of conveying travellers in this manner over the narrow bridle paths of Switzerland. At half-past eleven o'clock we bade our friends good-bye, and drove off, first for Brienz, then to Hoff, where we intended to tarry all night. The carriage road skirted the lake all the way to the town of Brienz, on the opposite side to Giessbach, where we stopped to feed the horse and take our lunch.

An hour's rest, and another hour's drive brought us to our resting place for the night, which is a little village shut in by mountains, containing a small but neat Protestant church, a good many indifferent looking houses, and several that made some little pretension to show. From Meyringen the road follows the Aar river for a considerable distance, the ground being low and flat, having high mountains on either side of it; passes Reichenbach falls, of which the traveller obtains only a partial glimpse, it requiring one to go up a steep

ascent for a considerable distance to obtain a good view. These are thought to be among the most attractive falls of Switzerland, though inferior in volume to the Handeck, and in beauty to the Giessbach. After leaving the valley, the road, which is new and in excellent condition, ascends until it brings you to a point which overlooks Hoff, and the little valley of which the town of Hoff is the centre of importance and attraction, and then by a serpentine course descends to a passage which forbids all further progress by carriage. The hotel at Hoff is quite attractive in its exterior, though rude and primitive enough inside, our early arrival secured us the best room, with two beds, as is usual in this country. After supper M—— retired to her quarters, while I sought the landlord to make some definite arrangement with him about the charge for a horse for myself and a "chair," and carriers for M——. Three carriers, it was decided would be sufficient to take her safely over, and this involved the employment of four men, three to carry, and one to lead the horse along the dangerous parts of the path. I found the landlord, and saw that he was a surly, dark looking man, who first eyed me sharply as if trying to make up his mind what kind of a person he had to deal with, and how much he would be able to get out of my purse. After considerable discussion we came to an agreement for one hundred francs, (twenty dollars) in gold, for everything, men, chair, horse, and what they call here "drink money," (in France "pour boire,") a tax which by the custom of every country that we have travelled through, is levied in addition to the sum agreed upon for the service rendered. I ordered that we should be called at half-past four, so as to get off by half-past five o'clock, and make as much as possible of the journey to the Hospice in

the early part of the day, as it was said it would occupy six hours; but we found that it required eight, including an interlay of an hour at the falls of the Handeck, to rest, lunch, and feed the horses. Having arranged everything for an early start, I found M—— busy mending her travelling dress, which is very much the worse for the use that has been made of it, and will soon have to be abandoned altogether for a better one. I held the candle for a half hour while she drew together the many and extensive rents in her sun umbrella, which was in a very dilapidated condition, but which by this repair could be made of service, as a shield from the rays of the sun on the following day, my umbrella being too heavy for her to carry. Having commended ourselves and our dear friends at home to the gracious care of *Him* in whose hands we all are, and who is able to look upon us, though so widely separated, as one family, we then retired to rest. The clock on the belfry of the little church, which was a short distance from our Hotel, startled me as it struck the hour of five, and notified me that we were half an hour behind time, and that the promise to arouse us early had not been kept. Springing out of bed, I wakened M—— from her sleep, and commenced dressing in a hurry, went below stairs, so as to expedite the preparation of breakfast, and found our three "porteurs" already up and smoking their pipes, prepared for the commencement of their arduous task. After a hurried meal at half-past six, we started upon our novel expedition, M—— in her chair taking the lead, while I rode with a man at my horse's head, and a return horse with a side saddle, which had come over the mountain the preceding day. The morning air was cool enough to make my overcoat and M——'s heavy sack no more than comfortable. Our path began

to follow the river Aar, not a very wide, but a cold, chalky looking, angry stream, which having its head in the glaciers of this region is fed mainly by frozen seas of ice, which for centuries have lain imbedded in the upper valleys and ravines of this portion of Switzerland, and sometimes covering even the mountain tops. The Aar flows on boiling and thundering over its rocky bed, pitching and leaping over rock and precipice, and as you get higher up in the valley, is shut in by the most precipitous of mountains, which seem to have opened at the bottom, only wide enough to admit of a passage for the melting snow and waste of the glaciers. This river was to be our companion nearly all the way, and closely were we kept in company with it, often a thousand feet or more above, on the narrow point of a jutting crag or spur of the mountain; then descending to its edge, or crossing, and recrossing it again and again; sometimes on rude bridges of logs, and twice on narrow stone arches, not more than five feet in width, with no protection, in one instance, of any kind, and in the other with only a rude rail on one side. My sure-footed horse, accustomed as he is to traverse this dangerous way, looked wildly at the sight below him, and you may be certain my head was not altogether steady, as I thought of what a moment's fright might occasion. But how shall I describe this day's travel, the road in its steep ascent and descent, at times over a bed of smooth rock, worn, we are told, by the action of the glacier which centuries ago covered it, and by its law of steady irresistible progress has now passed to the other side of the valley; but which seemed to me rather to be the cooling of an ocean of flowing, molten lava, that had poured down and over the sides of these giant peaks. This pathway, upon an average, is not over five feet in width, sometimes even less than

that;—often carried out and around the points of the mountain supported by rude walls of stone, and in most instances with no rail or protection of any kind and with the rock often upon a steep inclination; at some places this roadway is one thousand or even a greater number of feet above the angry Aar. The head must be steady and the heart not given to sinking that can make this pass unconscious of the danger and of the consequences which a single misstep would involve. In one place the path consisted of regular steps, which ascended thirty or forty feet at least, and up which my horse went as easily as a man could have passed over them. The instinct and intelligence of the mountain horses is most wonderful; they pick and plant their steps with much of human calculation; reach over the rocks to a footing on the earth when it can be obtained, and when it cannot, it is best to trust to their sagacity. The man at his head does nothing more than keep hold of the rein to control any sudden fright or start; and so well may these horses be depended on, that hundreds and perhaps thousands go over on them every summer, with but few accidents. But I suppose most persons do as I did, dismount at the most difficult and dangerous of the descents. We met numbers of these horses, following a leader, without riders, making their return passage with safety; and this they do all the season through. On our journey up we met as many as twenty or thirty persons on their way down from the Hospice, where they had passed the night, some on foot, some on horseback, and some in chairs. Among them was a party of eight or ten Americans of the name of D——, from New York. The universal Yankee is everywhere.

About three hours after we left Hoff, we came to the falls of the Handeck, which are considered among

the most attractive in Switzerland, but in beauty we thought were not to be compared with the Giessbach. On their passage down the mountains, these waters unite with and empty into the Aar river, and then together make a fearful leap into a dark and forbidding cavern below, how far I cannot say, as the valley between the hills is narrow, and looking over I could see no bottom, for out of the deep there comes up a volume of thick, dark vapor, which the boiling waters throw off in their tumultuous and angry struggle. You hear the noise and look into the gulf and see the vaporous clouds ascend, but that which is taking place at the bottom, you cannot know, and only imagination is left to picture the scene. To me it seemed like the contest of two mountain giants, who, rushing from contrary directions, are locked in a death-like embrace and fall into the darkness below; you hear, but you cannot see, the throes and lashings of the fearful contest. A rude bridge has been constructed over the Aar a short distance above the fall, and from this platform the best view is obtained. As I gazed down into the chasm I thought it was a good representation of the "valley of death, the jaws of hell, and the smoke of the torment that is forever ascending." At the falls there is a resting place and shelter for travellers; rude enough it is, but welcome no doubt it has been to hundreds who have found themselves overtaken by rain and storm, or by night, as they made their way along these rough paths, difficult enough under the most favorable circumstances, but terrible when the elements, or darkness, or both combined, overtake the traveller on his way. I cannot imagine many things better calculated to fill the mind with anxiety and dismay, than these steep ascents made slippery with rain, and obscured from a clear and distinct view.

This resting place or cabin is of considerable extent; it is a story and a half high, constructed of logs; and has like the double cabins of the West, a wide passage way in the centre, into which you are first ushered, which is paved with flat stones; on one side there is a large room occupied both as a dining-room and store for the sale of articles of carved wood, a long table extends the entire length of the room, and here M—— and I had a lunch of tea, bread and honey, while the men rested for an hour and fed their horses. On the other side of the passage was a large kitchen, into which we were invited to witness the process of making Sweitzer cheese, but I saw only a little girl sweeping the slops with a brush from the earthen floor; a woman superintending the cooking of the dinner for a party of tourists who had arrived shortly after us, while another had charge of a large kettle in which milk was boiling, which was the beginning of the process for the manufacture of one of "Grandpa's" luxuries. There was no chimney, the fire had been built on an elevated structure of stone and earth, and the smoke and fumes of the fire and boiling cheese had to find escape through the openings under the roof. The master of the cabin, his wife, two dirty children, a very large surly dog, and the servants, made up the summer occupants of this mountain home; which is abandoned in the winter to the control of the winds and snows, that dominate everything in this region, after cold weather begins. We left very much refreshed, and again commenced to ascend, now more rapidly than before. As we approached the head of the valley, the rise became more abrupt and as we looked above and on either side, we saw that "Alps on Alps were piled," we never seeming to get much nearer their summit; and thus we continued to

progress until, taking a sudden turn from the valley of the Aar, and climbing up the steep mountain side, the Grimsel Hospice was seen, not far off, upon the summit of the pass, while mountains, still towered high above it. *Grim* enough this Hospice looked, as we drew up at its door and alighted, I from my horse, and M—— from her chair. Her carriers seemed very much fatigued, and were doubtless glad enough to put down their load for the night. Yet this is the daily summer occupation of these men, and they make light of the labor when spoken to on the subject, but we both thought they well earned their money. We reached the Hospice (which is another name for a rude mountain inn) about half-past two o'clock; being early in the day, we had the selection of what was thought to be one of the most comfortable rooms, on the first floor, that is the floor above the high basement. When we had taken possession M—— said, "Well, you like *primitive quarters*, are these sufficiently rude to answer the purpose?" Our room was partitioned with plain unpainted boards, it contained two beds furnished with very coarse sheeting; but everything was clean. Imagine a rude table for toilet conveniences, the room about eight by twelve feet, and you will have a very good idea of our surroundings and accommodations for the night. We ordered dinner, which was served for us in a large, gloomy dining-room with very low ceilings, and heavy posts that supported the joists, upon these posts were hung heavy woollen knit stockings, which are offered for sale to the weary and foot sore travellers who seek the shelter of this Hospice, and who are only too glad to place themselves within the protection of its walls, and under the cover of its ample roof. Our dinner consisted of roast beef, which was very tender, fried pota-

toes, with tea, bread and butter, and though simple and plain, it was a very comfortable meal to us. Our appetites were keen, and everything tasted pleasant. While I am writing it is seven o'clock—M—— has retired to rest; she is, as you may imagine, very weary, but nothing more; and has made the journey with no headache; this I am certain you will all say is wonderful! I am seated writing, at the window; the walls of the house are three feet in thickness, and are built thus strong that they may resist the force of the winds, and be a protection against the intense cold and violent storms of this elevated region. In the winter the Hospice is abandoned, save by one man, who through all the season and of necessity becomes a hermit, to keep watch and ward within its gloomy precincts, while everything else that has life retreats to the valley below. My window has a front view, and I have been amused with watching the arrival and departure of cavalcades of travellers, who come and go every few minutes. Some are venturesome enough to continue their journey to the other side without any rest, down to the Glacier of the Rhone, full two and a half hours, further, first of steep ascent and then of as sudden descent on the other side of the mountain. Most tourists, however, are glad to tarry here, and room after room is now being filled; those on either side of us and overhead I can hear have occupants, for with nothing but a board partition between us, our quarters are noisy, and the prospect of an early rest not the most encouraging. We are now far above the region of vegetation, except the sparse grass we see growing around us, and the few wild flowers, which have been planted by the Divine hand to beautify these rugged mountains. Not a tree, not a shrub is in sight, and the snow lies in patches around the house; not ten

feet from where I am writing, a bank of it is spread out before me, and let it be recorded, now before I forget it, that on our way up I dismounted, and from a bed of snow, on this 4th day of September, I made snow-balls and pelted Maggie as she came by in her chair, and gave her one with which she succeeded in hitting me in return. This is the remains of last year's deposit, the region is so elevated, and the fall of snow so great, that it never disappears entirely from points as low down as this.

Thursday, September 5. I am up early to add something to our journal, while M—— still sleeps; she needs all the rest she can obtain after the fatigues of yesterday, and I will not call her until half-past six, having ordered breakfast at seven. The morning opens bright and clear, though the time has not arrived for the sun to make himself visible above the peaks that are high above us, and I hope for clear weather that we may make in safety that part which yet remains of our upward journey, as well as the descent on the other side. Of yesterday's transactions I have yet to record that M——, to relieve her bearers, rode upon the spare horse with the side saddle for half an hour; and at another place where it was very steep, walked some distance. Along the way she collected many of the mountain flowers, which the men were always ready to gather for her; so that quite a number of specimens were obtained, as remembrances of the day, to be taken home. She evidently enjoyed herself very much; and at one time said to me, "this is a greater pleasure than I can express; the novelty and excitement make me almost insensible to the danger of the steep and narrow passes, and I don't think that I ever experienced greater delight in my life." If this day passes as

safely and pleasantly as yesterday, we will have reason to congratulate ourselves in the decision that was so suddenly made, to change our route, by which we have gained so much of new enjoyment; and yet we have but entered on the threshold of the more lofty and perilous fields of adventure; boundless fields of ice and snow, on which only the more daring of pedestrians ever trust themselves. It is not a light or easy undertaking, to breast an avalanche whilst climbing the slippery paths, which are yet high above us; or encounter the fury of an Alpine storm upon the cloud-capped summits of the loftiest of these mountain peaks. But you need not fear that we shall venture where horse and *porteur* cannot carry us; for myself there is enough of risk in that upon which we are now engaged, but M—— is thoroughly roused, and would, I think, be only too well pleased if I should propose to her to go up higher, which for the present I will not do.

Brieg, Friday, September 6. We are, as you see, safely over the Grimsel mountain, and are now at our resting place for the night, in the valley of the Rhone, at the town of Brieg, in the Canton of Valais. The Grimsel mountain marks the boundary between Bern and Valais, and we are six hours' drive down the valley, from the Glacier of the Rhone; the point where we touched the Valais foot of the mountain, and where we could say, "we are down." I will renew my narrative, left unfinished on our departure, from the Hospice yesterday morning, to give an account of that which has transpired since. We obtained breakfast about half-past seven, instead of seven o'clock, as I had ordered the night before, and when we entered the room, found the two long tables

already more than half filled by persons anxious like ourselves for an early start. We sat down to mutton chops, with the usual accompaniments; the mutton, like the beef of yesterday, was very tender, this I suppose is owing to the fresh and crip grasses on which the cattle feed in these higher latitudes. After all things were in readiness, we made our start along the rocky path, which rose high above us on the right; this road is a zig-zag constructed along and over the face of the mountain; in places it had recently been rebuilt and much of it improved; but it is still very rough and steep, however, we progressed safely, thanks to a kind Providence, and to the care and skill of both horses and men; for I think the former evinced quite as much of both of these virtues as the latter. I was much interested in observing their mode of getting around the sharp points of the zig-zag, first the fore feet were well planted upon the turn and then when there was not room for a full forward movement, the back part of the body was brought round until the whole of it was nearly in a line with the advance portion of the road. M—— was much amused in watching the curiosity of the horse without a rider. When we left the Hospice she was in advance, and the horse without any one to pilot it or govern its movements, followed some distance behind; it often paused, as she appeared directly overhead, looked up with apparently great interest at her and her bearers, and then when satisfied that all was right continued to climb its upward way. There was in this, something so nearly approaching human observation that she in turn became interested in watching this display of brute intelligence. As we ascended, all the way we looked down on the Hospice, which we had left behind us; for we did not get further from it ex-









cept that we got higher and higher above it with each turn of the road, as it wound backward and forward to the top; the building looked forbidding and bleak in its solitude. It is three stories high, and during the summer season, or perhaps from early in the spring until late in the fall, it is a point of great interest and resort. Just behind the house, and on the very summit of the pass, are two beautiful little lakes of eight or ten acres each; the far one shut out entirely from view by a high headland of rock. Noticing a path leading around in that direction, whilst dinner was being prepared yesterday, I went as Mr. D—— says, "*browsing round*," and from the dividing ridge had both of these gems of the mountain full in view at the same time: I observed on the side opposite to where I was standing a connecting link, or stream, not more than twenty feet wide, which united these twin lakelets and which gave to them the element of life common to both. The water was as clear as spring water, and from where I stood I could see for a short distance the rocky bed below; but farther out from the shore no bottom could be perceived. As I was somewhat tired with my day's excitement, I was tempted to get down behind the shelter of the rocks, and try how much refreshment I could obtain by a swim in the limpid element. I looked around me before I sprang in, and all was quiet and peaceful;—the lake was perfectly smooth, not a ripple disturbed its repose. It looked as if I could step out safely upon it, and yet there was something oppressive in the silence and isolation in which I found myself: as if beneath the enticing quiet of the surface of its clear waters, there might be danger in its embrace. I hesitated for a moment and then made my plunge, swam a few strokes out, but I was glad to hasten my escape to the bank, for the water was almost

as cold as ice itself. The shock brought comfort and vigor to my system, and when I returned for dinner I hardly felt the fatigue of the day. M—— thought it was imprudent when I told her of my exploit, and perhaps it was; but all is well that ends well, and such was the termination of my bath, in this little sparkling gem, hid away among these hills—silent hills, set in solemn grandeur by the great architect of these mountains of sublimity. As I looked over these glittering lakes, which lay so calm and quiet at my feet, with their charming setting of rock and hill, I thought they were more to be admired than all the jewels which have adorned the person of royalty, or have flashed and glittered on the brow of beauty. When we reached the summit, which would hide the Hospice and Lakes from our view, I looked down upon them as though they were animate with life, and bade them a mental adieu forever, except as in after days, the pleasant memories connected with them shall remain, to be enjoyed in delightful retrospect.

Our way led over the rocky summit of the mountain, and at one point over an immense bed of snow, afterwards along a narrow pathway, which for a considerable distance is cut out of the face of the mountain, and overlooks the valley of the Rhone; a very short distance from the point where the glacier of the Rhone debouches into the valley. Below is seen the narrow thread of a stream, which further on becomes a turbulent and powerful river; for in this glacier the Rhone is born; and this continues to be the perpetual fountain of its life, though many other streams and glacier torrents rush from the mountains, all along its way to the lake of Genèva, to add to its volume and power. The pathway appeared so perilous as I looked down, to the river and valley far below,

that I proposed to dismount and walk, but the man at the head of the horse said, "No, no;" so I remained on my trusty steed, until we reached the point where the very steep descent commences, and waited for M—— to come up. From this place to the valley, the path is a narrow zig-zag, which M—— remarked she "could compare to nothing but the trail of an enormous serpent." The road, though so very steep is much better than on the other side; the footing is more secure, the earth being soft and comparatively free from rock and stone; I walked all the way down, not from choice however, for the man in charge of my horse had, to my surprise, taken him so far in advance, that when I wanted to mount, my guide and pony both were out of sight and hearing. M—— walked for half an hour, and then getting a little tired, reseated herself on her chair, and was carried very comfortably to the hotel at the foot of the mountain. Both of us made good use of our Alpenstocks, with which we were provided, to aid in our descent, and found them of great service, M—— avowing her intention of taking her own home with her. A doubt, which I expressed as to the probability of the fulfilment of her resolution has, I fear, insured its accomplishment, and secured for me a pair of iron shod companions that may be slightly troublesome in our future journey. How unfortunate it is sometimes to doubt! What an enigma is woman? At the foot of the mountain we found a large, well ordered hotel at which we rested, and having partaken of a lunch, set out to visit the glacier. I walked and M—— was carried by the *porteurs*. Both the entrance and passage-way in the ice is not unlike that at Grindelwald, and at the termination we found a little chapel cut in the ice with two lights at the farther end, which the guide said were never

allowed to go out. That he said this, in our opinion, did not make it true. The effect of the burning lamps upon the walls and roof of ice was so very beautiful, that we seemed transported to fairy land in an instant of time. On our return to the hotel we hired a man and one horse carriage to take us down the valley of the Rhone, on our way to Lausanne, preferring this private mode of travelling to the diligence, which would have been less expensive, but which would take us to Brieg sometime in the night. By the help of Jacob Snyder and his little white horse we arrived at this place about five o'clock, which gave us an hour for rest before dinner. Before I proceed farther, I ought to say, that we found the glacier of the Rhone to be much greater in bulk than either of the two we saw at Grindelwald; but not so long as the largest, for that extends forty-five miles back among the mountains, while the Rhone glacier is only eighteen miles in length. At the point from which we viewed it, it is one hundred feet thick, clear, solid ice. I had better mention now before leaving this *portion* of my statement of facts, that our guide informed us, our highest point of ascent was six thousand four hundred and ninety-five feet. Near this extreme point of elevation we passed, to our right after we began to descend, the little gloomy, black-looking lake of Todten Sea, or Sea of the Dead. When the Austrians and French, in 1789, were carrying war with its horrors over these apparently inaccessible regions, the former with the Valaisians had entrenched themselves on the Grimsel, and were dislodged by the French, who guided by a Swiss peasant by a way supposed to be impassable, succeeded after an arduous struggle in getting possession of the heights. This lake was then used as the burial place for the dead slain in the battle, and hence its name; in its desola-

tion and solitude it is a fitting place to be used for such a purpose.

Of our journey from the glacier of the Rhone to Brieg, I have little to record that is of interest, except to say that both M—— and I enjoyed it very much, notwithstanding a short time after we started it commenced to rain moderately, but we were well protected in our carriage with its overhanging top, and as the dust was subdued by the shower and the road which was newly constructed wound up and down the mountain, presenting a constant change in the beautiful landscape, our ride to the valley was picturesque and delightful. Our driver was a German from the town of Visp, who could understand a little English, *very little*, and I a little German, *very little*, and so we managed between us both to make each other understand a good deal. He bore the name, familiar to Harrisburg ears, of Jacob Snyder, and was an inveterate smoker, not content without he had either a cigar or pipe in his mouth, which appeared to add greatly to his comfort, but not especially to ours, however, as it was so great an enjoyment to him, we concluded to let him smoke. Jacob was good natured, and tried to be communicative, pointing out objects of interest, and telling the unpronounceable names of the gloomy, dingy-looking towns we passed through. At twelve o'clock he drew up his horse at the door of a public house in Münster to give him a "little bite" as he said. We did not intend to stop here for dinner, but finding that Jacob would be some time feeding, we concluded to enter the inn and rest, as we were solicited to do by a polite garçon, who spoke English very well. We were shown into the dining-room, where we found a party of four or five English travellers. In the registry we saw a great many commendations of the house.

as good clean beds, food excellent, &c., and one man added to his testimonial that they gave him a large tub of water to bathe in every morning. All certified that the charges were moderate, and so we found them; our bill for beefsteak, fried potatoes, eggs, tea, bread, butter, and honey, was only four francs, (eighty cents;) the cheapest, let me record in justice to mine host at Münster, that we have found anywhere on this side of the Atlantic. If these landlords know not much else, they certainly know how to make out a bill, and to make it extortionate too. You are always charged from one to two francs a day each, for service, and always a franc for candles. If you only tarry over one night, you find this in your bill in the morning, remonstrance is useless, custom is law, and people who go for pleasure, are expected by landlords everywhere to pay for it. Jacob opened to me a new experience a little farther on the way down, about an hour and a half after we had left Münster, he drove up to a tavern, in another dirty little town, and going hurriedly in, soon returned with the landlord, who carried a half loaf of brown bread in one hand and a knife in the other. The bread was fed to the horse in slices, while standing unharnessed before the door; pony seemed to relish his lunch, very much indeed. We have been all day descending the mountain, in a Catholic country, as Valais is almost entirely Catholic; while Bern, on the other side of the mountain, is four-fifths Protestant.

During our two days' passage through this valley I was unable to notice a single school house, and at the same time I never saw a region so filled with churches, shrines and chapels, for at no point were they out of view, and often a half dozen were in sight at once. High up on the mountain peaks where people reside in châlets in summer only, churches abound, and every

collection of houses or huts has its white edifice for religious purposes, with its spire towering above everything else. At St. Maurice I saw one, three or four hundred feet above the level of the railroad, upon what seemed to be the face of a perpendicular rock, to which I could discover no path or road of any kind. All through this valley, you witness the degradation of women; they work on the roads and labor in the fields, performing the most repulsive kind of service. In a number of instances we saw them carrying manure on their backs in long wicker baskets; it is nearly all taken to their fields in this way. They are everywhere busy putting in their winter crop of wheat, the soil is all turned up with a long shovel-shaped hoe, but I did not see a single plow in the entire valley; nor a shovel or spade. The ground is made smooth with hand-rakes instead of harrows, and I saw a man harrowing with a large brush, or tree branch. Horses and mules are few in number, and are reserved for the use of strangers who travel through the country, for this reason everything is carried on the backs of the people, and it is wonderful what loads they can endure. The people all through Switzerland are comfortably clad, and in this valley the women wear hats with low crowns, bound round with lace or fancy trimming, which extends above the crown; some of them have an edging of tinsel lace. It is a very unbecoming head-gear, and altogether the people are more rough, dress with less taste, and are evidently less intelligent than the inhabitants of the other cantons in which we have been. In Zürich and Lucerne, we found fruit of some kinds very abundant, pears, plums and apricots are very plentiful, but in this valley there is very little except the grape, which is extensively cultivated in the lower part of it. I

must rest here and take up my journal when I get to Lausanne, which we hope to make on Saturday night or Monday morning.

Friday, September 6.—Baths of Leuk. We are again, somewhat to our surprise, high up on the mountain, but it is the Gemmi, and not the Grimsel mountain, that is our resting place for the night. Last evening we were at Brieg, which we left at half-past seven o'clock this morning, having made another bargain with our driver of the day before to take us a day's journey down the valley in his carriage with the little white horse who likes to stop by the road side and lunch on brown bread. Jacob made his appearance at the door of the hotel with all things ready for a start half an hour behind his appointment. We had breakfasted, after a good night's rest, and felt ready for a full day's drive, M—— is still free from neuralgic headache and apparently quite refreshed. The morning was again clear, the air very cool and our ride pleasant. Suist is a little town on the valley road where the route diverges at right angles to ascend to the Baths of Leuk, and when I suggested to M—— that we should go up and pass the night there, Jacob was directed to stop his pony until we consulted together, upon his agreeing to change his course and land us safely at the baths for ten francs additional, we told him to proceed up the mountain. And thus we are again two thousand seven hundred and seventy feet higher than when we left the valley at Suist. Our passage up was very slow, for we found the road a continual and steady getting up hill all the way; so pony could do nothing but walk, with many rests. The journey occupied five hours, including one stop to refresh the horse with half a loaf of brown bread; and





another at the town of Leuk, about a mile up the mountain, where the lunch consisted of a light measure of oats. In an antiquated looking tavern, which we found was clean, I got for M—— the usual lunch of tea, bread and butter and honey, and at our last stopping place a woman came out to us with a basket, containing half a pint of wild strawberries, which I bought, and having obtained some very good milk, making her understand what I wanted by going through the motions of milking, we made a third lunch since leaving Brieg; strawberries, on the 6th day of September, which could have been picked only a short time before. The sun came out hot and beat with much power against the side of the mountain, and M—— began to feel the effects of the heat, but after awhile the mountain became our shield, a gentle breeze refreshed us and M—— rallied, so that by the time we reached the Hotel des Alps, at the Baths, she was entirely free from any discomfort. Taking all the disadvantages together we enjoyed the ride very much; the views all the way up were beautiful, presenting a delightful variety of rugged mountains, villages, church spires, evergreens, and the beautiful lawn-like slopes of grass which has a freshness of color we did not find in the low lands. At one point we crossed a stone bridge, with two immense arches that spanned the valley, which, with its surroundings of steep green bank and beautiful fore and back ground, presented a very charming picture. In some respects we are disappointed with the Baths of Leuk. The village, of about five hundred inhabitants, is very dark and dingy, and the streets are nothing but the irregular windings of what was the old mountain road; and only the hotels, which are large and imposing, relieve the place from its air of dullness and gloom. The season is now over,

for July and August are its harvest days, and at our hotel, which is the largest, we found not over thirty or forty people. The springs, which are hot, and twenty-two in number, are the great attraction of the place. In the morning we propose seeing the bathers in their tubs, and perhaps I may be tempted to take a bath myself.

September 7. When I opened the shutter of my window the sun was not yet up. The town is shut in on three sides by the huge perpendicular walls of the Gemmi, and in the early morning or by moonlight, as we saw it last night, these walls of gray rocks have a ghastly aspect. They appear like grim giants looking down on the valley below, and are cold and forbidding except when the sun shines upon them.

We have seen the bathers. M—— and I were taken into the room where they were submerged to the neck, as each hotel has its particular arrangements for this purpose. That of the Hotel des Alps consists of a number of robing rooms, and one large apartment about twenty by thirty-five feet, this (with the exception of a platform) is divided into two large tubs, which are filled with hot water from the springs. The bathing commences as early as six o'clock in the morning; and when we entered, which was before breakfast, twenty-five or thirty people, men, women and children, were in the water, dabbling, and paddling about; a number of them were taking breakfast on little floats; children were playing at jack-straws, while many persons were amusing themselves in social conversation, playing at cards, and reading. Scattered about in the tubs were a number of little islands, which bobbed up and down with their floating plants and flowers on the undulating surface of the water. The breakfasting







did not seem to impress M—— as being either very tidy or attractive, the garments of the bathers constantly dripping with water as they sipped their coffee and partook of their bread and butter. The attendant informed us that it was usual to remain in the bath from one to four hours, and while they were immersed flirtations could be carried on quite as well as on terra firma, under more favorable circumstances. It was a very novel sight to both of us, and M—— has obtained a photograph which gives a good idea of the bathing place just as we saw it at that time. The town and baths, deserted as they now are, do not present any great attractions to us, so we shall soon start for Sion, at the head of the railroad in the valley, or for Lausanne, and Jacob Snyder will drive us to that point.

Monday, September, 9. We are in the old city of Lausanne, which we reached on Saturday night at ten o'clock. There is not much that is worth recording concerning our journey from Leuk to this place. We rode safely and pleasantly down the mountain, in one hour and a half; you will remember, it took five hours to get up. On our way to this place we saw ladders placed on the face of the almost perpendicular rocks, on which the people of the village of Albinem go up and down, their only way to get to their homes. It seems a very perilous way, but custom and usage from early childhood make them no doubt familiar with this difficult ascent. The men and women of this village, as well as the visitors to this town, must dress pretty much *a la meme*. We dined at Sierre in the valley; reached Sion at half-past two o'clock, and then at five started by rail for Lausanne; expecting to make it in two hours, but instead of that we were five hours on the way.

Tired and travel-worn, we reached the hotel Beau Rivage on the lake; found Mr. and Mrs. D—— in the ball-room of the hotel, quietly looking at the gay scene before them; while the dance and music and the bright light of the gas, added a charm to the hour, *especially for D——*, who greatly prefers the civilization and exhilaration of such an occasion, to all of rural or rustic attraction. They had given us up, on account of the expectation expressed before we parted, that we would make Villeneuve at the head of the lake by rail, and cross over to Lausanne by boat. The boats had been due some time, and we were for this reason a surprise, when we made our appearance, fatigued and dusty, with coats, satchels, lunch basket, and Alpen-stocks in hand, they both seemed right glad to see us, and at once applied to the manager for rooms. He inquired, did you telegraph for rooms? We said, no. He shook his head, looked grave, and if we did not look gloomy, we felt for the moment not very joyous, as we had been on the road from early morning until ten at night, with only two delays, one for dinner and one at Sion. The hotel is half a mile from the city, on the lake's edge, and we thought we were being driven a great distance before the omnibus drew up at the door; and now to have to turn back and hunt for quarters at other hotels, was indeed a very disagreeable prospect. But the hesitation of the proprietor was only to prepare us for the announcement that we would have to pay a considerable sum for two rooms in what they call the "Dependence" of the establishment, which we found to be a beautiful cottage in the grounds, that was surrounded with flowers and shrubbery. Our rooms were a large bed-room, comfortably furnished, and a very neat parlor, with lace curtains, and blue covered furni-

ture, with a large window that opened on a little balcony which overlooked the hotel and its extensive ornamental grounds; the lake of Genèva was almost at our feet, upon which the moon was now shining, spreading upon the undisturbed and silvery surface its soft and mellow rays. The night was one of enticing beauty, and as we turned from the contemplation of it on our balcony, we felt that we were very fortunate indeed to obtain such delightful accommodations on a Saturday night, a time that usually finds such places of resort over-crowded, even at the cost of nine francs a day for our rooms. After making our preparations for bed, we pulled down the blinds, having told our friends not to expect us to breakfast with them in the morning, and sought repose, which we both felt was much needed after our week's experience of travel and excitement now so pleasantly and safely ended. We felt thankful to God for his protection and the many blessings vouchsafed to us; life, health, delightful weather and refreshing rest, all these had been given us, and we would have been ungrateful indeed, had we not acknowledged *Our Father's* kind and merciful care before we laid ourselves down to rest. And now for my usual *Nota Bena.* "No headache, not a twinge of neuralgia," and I have come to this conclusion, only give M—— cool weather, novelty and excitement of travel, plenty of good tea, often repeated, with a moderate supply of substantial accompaniments for lunch, and one who understands just when to go and where to tarry, she can perform her part in the programme very well. Would you believe it! on Saturday morning when we were about to start from the hotel at Leuk, a lady and gentleman took their departure on mules for a passage over the Gemmi, which required six hours to accomplish, and M—— wanted very much that we

should abandon our intention of returning to the valley of the Rhone, and make our way over the mountain to Thun, and from there by way of Bern reach Lausanne. The Gemmi is much steeper and a much more difficult and dangerous pass than the Grimsel. This M—— well knew, but her curiosity and ambition were both aroused; so much did she enjoy her past experience in this dangerous kind of adventure, that there is not much she would not now venture to undertake. But for the present I have enough of mule paths and deep chasms, my head is not yet steady from what I have passed over and seen, and, therefore, I declined M——'s invitation to escort her over the Gemmi.

Monday morning. We are through with our morning meal, and have decided to go to the head of the lake to visit the Castle of Chillon, and on our return pass on to Genèva, having arranged with the porter of the hotel to have our luggage at the wharf when the boat touches on its way down. After we reach Genèva, we will decide what is best to be done, for the short period we have yet to remain in Switzerland. I hope to reach Paris on Saturday of this week, as we must give a few days to sight-seeing and some things which we left undone when visiting there before. Just one month from to-day, we expect to sail for home; it was three months yesterday from the day we sailed from New York. And now I have only time to say good-bye, with much love for each and all of our relatives and friends. My letter has been written on the run—hurried at every point, but I hope you can make it out.

J. A.

Dijon, Saturday, Sept. 14.

It is now half-past nine P. M., a late hour at which to commence a letter in continuation of our home journal. I go back to Monday morning when I closed my long, very long and perhaps somewhat tedious letter home, just as we were about to leave Lausanne for the head of the lake of Genèva. We started from the wharf, which was quite near to our hotel, at 10½ A. M., and under the awning which covered the deck of the boat we had a pleasant place from which to view both sides of the beautiful inland sea, on which we were to spend the greater portion of the day. Our most notable companions were an English earl, his wife, two sons, and two daughters, who were staying at the Beau Rivage at Lausanne; I had noticed them at breakfast the morning before, and without knowing who or what they were, remarked, to M——, that it was the most agreeable looking family group that I had seen in a long time. The younger members more especially were refined in manners, and carried with them the indications of high culture and good training; the earl appeared to be the least attractive person of the group, and was evidently a plain and rather commonplace man, but they all bore themselves with great modesty and reserve, keeping much to the society of each other. At Vevay a party of Americans came on board, who were, I am sorry to say, very rude. Mrs. D—— heard the English lady remark: "here comes this party of Americans again," showing that they had met before. Some of these persons had crossed on the "Scotia" with Mr. and Mrs. D—— and there was no

escape from a recognition and exchange of salutations. Our ride up the lake with the exception of this annoyance was a very delightful one, the shore along which our boat skirted was highly cultivated, studded with towns, villages, country seats, large and imposing pensions. The vine is extensively planted on the hill sides, and occasionally corn in small patches. The lower range of mountains along the shore, come down to meet the water, and back of these again, were the higher snow-capped range of which Mont Blanc constitutes the chief glory, as indeed it does, of all the mountains of Switzerland, and for this reason it is called the Grand Monarch. Our destination was the castle of Chillon, which the genius of Byron has invested with so much of poetic interest; his "Prisoner of Chillon," having made a pilgrimage to this ancient structure indispensable to all who visit this part of the world. The castle has had an eventful history since Amedius of Savoy built it in 1238 for a prison house, with its walls of immense thickness, and its turrets, which tower above the building, springing out of its four corners. Three hundred years thereafter it was invested by seven thousand Bernees and captured, and all the prisoners including Bonivard were released. Bonivard is the hero of the poem which has made Chillon so well known. His story is not a creation of the poet's imagination, for here he was confined in these gloomy dungeons, chained to its pillars of stone, with the rock for his bed, during his many years of solitary suffering. Our boat landed us a quarter of a mile below the castle, which compelled us to hire a small skiff, at one franc each, to take us to it, and this threw us again in companionship with some of the American party we wished to avoid. We were rowed by a lazy boy who tried to see with how little outlay

of strength he could get us there. We landed at the upper side of the castle, and ascending a short flight of stairs, found ourselves upon a plank platform, constructed over what was once a portion of the lake, which in former days completely surrounded the building, but which is now to a great extent filled up with earth and stone. The water flows around it on three sides, and when our cicerone conducted us to the portion first exhibited, it seemed as if we had got into an arsenal by mistake; for much of the floor is covered with cannon, all of which belong to the Canton of Vaud. We were shown the room in which a well opens, having its bottom in the lake, and to which prisoners condemned to this mode of death were taken; it has three steps of stone, on which the doomed began their dark descent, when the fourth advance plunged them down many feet to the water below, where the bodies in due time washed out into the lake, with which the well communicates, and thus ended their chapter of life. We were next conducted to the lower portion of the castle, where are stairs leading down from the hall of the secret tribunal, and a cell hewn out of the solid rock in which all who were sentenced to death were compelled to pass their last night on earth, it has two hollow places cut in the stone upon which they were required to recline before being led from thence to execution, and adjoining this again is another small apartment, dark and very gloomy, with a huge beam overhead; this was the gallows of the prison. The cell in which Bonivard was confined is the largest of a range of dungeons in which the reformers and prisoners of state were confined; but it is not a forbidding apartment, and is (perhaps) thirty feet in length and twenty broad, into which the light is admitted through loopholes, which open upon the lake view.

It contains eight pillars of stone, extending the entire length of the room, to these the prisoners were chained; and in the stone floor, about the one to which Bonivard was fastened, deep indentations are to be seen, made it is said by the tread of the captive. Upon this pillar are inscribed the names of Byron, Victor Hugo, and Dickens, which are claimed to be genuine. Byron has written of this dungeon, "Chillon! thy prison is a holy place, and thy sad floor an altar, for it was trod until his footsteps have left a trace, worn as if the cold pavement were a sod by Bonivard; may none these marks efface, for they appeal from tyranny to God." This castle has inscribed over its doorway: "May God bless all who come in, and go out." It was often used by the Dukes of Savoy as a place of residence, afterwards as a state prison, and since 1798, has served as a military arsenal. Before we left, I obtained for M—— some leaves of ivy which grew upon its walls, and in the low ground between the castle and the highway, I found a bed of forget-me-nots growing luxuriantly; of these I obtained a handful, as souvenirs of our visit; and then we returned in our skiff with its lazy propeller to the wharf, but only to see the Lake Steamer start off some ten minutes before we reached it, which compelled us to tarry half an hour for a second one.

We refreshed ourselves with fruit, pears, plums, and delicious white grapes, which are now ripe, and to be had in great abundance for a mere trifle. If ever Will or Perrin come to Europe, it must be at this season, for they could satisfy their fondness for grapes at very small cost. For ten cents a pound you can buy white grapes, better than the Malaga, and by the quantity they are to be obtained for half that price. We arrived at Genèva before sundown, having passed on

our way Vevay, the Castle of Hauteville, Montreux, Clarens, and other towns and villages and objects of interest, including an old tower, the remains of an ancient castle built by the Romans when they held possession of this country. On the boat M—— and I got an excellent dinner, this aided to keep off an attack of neuralgia until we reached Genèva. We drove at once with our baggage to the Hôtel De la Paix, which we found to be an excellent house. Our room was upon what they call the second, but really the third floor, fronting upon the lake, with a portion of Genèva on the opposite side in view. The hotel is just at the point where the Rhone river flows out from the lower end of the lake to make its way through Switzerland and France to the Mediterranean; this part of Genèva is new and most of the buildings are large and imposing; the principal hotels fronting on the water, with four very beautiful bridges spanning the head of the lake and the river. At night, when these large hotels and the lamps on the bridges are lighted, the reflection upon the water with alternate light and shade is exceedingly beautiful. Altogether Genèva is a pleasant, clean city, especially the new portion of it, the cleanest of all the old cities of Germany and Switzerland that we have visited. As we drove through it, we saw upon a sign the name of *Perrin*, no doubt a genuine descendant of old Amie, who was such a thorn in Calvin's side. Grandpa will remember my frequent mention of the old gentleman who bore his name, that has been handed down in the history of the reformation as a man of great force of character, and who was at one time the leader of the malcontents in Genèva.

We remained in Genèva, Tuesday, Wednesday, and until the afternoon of Thursday. On Tuesday before

breakfast hour I hastened to the banker's for letters, but imagine my disappointment at getting only one, mailed on the 20th of August, from Grandpa, I felt certain that Minnie must have written to us, and that the post-office arrangements, or the bankers were at fault, and of this I was assured next morning when on calling at the banker's office, I received a second-letter from Grandpa, mailed August 26th, and in which mention was made of his having mailed, on the 20th, a long letter from Minnie. I asked the banker to allow me to look over the large number of communications forwarded to his address, to which he kindly consented, but there was nothing to my direction, so we had to content ourselves with Grandpa's very full double sheet, and this we literally devoured. I received at the same time seven papers, Press and Tribune, mailed from Paris, where they had been accumulating for some time. Thursday's mail brought no intelligence of the missing letter, which we both greatly regret; but we are glad and thankful to hear so minutely from home by Grandpa's hand. *God* has kept all the dear ones in safety and in good health, for which we thank Him. Perrin, we are glad to learn, was at home and well, and had enjoyed his trip up the Hudson. Will, I hope, has had his Boston visit before leaving for Somerville. We send much love to both, and hope soon to see them again, if spared for a safe return; how anxiously will we look for them upon Pier 45 as the vessel nears the shore. Among the most tender recollections connected with our departure, is the remembrance of the group upon the wharf as our ship moved away and gradually lost them to our sight. Dear little Perrin! I can see him now, as he stood wiping the tears from his eyes and sought to shelter himself behind the others; it was to us a touching

thought that sister Jane has written us in her last letter, that Perrin wished to go to New York by boat, because he imagined he would then be nearer to Papa and Mamma by so doing. We were both greatly moved by the imagined lessening of the distance between us and our dear little boy.

We spent part of both Tuesday and Wednesday visiting the shops of Genèva, with which we were greatly disappointed; they are generally small, and did not answer our expectations, as we had been told this was the place to buy cheap, with a large variety to select from; but we found out our mistake when it was too late. Thursday M—— and I drove to the old Cathedral, now the principal Protestant church of the city, where Calvin preached. Time has made little change, it remains very nearly as it stood then, with the same pulpit and seats; the portion appropriated to the Roman Catholic Chapter of the Cathedral is now used by the Protestant professors and the officers of the church. Calvin's chair of black walnut, stands by the reading desk. What an impress his giant mind has left upon the world, and as I sat in his chair I recalled the words brother John once expressed to me, that Calvin's Institutes were at this day the best embodiment of Calvinistic theology to be found; and all of subsequent exposition had added but little to the force and clearness of his writings. His burial-place is unknown, having directed that no monument should be erected over his grave; nor is it certain in which house in this city he lived; a city of which for many years he was the life and power. There is in this Cathedral the statue of Prince Henry de Rohan, the chief of the Huguenots, surmounting a black marble sarcophagus resting upon two lions, the Duke is represented in a sitting posture. We were interested

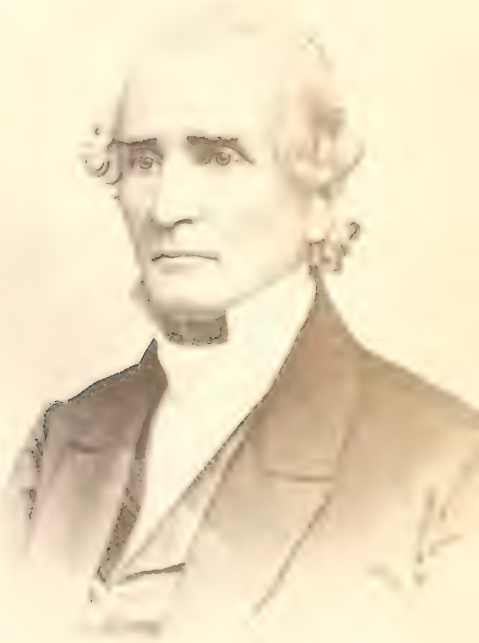
in the monument of Agrippa D'Aubigny, from whom I conjecture the present distinguished professor, and author of the history of the Reformation, is descended. The republic of Genèva, (he died in exile from his native country France,) erected this monument to his memory. From the Cathedral we drove to the residence of Merle D'Aubigny, which is a mile or more in the country, on the road that passes along the north side of the lake. It is surrounded by trees and shrubbery, stands about fifty feet from the street, and seems to be in a neglected condition. M—— wished me to go in and tell him I was a friend of the Rev. Albert Barnes and Dr. Samuel Hanson Cox, and that I desired to pay my respects to him, but this I declined, first, because I did not know that we could speak in a language each would understand; secondly, because I felt that such a call, however gratifying to myself, might be an intrusion upon him. D'Aubigny it is evident has not the taste for out-door occupations, in the practical manner that our neighbor Mr. Barnes has, and probably not half his industry, or his garden and grounds would not present so neglected an appearance. We were rather disappointed and unpleasantly impressed by what we saw of the surroundings and home of D'Aubigny; and I will take occasion to remark that we have some model men, as well as a model country, and I am sure *we* have a model neighbor, who, taking him all in all, it would be difficult to excel. There is a Greek church or chapel in Genèva of very beautiful proportions and architecture, in which service is performed every morning at eleven o'clock, we had arranged to be present on Thursday morning, but our leaving on that day prevented.

On our return from D'Aubigny's home as we passed the Metropolitan Hôtel, I saw Mr. Gibson



Dr. Merle D'Aubigne.





and Allie sitting at the window; he said Mrs. G—— was closely confined at the sick bed of her son Howard, who has been very ill with typhus fever, and that they have on this account been detained at Genèva ten days. I had seen Mr. G——'s name registered at the banker's, but supposed they had left; he said he would bring Mrs. G—— to see us before four o'clock, the hour of our expected departure; at two o'clock they came, and made us a very pleasant visit of an hour. We bade "good-bye" to our former pleasant neighbors with regret, not expecting to see them again for many days. There are many objects of interest in and about Genèva, (the Rome of Switzerland,) which for want of time were left unvisited, but our great and chief regret when we turned our faces homeward was leaving Chamouni and St. Bernard unseen. I fully realize now what Mr. Joseph Harrison said to me a day or two before I left Philadelphia: that no one should think of giving less than three years for a satisfactory visit to Europe. Some persons can almost annihilate distance and get over a great deal of space in a very short time, travel day and night, reach a great city or point of attraction in the morning, leave it in the evening, turn enjoyment into actual labor and go home to tell that in three months they have been all over the Continent, as well as England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales. We have seen but little comparatively it is true, but we have seen it satisfactorily, and we hope with benefit.

Thursday we bade good-bye to our friends, Mr. and Mrs. D——; Mrs. D—— at the hotel, and Mr. D—— at the depot. He was very much affected at our separation, could not repress his tears, came back and kissed M—— a second time, kissed me when our final adieu

was spoken, and as long as we could see him, remained at the station, waving his handkerchief to us as the cars each moment carried us farther and farther away. He is all heart and tenderness, as gentle in his nature as a woman, and our ten weeks of association has much increased our esteem for him. I never knew a more unselfish person, or one possessed of greater natural delicacy than Daniel Dougherty. I shall always value him for the great good which I have discovered in him, and with pleasure record that our association has doubly endeared him to both M—— and myself. My best wishes go with him. He is longing for his dear home and children; says that when he gets back to Philadelphia and to the treasures it contains he will never want to leave it again. He loves his own land the more by contrasting it with all that he has seen abroad, (as all true Americans do;) but desires to make his tour complete at this time, then go home to stay there, and enjoy dear Philadelphia, as he terms it. I send my kindest and most affectionate thoughts back to him, and pray that God may guard and guide him safely on his journey through life, and bring him to an everlasting rest hereafter. Our way followed the lake of Genèva, almost to Lausanne; the atmosphere was clear and consequently we had a fine view of lake and mountain, and the snow-covered range beyond Mont Blanc. About twilight the lake of Neuchâtel came into view, and as the sun went down the moon came up and shed her soft and mellow light upon its waters; but it is not considered nearly so attractive as the lake of Genèva, and in my judgment, neither can compare in beauty with that of Lucerne, of which I wrote you in the letter which was mailed at Interlaken, just two weeks ago to-day.

We reached Neuchâtel about half-past nine o'clock;

An American Officer at Seneca.
Sept. 12th 1807.

were driven to the Hôtel Bellevue, the only really good one in the place, to be informed that they were full, and that we could not be accommodated. Our omnibus turned away and we sought another resting place for the night, which we found at the Hôtel des Alps: very plain, not much to boast of in any respect, but we were on the road, had reached our stopping-place, and so there was no help for it. We made the best of our situation in this old city which has little to induce travellers to tarry long within it; the morning found us refreshed, and after breakfast we took the train for Dijon, where we are now; but where we did not expect to remain so long, hoping to reach Paris by Saturday night. The day proved to be very hot, and by the time we drove to the hotel M—— was really sick with an attack of neuralgia, she was so ill she could not go down to dinner at six, so I ordered for her tea and a delicate piece of roast chicken, in the hope that nourishment would be of some service to her, but she could do no more than taste her tea, and back to her pillows again. All night long she suffered, and the morning found her so unwell that we were afraid to start for Paris, and made up our minds to tarry in our pleasant quarters until Monday.

Saturday morning. M—— thought the fresh air might be of service to her, so we hired a carriage (had a coachman in livery) for an hour's inspection of this old capital of Burgundy, and had a very pleasant drive through the city and its park. I went into the "Palace of Justice," their court-house, and was shown all through by the concierge; she pointed out the chair of the President Justice, and when I made her understand that I was a President Justice in America, she took me to an ante-room, to show me the robes of

office, and taking out a gown of black and scarlet silk, with ermine trimmings, and a chapeau with a gilt band, she completely invested me with them. She seemed greatly surprised when I made her understand that in America, because we were Republicans, we wore nothing but plain clothing. She exclaimed when she looked at me in my gorgeous habiliments, "Joli, joli," which is the French word for beautiful.

After a drive through the city, we dismissed our coachman with his expected "pour-boire," while M—— and I sauntered along the shop windows, occasionally venturing inside to make inquiries as to prices. The French word "combien," always brings a prompt reply from the attendant in the store. This word here, and "wie viel," in Germany, enables you to open a conversation at any time with those who have anything to sell; even if the balance of the interview must be made up of signs, looks and gestures. Another way is to go in boldly and commence talking English, just as if you were understood, and you can soon put the most fluent Frenchman at disadvantage; he becomes confused, shrugs his shoulders, and begs for quarter. It is very much like the first blow in a fight, to stun your antagonist is a contest half gained.

Our ride on Friday was in part along the valley of the Reuse, as we had left the Alps behind us, we were now to keep company with the Jura range of mountains for a considerable part of the day; sometimes at their feet, again high up on their sides. We never in any one day passed through so many tunnels, and later in the journey we followed the Val d'Travers, through its level meadow lands, which are highly cultivated—with the wooded slopes of the Jura on both sides of us. We entered a narrow defile called La Cluse, through which both the railway and high road

runs, which is strongly fortified, as it is a natural gateway between France and Switzerland, I could not ascertain with certainty whether the fortifications were French or Swiss, so near are they to the line which divides the two countries. At Pontarlier, a small town, a little further on, we were assured we were on Swiss soil no longer, for here we had again to leave our car, take everything with us, and go through the farce of another examination of baggage. It was like all the others we have passed through, light enough, but very troublesome and annoying. Monsieur put his hand into my trunk, which I had opened, and asked "Segar?" to which I replied, "No perfume," then he chalked it and I passed on. At the exit door, however, I was again stopped by a man in uniform, who examined my lunch basket, which I carried in my hand, and upon which the chalk mark had not been placed. I had to return with it to the inspector, who upon presentation at once crossed it, and the man in uniform, and I, exchanged profound bows as I passed out. I hope I may get through with as little trouble when I land on American soil, and have to pass the ordeal of the New York officials. Both M—— and I bade good-bye to Switzerland with much regret; the people were more to our mind than those of any other country we have been in, and they are the cleanest of all with whom we have been brought in contact, not only in their persons but in their dress, even the women who work in the fields are clothed with good taste, having in their working suits a regard for contrasts in color that are pleasing to the eye, while about their houses and barns everything is neatness itself; they are hard working, industrious and independent; in the development of these qualities, they have had the training of centuries;

the very air they breathe is the air of freedom; while their mountains seem to laugh at successful invasions, or at least at permanent possession of their country. They love "their rocks and rills, their woods and templed hills," with a devotion which impels them to bid defiance to kingly power and standing armies, that hem them in on every hand, but which, strong as they are, do not dare to set foot upon Swiss soil.

The night on which we arrived at Genèva, we heard a great noise in the street near our hotel, and were informed that Garibaldi was making a speech to the people at the corner above. Mr. D—— and I ran out and mingled with the crowd, but the speech, which had been brief, was ended before we got there, and Garibaldi had retired to his quarters, but the scène was so like our own gatherings of the people just before or after an election, that I was reminded strongly of home. There was the same excitement, the same freedom of thought and action, the same consciousness of power residing in the masses, that I have so often witnessed in our own *now* free land; nowhere else on the continent of Europe could such a meeting have been held, and such a speech as Garibaldi is reported to have made, found free and safe utterance. Calvin, though many years dead, yet lives in his spiritual life, not only in Genèva, but in all of Protestant Switzerland; and that spirit is the political life of the country.

Garibaldi was a member of a peace convention, so-called, which was in session in Genèva while we were there, yet his speech on the evening referred to began with this sentence: "Citizens of Genèva, I am a revolutionist." The scarlet clad hero, so loved by the people of Europe who pant for freedom, was cheered by the citizens of free Switzerland, when he thus pub-

licly declared war upon the governments which now rule the land.

Mr. D—— and I both decided to see Garibaldi, and the next day we went to the convention, and offered a half franc each for a card of admission; when a book was presented for our signatures to a statement of principles to which every one who obtained admission to the convention was required to subscribe. But it was in French; no one could interpret for us and we both hesitated to put our names to that which we did not understand, and which might at some time place us under embarrassment. At any rate it was a leap in the dark, which neither of us felt free to take; and yet we wished to see Garibaldi, so I suggested to Daniel that one name was just as good as another. I first wrote the name of John Jones, and he that of John Smith, Jr.; and we obtained our cards and passed in. After waiting a long while Garibaldi made his appearance upon the stage, and was greeted with applause. He has a stout, well-knit frame, wears his hair long and curling about his head, and looked like one suited to lead the masses in an effort for the achievement of great results. I was soon satisfied; saw all that I expected to see by the payment of my half franc; but Mr. D—— remained several hours longer to listen to speeches in French, German, and Italian, and came home much gratified by his visit. In the evening of the same day, while we were dining, Garibaldi drove past in a carriage, on his way to dine with a gentleman in the neighborhood of Genèva, and we saw him a second time.

Sunday, September 15. I am home from church, and you are just about getting up in the morning. In keeping note of time, one should always bear in mind the difference in latitude and longitude. We are at

this point about six hours earlier than you are in Philadelphia, but the day is the same to both of us, the holy Sabbath day. After breakfast I made inquiry of the garçon, who speaks English, if there was French Protestant worship in Dijon; and was informed that there was; taking his direction as to where and how I could find the place, I started off upon my search. I found without any difficulty the neighborhood and even the building in which church service was held, it was in a part of the old palace of the Dukes of Burgundy, for Dijon was once the seat of kingly power and the capital of the race who under the title of dukes exercised all the offices of royalty. The building is very extensive, and is now used for various purposes, a part of it is appropriated to the museum of the city; but I was in a quandary to know how I could find that for which I was seeking, and at a venture I addressed a Frenchwoman, who was standing in her door, and said, "parlez-vous Anglais, Madame?" and received this reply: "No, no, Monsieur." I then said "Protestant Chapel;" to which she answered, "oui, oui, Monsieur," and started at once to cross the street, showing me through one of the courtways of the palace, and pointing to a door in the far corner of the large courtyard; I left her with a bow, and the usual "merci Madame," a politeness that is never dispensed with by the French, even in the humblest walks of life, for the slightest favor, and which in return is expected of every one in their intercourse with them. In manner at least they are the most polite people I have ever met. English gruffness and American thoughtlessness are often at fault, in not using the polite phrases of the country which pass so freely here, by which much might be gained often, that is otherwise lost.

I made my way into a vestibule, and opening a large

door, found myself in a little chapel, in which were assembled about twenty-five persons, afterwards increased by the entrance of five or six more. The building, or rather the room, had evidently been fitted up for Protestant worship; upon the walls in plaster was the representation of the descent of the *Holy Ghost*, in the form of a dove, and angels accompanying the Divine Spirit on its mission to earth. Then how sweet to me seemed the lines so familiar from childhood: "Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove." Though I did not understand much of the service, I felt that in spirit I could worship with that little congregation of believers, as well as if we used the same speech. There is one language understood by all who are the same in faith and hope of salvation. Another glance showed me how well we understand where sympathies and belief are blended; for back of the little stone pulpit, in large gilt letters, was inscribed in French, "God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in Spirit and in truth." At the other end of the room was a small organ, with a large clock upon its face, at which a lady sat alone as the performer. I looked over the audience, and with the exception of half a dozen, they were persons in very humble circumstances. Several had on smock frocks, clean, all of them, but marking the wearers as belonging to the humbler classes. Girls from the provinces, with their neat white muslin caps, several ladies, and three or four gentlemen, made up the audience, with the single exception of the stranger, whose entrance caused no little observation. The clergyman was a pleasant-looking gentleman in middle life, who noticed my straight vest, (which seems to confuse so many persons,) and evidently took me for one of his own high calling, and at one time I thought he was on the point

of beckoning me to come into the pulpit, he evidently thought that no stranger, except he was a clergyman, would have found them in that out-of-the-way place of worship. The preacher was dressed in a black gown, seemed all through the service to be very much in earnest, and I thought felt the importance of his mission. I hope he is as evangelical, as I believe him to be sincere. When I entered the room, he was making the opening prayer; then followed singing and reading of passages of Scripture; the sermon, singing, prayer and benediction was almost in our own regular order. You will not be surprised when I tell you that I enjoyed these services very much, for I thought of the *Master's* promise, "that where two or three are gathered together in my name, there I will be in the midst of them, to bless them." I could not understand a connected sentence of all that I heard, but when the congregation commenced to sing the old familiar tunes, I could not control my feelings, or rather I should say, the tender associations of home worship came so vividly to mind, that my heart overflowed in tears, in spite of every effort to restrain them. I noticed that every one who came in after me, before being seated, stood for a moment or two, and bowed the head in prayer; and that all, even the children, had their hymn books, with the words set to music, and their Bibles, from which they followed their pastor as he read from the Scriptures. I have come from this little congregation feeling that my Sunday in Dijon will long be remembered with pleasure.

I have been down to make inquiry about afternoon service, at M——'s request, who would like to worship with this small band of French Christians, as she is feeling much better this afternoon; but I have received this reply, "only one service on Sundays." I ought to

say for Dijon, that it possesses an Episcopal church for the accommodation of the English residents and visitors: but as the church service is such a wearisome one to me, and so far as I have had the opportunity of judging, the preaching on the continent is intellectually so inferior, that I do not go to Episcopal worship when I can find any other Protestant service.

I walked around a few squares on my return to the hotel, and in passing along found myself opposite a large church, and by the side of it the house in which Bossuet was born. It is called "Bossuet Maison," and is a two-story brick house, with dormer windows, and would be of little account except for its being the place where this celebrated preacher—one of the most eloquent of divines—was cradled and lived during the years of his childhood; it is an honor to have given birth to such a man, of which any city might be justly proud.

It is now eight o'clock, and table-d'hôte is just through. M—— enjoyed her meal very much, and says to me, "tell them we had raspberries for dessert on the 16th of September." I heard the waiter say they came from Bern. It takes just two hours to get through with the courses at dinner at the Hôtel de Jura, all for only four francs, and with as much wine as you wish to drink included. I saw some persons order and drink their second bottle; of course it was the cheap wine of the country. M—— is much better, and we expect to start for Paris in the morning. It takes seven hours by the fast train to make the journey; the slow train occupies eleven hours; I have convinced her that the least time on the road the better, notwithstanding her dread of rapid railroad speed.

Tuesday morning, September 17. We are back again in Paris, at the Hôtel De L'athénée and consider ourselves fortunate in having secured rooms in our old quarters, under the protection of Monsieur Pollonais. We cannot say however that we are entirely at home, as we feel the want of our former pleasant associates, Mr. and Mrs. D—— and their agreeable friends the K——'s. Mr. and Mrs. Little, of Philadelphia, whose acquaintance we made when here before, have returned home; (you will remember that Dr. Peterson, who is a brother of Mrs. L——, married the only daughter of Judge Bouvier,) we were greatly pleased with her, she is a very sprightly and intelligent lady, remarkable for her cheerful and happy disposition.

I must hurry so as to be able to mail my letter this morning, only time to say "good-bye," with much love to all our friends.

J. A.



Mailed at London,
September 27, 1867.

Since our arrival in Paris, on Monday, September 16th, we have been as busy as two bees, (as J—— has already informed you in his journal mailed on that day,) and neither of us have had a moment's time to write a line about our daily employments; and now that I have a half hour at my disposal, I find it very difficult to recall events, they have been so crowded one upon another.

An incident of our journey to Paris from Neuchâtel I desire to mention, not because it was pleasant, but in acknowledgment of the kindness of an unknown gentleman (a physician probably) who relieved me from intense pain, by kindly administering a dose of liquid medicine, I know not what; but under the circumstances I would have swallowed arsenic or any other poison. At the early hour (six o'clock) when we left Neuchâtel the sun was intensely hot, two hours later the weather changed, and the air became quite cool in the cars, this produced a check of perspiration and acute suffering succeeded. I felt as if I should faint in an instant more when this remedy relieved me, thanks to his sympathetic kindness that I shall ever remember gratefully.

On Tuesday morning I had a long and troublesome search for Madame E——, as Mrs. D—— gave me the wrong address by mistake. She was waiting my pleasure and had nearly completed all that I gave her to do; what *it may be* you shall see at some future time. The next want to supply was a bonnet, and

three hours' unremitting search could not secure it, they were either too high in price, or too flaunting in ribbons and lace. Another hour's stroll along the Boulevards looking in at the shop windows brought us out at five o'clock to the Passage Jouffroy, and the Café de Paris, where we enjoyed a delicious dinner; and when we were about half through, what was our surprise to hear some one call, "Judge, and Mrs. Allison;" and who should it be but Mary and Mr. B——; Mary is quite well and tells me she is very happy. I said that we were lamenting the absence of Mr. and Mrs. D—— from our table, but there was another person we were sorry not to find at his accustomed place, our *little garçon*, who was always so prompt and attentive in supplying our wants. He learned to know just what part of the *poulet* Madame most preferred, and Monsieur was sure to get a delicate slice of *saumon* on all occasions. Poor little fellow, we watched at the open door, hoping to see his face; but were disappointed, and the only response we could get in reply to our inquiry was that "*he was away.*" This will be a grief to "*poor old Dock*" when he gets back to Paris, and he will feel as we do that the Café de Paris has lost one of its principal attractions. And *our* "SUZAN" is gone too, who will supply fragrant blossoms for the *counsellor's* button hole?

Wednesday. Sitting at an early hour beside an open window enjoying our breakfast, we counted no less than five carriages that drove up to the hotel door, whose occupants asking for admittance were refused. The house is crowded to repletion, and we are away up on "'le quatrième étage," as we could not get possession of our old room, it was occupied when we returned. Another half day's search for a bonnet was rewarded

by the purchase of an article that is not entitled to such an appellation, for it is only a patch of velvet the size of my hand, with a rose bud on one side, another at the chin, and a frill of lace behind: and yet the "Marchandé de modes" thought it very *full*. A cluster of strawberries with a mètre of lace and ribbon to confine them under the chin, or a bunch of spring daisies, is considered *here* quite enough to ornament the frizzled arrangement of the hair. That may be so when it graces a pretty face, but the homely ones need something more to soften and conceal their unattractiveness. We hunted up a tolerably good dinner, down near the "Bon Marché," Rue de Bac, where most of our shopping has been done.

Thursday, September 19. This day was spent very much as the two preceding ones were; all the hours of the morning and part of the evening were passed pleasantly in overlooking the shop windows. There is no sameness, no repetition, and the diversity is *marvellous* and *endless;* something new meets you at every turn. Your brain aches with excitement and exhaustion; yet you cannot feel content to pass *one* window by—it *may* contain some novelty that you have not seen, or may never see again. Every grocer's, fruiterer's, dry goods' and confectioner's window is an illustration of exquisite taste, beauty, neatness and artistic display. The splendor and brilliancy of the precious stones, the inconceivable variety and unusual forms in which they are set to show them off to the greatest possible advantage, is something you could not credit without having seen. Diamonds are as plenty as peas in May. The commonest occupations are made less repulsive in France than in any other country; however humble the department of business, its insignia are so ordered as to

show and satisfy the national instinct for the beautiful, even the butcher's stalls are ornamented with fragrant flowers, and the summer fruits exposed for sale along the streets are so arranged as to present the most luscious display, garnished as they are with fresh flowers and delicate fern leaves; they offer too tempting a decoy to be passed aside willingly; by this felicitous stroke of artifice and alluring taste we have more than once been enticed out of our small change. The gas in Paris I have thought is double refined, and is used in double quantities; the night is more brilliant than the day; for the light penetrates every nook and cranny with its dazzling glare. The voitures and cabs after dusk *must* carry lanterns; and as their number is legion, this makes four continuous lines of moving light in the centre of each Boulevard, two lines passing each way. Add to these again the reflected light from a hundred street lamps at the corners, at the stands for the sale of bon-bons and papers, the festoons, the arches, the wreaths, and stars of light that ornament and emblazon the fronts of public buildings and places of amusement; and then if possible take in the *gorgeous*, *dazzling brilliancy* of the whole, and you can form some idea perhaps what Paris is by gas light.

Friday morning, *September 20.* The morning hours of this day were passed at Versailles, twelve miles outside of the city, which we reached by rail, the cars passing out every half hour. The first part of the ride was uninteresting until we crossed the Seine, where the river, distant views of the city and the wooded hills and vineyards were picturesque; the vines are all tied to sticks, and are not permitted to grow more than two or three feet high. We passed the park of St.

Cloud, but not near enough to get a glimpse of the palace, and through Sèvres, where the delicate porcelain ware is manufactured. The town of Versailles is a dull old place, with only a few fine buildings, dating back to the time of Louis XIV., when the city was in its full splendor, and some avenues of noble forest trees. But what shall I say, or rather what *can* I tell you about the palace that would give you any correct idea of either its extent or grandeur! I can only say that we were three hours *in* the building, walking all the time through gallery after gallery, filled with paintings, that if placed in line would stretch out to a distance of twelve miles. All the battle scenes, "from *Clovis* to the war of Algeria," are here portrayed upon canvass; the historical events of every reign; battles upon land and on the sea; all the victories of the Republic; all the campaigns of Napoléon; the revolution of 1830; indeed, every great event of French history. We observed large numbers of soldiers viewing with exultant pride the history of their glory, and triumphs: thus has the love of war been cultivated among the French people until it has now become the leading passion of their lives. There were suits of apartments, one beyond another, that seemed numberless; vestibules and galleries for statuary and bronzes, ball-rooms, assembly-rooms, council chambers, theatre and chapel, and many, many besides. I know you will be more interested in recalling the fact that this palace was usually the home of Marie Antoinette, until the fearful scenes of October, 1789, when the king and his household were removed by force to Paris; after this the furniture was thrown out of the windows, and burnt or stolen, and the building partly deserted. Napoléon I. scarcely did more than keep it in repair, and it remained unoccupied until Louis Philippe had the courage to undertake the

formidable task of repairing and restoring the palace to its former grandeur, and making it what it is now, a museum for works of art, illustrative of the history of France. He spent over $900,000 upon it, and what the present Emperor may have added to that sum, to glorify and perpetuate his own name, we have no means of knowing.

The grounds and gardens enclosed and connected with this palace must contain hundreds and hundreds of acres, all laid out in the most artistic style; but for me to attempt to describe anything minutely would be useless and unsatisfactory, as we saw only a very small part of the whole, and even that in a hurried way. Days and weeks would be requisite to study and understand all the beautiful works of art that are scattered, in such lavish profusion, along the avenues and walks. The eye is perfectly bewildered by the countless groups of statuary, vases, figures in bronze and marble, fountains and flowers of every hue and variety, arranged with consummate skill and discriminating taste in regard to contrasted coloring, no conflicting shades being placed beside each other. The effect, standing at a distance, is very beautiful; like bands or circles of variegated ribbon, the colors blending and harmonizing so charmingly one with the other. The garden front of the palace is more than a quarter of a mile long, and has "one hundred and thirty-five windows on each floor; the façade is decorated with Ionic pilasters, and multitudes of allegorical statues of the months, the seasons, and of the arts." A broad flight of steps leads down to the gardens commanding a lovely view over them and the grounds beyond, and directly opposite the centre of the palace, extends a wide piece of grass, close shorn and beautifully green, and beyond this again, as far as the eye can look, there is a wide canal nearly a

mile long, with two others branching off at right angles, the whole in the form of a cross. On either side of the long grass-plat are groves planted with trees, and laid out with perfect symmetry, the paths and avenues being in straight lines, skilfully contrived so as to afford vistas and points of view. In the groves are innumerable statues, fountains, vases and *rock-work;* and one could wander about for hours and days along the shady walks, and still find new objects to interest and admire. In every piece of water there are fountains, and every statue and urn is adapted to the display of water-works. They play on fixed days only, the smaller fountains every second Sunday in the month during the summer; but the grand fountains, including the "Basin of Neptune," which is the grandest of all, only once or twice a year; and then it is a great fête day, and merry crowds hasten to pass all the day within the gardens, or in wandering about the palace. The cost of this display is enormous. I think I heard it stated at thirty or forty thousand francs; not less than that I am quite sure. In a grove called "Apollo's Baths," there was a group of statuary that charmed both J—— and myself, more than any other that we had the opportunity of examining. Under an artificial rock hollowed out to form a grotto, representing the entrance of the palace of the goddess of the sea, Apollo, after having conducted the coursers of the sun all day, comes in the evening to rest from his toils. Three groups adorn the grotto; the first placed between the others, consists of seven figures, representing Apollo surrounded and attended by six Thetis nymphs; two of whom are preparing to wash and wipe his feet, while a third pours odors on his hands. The grace and transparency of the draperies with which the nymphs are clad is something marvellous to behold. The nymphs

placed behind Apollo adjust his hair; two are holding vases containing perfumes, while the third pours the perfumed liquid on his head. The garments are as graceful as those of their sisters. The groups placed on each side represent the coursers of the sun led to drink by Tritons.

On our return to the city and the L'athénée, we passed through the "Place de la Concorde," once called "Place de la Revolution," where the lovely Marie Antionette perished by the guillotine; where Louis XVI., Madame Elizabeth and many of the nobles of France met the cruel fate of the hapless queen. The memory of these brutal scenes, and unpitying days dimmed the lustre and magnificence of the view, yet I am sure there are not many that can compare or contrast favorably with it. On every side grand monuments met the eye: the Palace of the Tuileries, to the east, rising above the beautiful gardens; on the west the Elysian Fields, and beyond them, a mile away, the colossal outlines of the Triumphal Arch towering above all surrounding objects. On the north, terminating the Rue Royale, stands the exquisite church of La Madeleine, while across the Seine the Legislative Palace is visible. In the centre of the Place de la Concorde is placed the obelisk of Luxor, presented to the French government by Mohammed Ali, Pasha of Egypt. It is of red granite, and "weighs 500,000 pounds, is 72 feet high, 7 feet 6 inches wide at the base, and 5 feet 4 inches at the top. It took three years to transport it from Thebes, where it stood before the Temple, and where it was erected fifteen hundred and fifty years before the birth of our Saviour, by the great Sesostris." Every side is covered with hieroglyphics. At intervals around the square are eight immense statues representing the principal cities of France. On either side of the obelisk,

stand two fountains, dedicated to the sea and river navigation, and they are of vast circumference: "the basins fifty feet in diameter." Colossal figures surround the base, tritons and nereids, who hold large dolphins, from which gush streams of water, rising to a considerable elevation and then falling in feathery spray into the basins below.

M. C. A.



Monday, September 23.

The clock on the mantel has just struck five. I am up early to add something to M——'s journal letter, writing at the table in our room, Hôtel De L'athénée; still in Paris, where we linger, regreting the hour is so near at hand, that will oblige us to take our departure from this most attractive city, leaving unseen so many objects of interest and of beauty. As M—— has told you, this has been a busy week, in getting ready for our journey, first to England and then home. The detention at Dijon lost us two days, which were precious ones to us, and instead of reaching Paris on the evening of Saturday the 14th, we did not get here until the evening of Monday the 16th, this, with the rest needed on Tuesday, shortened our time for sight seeing. We ought to be in Liverpool by Saturday week, as the ship sails on the following Tuesday, one day over at Liverpool is little enough to see our baggage placed on the vessel, and the necessary preparations made for the voyage home.

At noon to-day we expect to start for London *via* Boulogne. We came here by way of Calais, and I am induced to change our route for several reasons. First, we shall see a new part of France, new to us at least. Second, the expense is only about one-half, thirty-five against seventy-four francs, simply because so much of the distance is made by water. The third reason is, the hour of departure is at noon, and very convenient—much more comfortable than five in the morning.

And now to our journal. I take up the thread of narrative I believe on Thursday. The entire morning

until one o'clock was occupied by both M—— and myself in arranging and preparing for packing. I bought a large French trunk in which I stowed away many of our purchases, but we had to leave our work in part unfinished; we then called a cab and drove to several places to pay unsettled bills. On our route we found ourselves in the neighborhood of the Morgue, which M—— had not seen; here we tarried for a short time, to enable her to look in upon this most popular resort, of the gay citizen of Paris; so popular that it is seldom without its occupants. Visitors are admitted at all hours to the gallery which extends the entire length of the building, and faces the row of inclined tables on which the bodies are placed for recognition. We saw but a single tenant of this house of the dead; he appeared to be about thirty years of age and in the darkness of the previous night had sought oblivion in the waters of the Seine; such is the philosophy and irreligion of these gay and *apparently* happy people. Paris, as "Miss Marie" at the desk in the coffee-room, said to me, when returning one morning to her task, sick and scarce able to perform her duty, "Paris is a pleasant city for the rich, but terrible for the poor;" adding the usual French shrug and gesture, which implied, "Oh I am poor, miserably poor, and I am sad, very sad indeed." From the Morgue we went to the Luxembourg, and walked through the gardens of the palace, these gardens, though small compared with Versailles, are very beautifully laid out, and are adorned with statuary and flowers: some of these works of art are of a high order of merit; one group especially at the head of the principal fountain was, I thought, equal to any we saw at Versailles. Among many others are the statues of Marie de Medicis and Petrarch's Laura. On one side is the botanical garden

of the school of medicine, and on the other the nursery garden. This we found occupied by a large number of elderly people, invalids and children, who seek this delightful spot for play, and to inhale the perfume of the flowers and foliage, always fresh from the spray of the fountains, which were placed here originally for the enjoyment of the pampered few, but are now thrown open for the benefit of the people. The city and its environs abound in pleasure grounds; where a most ample provision is made for the comfort and health of the poor, and when the weather is pleasant these gardens are crowded with children; groups of poor women also resort here to sew and enjoy their chit-chat; and thus the social instincts and habits of the uneducated classes are cultivated and improved. No city that we have visited, and perhaps no city in the world, can compare with Paris in the provision it has made in this respect for the comfort and health of the mass of the population. For beauty, cleanliness, good order and good government, Paris stands alone. I have not heard an angry word, and have seen but one intoxicated man, during all my stay in this city. The government may be arbitrary, but it accomplishes its purpose, it governs, and in such a way that you scarce see anything of its machinery except in the quiet and well-dressed police officer, that you notice everywhere. After M—— and I had seen the garden, we entered the museum; it contains mostly the pictures of living artists, these pictures remain here for ten years, or until the death of the artist, when they are removed to the Louvre. There are many very fine paintings in this collection, but more I think than will ever find their way into the Louvre. The galleries were founded originally by Marie de Medicis, who indeed built the place, and resided in it for many

years. The senate of France now sit here, and have met in this building since 1852. After passing through the museum, we found that by accident we luckily happened upon the day that the palace is opened to the public; we made our way round to the main entrance, through the inner court; and, ascending a long flight of stone steps, we found ourselves at the door which ushered us into an ante-room where a number of persons were in waiting. The plan was to allow about twenty-five or thirty visitors to gather and then a conductor taking them in charge, passed them through the building, explaining everything, and giving time everywhere for full observation. This prevented confusion from overcrowding, and to those who could understand what he said, was a very satisfactory arrangement. We could see, if not understand all that was said; and thus we made the entire circuit of all the rooms that are open to the public. The reception rooms of the Emperor, the ante-room of the senate, the senate chamber, and chapel, were in turn shown to us; as also the room of the throne, which is the largest and finest of them all; which contains the massive gilt throne of the first Napoléon placed in the centre of the apartment, showing that it was not kept as a mere plaything, for it bears the marks of frequent use. This room is richly covered with ornamental mouldings; and the paintings upon its walls represent scenes in the life of Napoléon I. The ceiling represents universal suffrage; and in the central part of it there is a large urn containing the seven millions five hundred thousand votes given for the present Emperor, when he submitted his claim for the imperial throne to the people of France. There is a gallery which contains rows of marble busts of great men of the empire; also, the rooms (three in number)

of Marie de Medicis, not large, but the walls are covered with fine paintings, some of which are said to be by Rubens. The furniture in one of the rooms is the same which was used by the Queen, containing a table, with a heavy velvet cover, candelebras cups, pitchers, etc., and this suit of apartments opens directly out upon the gardens, and are consequently on the lower floor of the palace. At our departure the Cicerone placed himself in the doorway, and extended his hand, expecting every one to deposit something in it. I noticed that copper was more abundant than silver, so I made him happy when I placed a franc upon the black pile. He said, "Merci, Monsieur je vous re merci." I said "Amerique." He shook his head emphatically and replied, "Ah, ah," as if that made it quite plain to him, and with a graceful salutation he passed us out of the building. We then went over to the Palais Royal, now occupied in part as the residence of the Prince Napoléon—and in part with restaurants. The lower stories are given up entirely to shops, which are very brilliant, and by gas-light make a glittering show with their display of sham and real jewelry. The café Jouffroy was far away, which compelled us to dine in one of the restaurants of the Palace, for which we paid four francs; but it was a sad contrast to the café Jouffroy dinners; it was served up carelessly, half warm, and very indifferently cooked. I am really afraid that this café has somewhat spoiled us; we have become captious, and compare all our meals now with the much better ones in the Passage Jouffroy. As we partook of our meal, we sat at an open window and looked out upon a very gay scene; the court yard below contained several thousand persons, attracted by the music of an excellent band, which plays twice a week, in this and the other gardens of the city, from

five to six o'clock. It is astonishing how fond these people are of music; the crowd scarcely diminished for the hour; and as it occupied just about that time to dispose of our meal, we heard the sweet strains all the while; we thought the performance on the French horn was truly wonderful. Two hours we strolled along, looking at the shop windows; and I really think if M——'s strength could have endured it she would have kept on until daylight; as it was, she thought I was a little impatient, and I must confess I was very tired. These pretty things of Paris, so beautiful and varid, showing so much ingenuity and skill as well as taste, have an influence over M—— that almost amounts to infatuation.

We reached home about nine o'clock, and all along the boulevards it was a perfect blaze of gas and brilliancy, the city seems to wake to new and varied life as night sets in, and we could not help remarking, there is surely but one Paris. In some of the cities of Europe the close of day brings a cessation of activity; business ends, windows are closed, and everything out of doors looks dark and gloomy; but Paris in her night adornment is more flashing and bright than in her day attire; and every one that is free to control his or her movements, hastens to the boulevards and cafés, to the theatre, or some other scene of amusement or gayety, with which the city is so amply provided, while the utmost propriety marks the conduct of all. Outwardly it is the best behaved of all places, but those who know say, that inwardly it is hollow and rotten to the core. On our return we saw the first open exhibition of authority we have witnessed since we have been here. A policeman had in charge, and was taking, I suppose, to a lock-up, a singular little man, who did not appear to be more than four feet

high, having a deformed back and high shoulders. He kept swinging his arms violently out from his body, which was stout, and seemed to be almost as broad across the shoulders as he was tall. He had a very coarse voice, and evidently was of a savage spirit, for he talked loud and defiantly at the tall uniformed officer, as he walked beside him in the middle of the street. He would, we thought, have made an admirable subject for a sketch by Dickens; just such a figure as he alone could delineate upon paper, as distinctly as if it were cut in marble. It was in this way that he found originals for many of his remarkable personages in low life; and I have no doubt if Dickens had met the group he would have followed them and seen the end of the trouble; and perhaps would have given to it the immortality with which his genius only could have invested it.

J. A.



Tuesday evening, nine o'clock, September 24. A special inducement has detained us in this charming city another day; not at all to my regret, and I think J—— was quite as willing to tarry a little longer too. A dinner at the "Grand" commemorates our entrance into Paris; another given to T. Buchanan Read—by Mr. James Claghorn, is the pleasant ending of a long series of memorable enjoyments that will be associated in our minds with this *incomparable* and symmetrical city. I now fully understand and appreciate the advice which was given by some of our friends, (George Conarroe among the number,) when they said "do not go to Paris first, it spoils every other city by contrast," and this is true, for in visiting other places the mind naturally reverts to Paris as the ornate model, and all others seem less attractive. If one contemplated living wholly for this world and its lower interests and enjoyments, Paris would be the city to select as a home; offering attractions for every taste, facilities for every pursuit, congenial society for every order of intellect and style of character.

J——'s narrative of passing events closes with yesterday, Monday morning. Our first determination was, if possible, to get a sight of the interior of the palace of the Tuileries,—"the name is derived from the fact that all the tiles (tuiles) used in Paris was formerly manufactured on its site,"—which during the absence of the royal family is open to the public at fixed times. We entered the court at the hour named, and found a crowd already gathered and waiting in line, four

abreast, for admittance. No one was allowed to take an advanced position, but must fall in where they entered, so we were quite in the rear, and lost a half hour making such slow progress up to the door of the grand vestibule. One or two adventurous persons, anxious to make time, pushed forward, but the argus eyes of the garde caught them in the act, and they were summarily put back, whence they started. The interior of the palace disappointed us, the gildings looked tarnished, the frescoes dull, the furniture old, and the tapestries dingy; and a cloud of dust raised by the shuffling feet of the multitude, as they passed from room to room, made everything look soiled and dirty. In one of the salons, "Salle des Maréchaux," the civil marriage of the Emperor and Empress was celebrated; this is used as a ball room on State occasions; the walls (white and gold) are covered with life-size portraits of the marshals of France under Napoléon I., the names of his great battles, and with the busts of celebrated generals, commanders by land and sea. Adjoining this room is the "Salle du Trone," the Emperor's formal reception room. The hangings are of dark red velvet embroidered with gold; "the carpet of Gobelin's manufacture, cost $100,000." A platform elevated about three feet above the floor, supports a throne, over which draped in crimson velvet, studded with gold bees, there is a canopy surmounted by the imperial eagle and crown, and below are two massive chairs, bright and dazzling in gilded ornamentation, the arrogant initial, N., standing out in bold relief on a crimson back ground. The *plebeian* crowd were kept at a respectful distance by a rail at the foot of the *exalted eminence*. At the end of this suit of rooms there is another long gallery, which, on state occasions, is used as a dining hall; and beyond that

again, are those of all others we would most have preferred to see, the private apartments of the Imperial family. After Louis Philippe's expulsion from the throne, it was proposed to make this palace an asylum for invalid workmen, but this idea was abandoned; and it became a hospital for the wounded in the insurrection of the same year. Since Napoléon III. came into power and possession, he has restored it to its original uses, and externally he has carried out his uncle's idea of connecting the palace of the Louvre with the Tuileries, at a cost of five millions of dollars. You can form some idea of the extent of the two palaces, with their connecting wings, when informed that the whole covers over *sixty acres* of ground.

The gardens attached to the palace of the Tuileries are artistically laid out in wide avenues, terraces, grass plots and parterres with *ivy borders*. The principal avenue is skirted with groves of splendid chestnut, elm, palm and lime trees; and immediately in front of the palace is the private garden, which is only accessible when the royal family may be absent from the city. It is charmingly adorned with shrubs and lovely parterres of flowers, and ornamented on every side with beautiful groups of statuary in bronze and in marble, many of them are copies of the world-renowned creations of the old sculptors. As we were passing through, a half dozen gardeners were trimming the flowers. I extended my hand containing a half franc, at the same time stooping to pick up a sprig of ivy, I asked for a flower. One of the men looked surprised at my proposal, but without hesitation cut and politely handed me a spray of heliotrope. Another souvenir for Minnie's collection. Outside the entrance gate, we hired a coupé and drove up through the Champs Elysées to see a panoramic view of the battle of Solfe-

rino; it is a grand representation, gotten up under the Emperor's patronage, and for his own glorification evidently; as he is the most prominent figure in the painting. The building in which it is exhibited is circular; and must cover a very large space. We paid two francs each at the door, entered and passing along a dimly lighted passage way, or hall, we ascended the stairs which led up to a circular platform from which we looked out upon what appeared to be a great extent of country, a succession of towns, rivers, hills, and valleys. In the foreground the battle was raging, men and animals were as large as life; nothing was wanting but moving and vital animation to make the illusion perfect; between the painting and the spectators a mound of earth was raised, over which was scattered dismounted cannon, broken carriage wheels, old uniforms, cannon balls, etc., to make the whole scene more real and vivid. A French soldier, perhaps one who had taken part in the conflict, described in loud and heroic tones the various movements and evolutions, but of course we could not understand much that he said.

The closing hours of twilight we passed in the Bois de Boulogne, having a delightful drive, but not seeing more than a half dozen fashionable equipages. The beau-monde, must be at the sea-side I suppose, but the principal avenues were crowded with a plainer class of people in holiday garb, who were out to see sights as we were; and *we* at least, were not disappointed, for in passing beyond the main avenue to reach a more secluded part of the grounds, we came suddenly upon a bridal party, all dressed in festal array, illusion, lace, pearls and flowers. How pretty they all looked standing in a group together at the foot of the "Cascade Longchamps," a waterfall that we had gone to see, when this pretty tableau diverted our attention.

The ceremony seemed just concluded, and the bride was accepting the congratulations of her friends: and among the number we felt almost inclined to include ourselves, in acknowledgment of the kindness they had conferred in getting up such a pleasant incident for our gratification, and to make the last visit to this lovely park memorable as a wedding day.

Tuesday evening, nine o'clock. J—— is off to the "Grand," and I was left at home *with instructions* to go to bed *immediately*, and immediately *after* an *interval* I will go, just as soon as I can settle my mind, and brain down to a quiescent state. The day's enjoyments and attendant excitements have set them both in such an irrepressible flutter; for what reason I will tell you, and as far as possible let you have a share in my pleasure. You know that before I set my foot upon French soil my heart was fixed in the determination to see Malmaison, if possible. When our first visit was brought to a close, and the desire was unaccomplished, I left Paris feeling more regret on that account, than for having missed any other sight. Then, no admittance could be gained: now restrictions are removed, and to-day, we have seen the home of the Empress Josephine. At 11 A. M., we found ourselves seated in one of three compartments of a first-class car on our way to Rueil;—a very old town ten miles distant from the city. A half hour accomplished the journey, and from that point we were conveyed over what is called here the "American tram-way," up to within five minutes' walk of the "Château." The buildings cannot be seen at a distance, the ground being quite level upon which they are located, until you enter a long avenue a quarter of a mile long; which is delightfully shaded on either side by

immensely large trees, whose interlacing branches form an arch overhead. At the entrance gate sentinels were posted, and inside the enclosure a half dozen, at different points, were stationed. The palace did not at first impress us favorably, standing out glaringly in the noontide sun, with no pretensions to grace of outline, and no shade to conceal its unattractiveness. The court yard enclosed perhaps a half acre, covered with coarse gravel difficult to walk over; a flag stone walk on either side bordered by shrubbery and vines; and two lines of orange trees ranged parallel with the house. The principal entrance door was narrow and quite low. The hall, would be called in a modern built mansion a large vestibule; and the three communicating rooms on each side, would be spoken of as pleasant, cosey, sitting-rooms, old fashioned in their arrangements, but not at all elegant either in finish or embellishment. The ceilings are very low, the windows small, the wood work light and plain in finish, and the door knobs and window fastenings old fashioned in the extreme. The little brass rings attached to the closet doors reminding me of some of the country houses in New Jersey. The furniture contained in the different apartments is the same, with the exception of the coverings, that were in use during the years that Josephine occupied the "Château," and has been gathered up with loving care by the Empress Eugènie, from the different members of the family, from the Louvre, from private collections, from all sources, to beautify Malmaison during the Exposition year, and to awaken pleasant memories of Napoléon and Josephine.

In the drawing-room, near an open window, stood the harp, an ancient instrument, upon which Josephine used to play, a piece of music on the stand before it. Alas, how silent now are the fingers that once swept





MALMAISON.

over the strings! The furniture coverings and draperies were flamingly gay, bright orange color, with trimmings of black velvet and gold; the lambrequins above the curtains had the initials J. B. embroidered in the centre; and her writing desk was the fac simile of our upright piano. The most beautiful table that I ever saw was in this drawing-room, and it was circular in form, containing in a depressed surface the miniature likeness of the first Emperor, and his marshals. The paintings were on ivory, superbly beautiful in execution and faultless in coloring; the skin having the apparent softness of human flesh, and Napoléon's imperial robes of velvet, with an ermine lining, really seemed to stand out beyond his person.

Then in the adjoining salon, the largest apartment, exquisitely furnished with paintings in the panels of fresco, and mantels set with jewels, we saw Josephine's embroidering frame, with the canvas still stretched upon it; the design half finished, and intended for a chair cover; a spray of rose-buds just completed, and the needle threaded and placed in the canvas at the space where the last stitch that was taken on it by Josephine is marked, just as she left it when her last sickness came suddenly on. Beside the frame an open basket stand, containing balls of embroidering silk, her small gold thimble and scissors, charmingly ornamented with a setting of pearls around each finger circle!

How I coveted their possession!

Beyond the parlor is the dining-hall, paved with black and white marble diamonds; next to this is the council-room, where the Emperor always received his generals, and from which you pass into the library, which has an outlook upon the gardens, and from one window of which a rustic bridge leads out to pleasant shaded walks. The book-cases are all in mahogany

and green linings, low and not ornamentally finished; there was an immense array of maps and charts, and a globe of the two hemispheres, swung in its frame, Napoléon's chair and his writing table, (upon which it is said that he planned his principal campaigns,) stood in the centre of the room; the old drab-colored velvet cloth, faded and all splattered over with ink.

Up stairs nearly all the rooms overlooked the gardens in the rear of the dwelling, which was much the prettiest view. The ceilings were even lower than those of the first story; the passage ways narrow, the longest one running the width of the house, and paved with brick tiles, a rough footway for satin slippers to pass over; we saw two pair, dainty little things, the last ever worn by the Empress.

Josephine's bed-chamber was draped in crimson damask and gold, on the walls and ceiling, but about the bed there was a drapery of white satin, spangled with gold; *the very bed* on which she died after a few days' illness. It was the serene and cloudless evening of a tranquil summer's day, the 29th of May, 1814, when her gentle spirit sank into its final sleep. How devoted and true her human attachment; how tender and affecting her dying prayer; clasping the miniature of the Emperor fervently to her bosom, she exclaimed, "O God! watch over Napoléon, while he remains in the desert of this world; alas! though he hath committed great faults, hath he not expiated them by great sufferings? Just God, thou hast looked into his heart, and has seen by how ardent a desire for useful and durable improvements he was animated! Deign to approve my last petition. And may this image of my husband bear me witness that my latest wish, and my latest prayer were for him and for my children."

Upon an easel, near the bed was a small painting, commemorating and depicting the scene of Napoléon's last visit to the château. It pictured him kneeling beside the couch, his face buried in his hands, while Hortense stood behind him in tears. Did he remember then, in that hour of bitter desolation, the words spoken at their final separation; did he repent his folly in putting away from his heart the best and truest friend he ever had? "Josephine! I have been as fortunate as was ever man upon the face of the earth, but in this hour, when a storm is gathering over my head, I have not any one in this wide world but you upon whom I can repose."

In the room that was zealously guarded by three soldiers, on a raised platform stood the cot-bed on which Napoléon died at St. Helena; the coverlet which was last arranged about his body after death, and the large white flannel wrapper which he used to wear. On another platform was mounted his old camp-chair, the old bureau which served him through all his campaigns, then, in glass cases all around the room, hundreds of little souvenirs, autograph letters of himself and Josephine, the personal arms of the Emperor, his swords and pistols, his epaulets, the watch of "Josephine Beauharnais," pictures of the "little King of Rome, four months old," miniature likenesses of Hortense and Eugene Beauharnais, etc.

Out in the grounds among the flowers, there now stands a little bronze monument with this inscription: "The last step of the Emperor." It was placed on the spot where his foot touched last as he sprang into the carriage which bore him to the sea shore. Saint Helena came next. Nothing that I have seen in France has interested or touched me as much as Malmaison.

M. C. A.

Wednesday, September 25.

I *begin* to write the *end* of Tuesday's journal, which M—— has brought down to the time of our departure from Malmaison. When we found ourselves in the court yard, M—— said, "I must have some memento of this place," but how to get it was the difficulty; for the armed sentinel keeps watch here, as indeed he does everywhere in France, so that no opportunity presented itself to appropriate the least twig or leaf from the grounds. M—— went up to the soldier who was passing to and fro, and extending her hand containing a piece of silver coin, said, "souvenir for Amerique," but he did not appear to understand what she wanted, was very obtuse, or very polite, perhaps not wishing to refuse; she took hold of a sprig of ivy that covered the wall, and made a motion as if intending to break it, but he shook his head negatively, in a way not to be mistaken. Just at this moment a large man in regimentals came into the yard, and to him she renewed her request, but he could not speak English, and asked if we spoke German. I made him understand that we were from Pennsylvania, where many people spoke his native tongue, and that we wanted a souvenir of Malmaison to take back with us. He broke off from a lemon tree that grew in a box near to where we were standing two leaves, and gave them to M——. He several times said something about the *kirch*, which is the German word for church, and pointed to the spire of the chapel of the village, which was not far off, but as we could not understand his meaning, we did not visit the kirch, and you can imagine our regret,

when on our return home we found that Josephine was buried in the church at Rueil, and Hortense in the crypt beneath it. As we had seen the place where the Empress spent so many happy and unhappy hours of her life, her home when she married the young general then unknown to fame, and to which she retired when he had torn the crown from her brow, and degraded her from her lofty position, we felt much regret that when we were so near to it, we had not looked upon the tomb, in which is deposited the dust of the most lovely woman who ever bore rule in France. M—— had an impression that she was buried in St. Denis, in the church which encloses the remains of so many of the former kings and emperors of this country. Our visit to Malmaison, which is the French for Evil House, was intensely interesting, especially to M——; the apartments and mementoes of Josephine saddened, yet gratified her beyond expression; while for me, the cabinet or library of Napoléon was the great attraction; for here were conceived the wondrous schemes which overthrew empires, and made and displaced the mighty of the earth. The apartment was decorated in Pompeian style by the Empress, who prepared it as a surprise for her husband, on his return from his victorious campaign in Egypt. A curious clock in this room attracts attention; it marks the hours and seasons, and the changes of the moon; upon its face is the Latin inscription NESCIT REVERTI: *It does not know how to go backwards;* nor did the Man of Destiny, when the "hundred days" were ended, and he, a fugitive from Waterloo, fled to Malmaison to spend there his last night in France. How these unheeded words of warning and of prophecy must have glared upon him in the lonely hours of that sad night, as the cheerful tick of the little time piece called his attention to the fatal sentence, *nescit reverti;*

could he then have recalled that deed which proved to be the great mistake of his life, and gone back to the days of his early love, when Josephine as wife and Empress shed such lustre upon his throne, and gave to him his purest joy, how gladly would he have done so; it was too late—*he could not go back.*

"Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of truth with falsehood, for the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God for trial, offering each the bloom or blight,
And the choice goes by forever, 'twixt the darkness and the light."

We had dinner, for a novelty, in our hotel, and I had time for rest before going to the Grand Hôtel at eight o'clock. When I reached there, not many persons were present, only one or two Philadelphians whom I knew; Mr. Claghorn himself was so changed in appearance that at first I did not recognize him; but soon Mr. N. B. Brown came in, for whom I had been looking, having learned by letter from Mr. O'Brien, that he and Mrs. B. had sailed for Europe; he was soon followed by Major Brinton, Mr. Thomas Mellor, Mr. Baily, Mr. Lee and Howard Roberts from Philadelphia, and then I felt more at home; but most of those who were present were strangers to me; Chancellor Zabriskie of New Jersey, with whom Grandpa is acquainted, Dr. Eldridge the Pastor of the American Chapel, and Dr. Lambison an Episcopal rector were among the guests of the evening.

Altogether, over one hundred persons sat down to dinner. As M—— has mentioned, the entertainment was in honor of T. Buchanan Reed, and the evening was, to a great extent, given up to him for recitations of his poems, but speeches were also made by several who were present, and Mr. Claghorn very much to my surprise called me first to the floor; to the compliment thus paid me by our generous host I did not fail to respond. The table was elegantly laid out and

was loaded with the variety and profusion of good things which Paris can produce. Flowers also added to its beauty, and before I left, I appropriated some for M——'s collection; about half-past twelve the gathering broke up, and a very delightful evening it was to all the guests. Mr. Claghorn has been very liberal to his countrymen; a year ago on the Fourth of July, he gave a magnificent dinner at Leghorn, and last Fourth of July at St. Petersburg; this, I suppose, he intends as a closing demonstration, as he expects to return home in November, having been away about two years. He has travelled through the East and made a tour of the Nile.

J. A.

Wednesday, September 25. We were up at peep of day, although it was long after midnight when we sought our pillows; sleep and rest must be postponed until a more convenient season, our *last day* in Paris cannot be passed inactively. I confess it makes me feel sad to say *good-bye* to so much loveliness and beauty, with the probabilities all against my ever seeing again these radiant streets. The whole city has a bright and festive aspect. The principal building-stone is limestone, of a very light cream-color, which, though durable, is said to be so soft when taken from the quarry, that it may be carved almost as easily as wood. There is, therefore, a great deal of graceful carving in the front of nearly every building, pilasters, mouldings, heads, busts, and figures in bass-relief.

The first duty of the morning was to redeem J——'s pledge to call at the Grand Hôtel Louvre, to see Mr. and Mrs. Brown. Both seemed glad to greet familiar home faces in a strange country, and pleased to have sympathy in sickness, for they are both invalids. Mr. B—— looks very feeble, and I doubt his restoration to health again; although he himself is sanguine, and hopeful that the rest, change of scene, and skilful medical treatment will effect a cure.

Returning to the L'áthénée after this visit, we completed our final arrangements for departure; packing, feeing the chambermaid and boots, and the ordering of our dinner at half-past twelve. All this disposed of, we strolled out a square or two to take our last survey of the gay Boulevard des Italiens, which is the great centre of vitality and animation in Paris, like

Broadway to New York, the favorite street where all the glittering pageants pass, and the highway for elegant equipages, *en route* for the Bois de Boulogne, where the stylish *élégantés* in their showy and voluminous toilettes, delight to show off their coquettish charms. It is of great width, and the side walks are nearly the breadth of an ordinary street. Double rows of trees are planted along the asphaltic pavement, and magnificent houses, hotels, and dazzlingly decorated shops, and gorgeously embellished cafés are built on either side.

Then the "Elysian Fields" looked so inviting in the distance, we could not resist the temptation to walk under the trees, to see *once more* the fountains throwing up their sparkling waters, the fresh and beautiful flowers, and the merry-go-round, where *bonnes* and children were seated on wooden horses; they were whirling round and round at a rapid rate, apparently as much delighted as though mounted upon vital steeds. The general enjoyment was so contagious that we found ourselves laughing as heartily as the crowd, at the actors of the merry feat.

I do not remember to have mentioned among a great many other delightful "specialités" of this captivating city, the flower-markets. The one in the open space in front of the church of the Madeleine, always attracted our attention by the great variety and beauty of the flowers; large quantities growing in vases and jars, and numberless bouquets, which the vendors, all women, were arranging with rare taste, as they were seated amid their fragrant and luxuriant wealth.

Our leave taking had quite a home character about it. Old Monsieur, and Madame Pollonais, Madamoiselle Marie, Frederick, (our intelligent, pale faced little garçon) and two other waiters who occasionally served

us, stood in a group waiting to shake hands and say good-bye, and at the same time to wish us a pleasant and safe journey, and to express the hope that we would visit them again next year. Old Monsieur said, if, not so soon, in the interval he "would be happy to serve Monsieur Allison by executing any commissions that he would intrust to his care." Frederick, made the Alpenstocks the excuse to see us last at the carriage door, saying as he shook hands for the third time, "Madame, I shall often think of you, good-bye." This manifestation of feeling was very pleasant, more acceptable than you would suppose; but remember how far from home we are, and that it reminded us of another parting.

At the depôt our baggage was weighed, paid for and ticketed for London via Boulogne, as they have no system for checking baggage in Europe. At the hour of two P. M., we passed out of the city, and through the suburbs of Paris, casting (*like Lot's wife*) longing, lingering looks behind. Only one incident that is worth remembering and recording, that gave us exquisite pleasure, was in having with us in our compartment of the car, a little boy, who was the very counterpart of *our dear little Perrin*. J—— and I both exclaimed the moment we saw him, how much that child looks like Perrin. Did you ever see two more alike? The form of the face, the color of the eyes, the hair, the complexion and expression all are very much the same and the slender figure too. His parents were French people, the mother not pretty, but interesting, the father could *speak* a little and comprehend more English. And when we told him the interest we had in his child, he seemed very much gratified, and the little fellow opened his big black eyes wonderingly, when informed that we were talking about him. At

parting I kissed him on *both cheeks* and wished it was the real Perrin, and not his likeness. J——, as usual, won the heart of his mother by fondling the *baby*, but I felt more interest in watching the boy, and was happier for having seen him. It was as late as ten in the evening when we reached Boulogne, and here we were to take boat, cross the channel, or rather pass up it, to the Thames river, and then on to London. After sitting for seven hours without much change of position, and having only a satchel and water-proof to carry, our determination was to walk, *only a short distance* as we said it *must be* to the steamer. Hereby hangs a tale, and a lesson to over wise people who will take things for granted; see how we were punished for our presumption. Starting off at a brisk pace, following the crowd, which J—— said *undoubtedly was* going in our direction, we went along nimbly for half a dozen squares, when, lo! and behold! at a sudden turn, at the crossing of a bridge, our guides seemed in an instant to disappear and we were almost alone in a dismal street. Just at this point when we began to feel our situation critical and the probabilities doubtful about sleeping on *that boat*, a lubberly boy walked up beside J—— and offered to carry the satchel, mumbling something that we interpreted to mean, "shall I carry it to the boat, sir." No other object but getting to the steamer had possession of our minds; and here we were *at fault again* in supposing that this was the only idea in the boy's noddle. He was off on a half run before any further explanation could be made or asked and we were in hot pursuit, more afraid now that we should not *catch the boy* than the boat, and find ourselves minus a good many little treasures that we had picked up by the way, and that we had thought too valuable to trust to our trunk. Leaving me, J——

overhauled him just as his nether garments were disappearing round the corner, and marched him into a grocer's shop, called him to an account, fortunately in a place where one of the attendants could speak English. The boy's impressions were, that we desired *lodgings* for the night, and his effort was to get us as quickly as possible under care and shelter. New instructions were given him, and we turned face about to retrace our steps, now seriously anxious for fear we should miss our passage, as more than a half hour had been lost by this adventure. We took our revenge upon the *fat boy*, and this time obliged him to trot at the top of his speed. But *this poor old lady* came panting on behind, I assure you; for it was up one cobble-paved street, then down another, through lanes and by-ways to shorten the distance, unable to see ten rods ahead in the circuitous windings until at last we came out upon the wharf, *three squares* above the vessel. Then it was through mire and mud, around boxes and barrels, between bales and hogsheads, jostling pedestrians in the crooked passage ways, dodging cabs and omnibuses, looking before and behind, darting fearfully under the horses' noses, grateful if we escaped being borne down by their hoofs, our olfactory organs all the while disgusted with vile smells, a mixture of stale fish and tobacco, rum and onions. We shall remember our midnight walk in the streets of Boulogne, the *lumpish boy*, and the *odors* that only Cologne can equal. And after this tramp of three miles (the anxiety and fatigue that might have been saved for *two francs*) we had a half hour to spare before the boat was in readiness to start. It was crowded, uncomfortably full, and we passed below, hoping to secure a berth, but already people were contending about the best places. One lady (?) said, "well, these berths are ours and we intend to have

them." The quiet reply of the steward was, "Madame, we will see first what numbers your tickets call for." J——'s cheek gave him a comfortable resting-place on a sofa. I was *elevated* three tiers high, on a little narrow ledge, tucked away like a bundle of soiled clothing, and to reach it, I had to ask the assistance of the stewardess; in return I thanked her for the attention, and expressed some sympathy at the want of consideration on the part of people calling themselves ladies and gentlemen, which seemed to impress her as a thing so unusual that she said, "Oh! thank you, madame; it is very pleasant to get a kind word, and a little sympathy. I so seldom get it." Just below me lay a florid plethoric English woman; at her side stood a large tumbler of gin and water, that is, it was stationary when she was not sipping it, which was about every five minutes. Every available place was occupied, and when all were stowed away in the berths, cots covered the floor, leaving not an inch to spare for passage ways, and the poor exhausted stewardess sat on a chair at the door to keep watch and be ready to serve if called.

J—— and I are writing at the same time, and the hour is *midnight*, making up this patch-work letter, when we both feel *so weary* that we should much rather be in bed, if it were not to keep you advised of all our movements. Apologies are not necessary, you will readily understand that it is *quite impossible to write connectedly* under such circumstances. My eyes are about closed with drowsiness, and I have not vitality enough to hunt ideas or words to express them. God bless you all and have you in His holy keeping.

M. C. A.

Friday, September 27. I begin again to write a small portion of this, our patch-work letter. We are now, Friday morning, in our room, Charing Cross Hotel, London, feeling much pressed for time to write and see all that we can, in the short interval that now remains to us before we go on shipboard. Yesterday we were landed somewhere on the Thames river, about one o'clock, instead of seven as we had expected. The morning proved to be very foggy, and several times after we entered the river we had to stop and wait for the mist to do us the favor of clearing, as it was not safe, in this crowded highway, for boats to make progress. Several times I went on deck to obtain a view of the banks of the stream, which could scarcely be seen, and as often retreated to the protection of the cabin against the chill air of the morning, where breakfast was served in a very unsatisfactory manner, yet it was better than nothing, as dinner seemed to be a good way off. After a time the fog lifted a little, and I then remained on deck for several hours; a gentleman who was born in London, and who seemed familiar with it, kindly pointed out the outline of prominent buildings and localities as we moved slowly up the stream; but I can only say that I have seen something of the Tower, of Billingsgate, of Kensington, the entrance to the Tunnel, and a world of houses that looked dim and gloomy enough as they loomed out of the thick covering with which this London fog enveloped them. When the sun was most powerful, the atmosphere had something of the appearance of our Indian Summer

haze, though not so transparent. One o'clock brought us to the wharf, and our luggage, which had been passed by a custom house official, for it was not really examined, was carried across four or five boats before it reached the wharf. The officer boarded us at Graves End, for the purpose of looking after the smugglers, and each one in turn had to present his baggage, and when I had my three trunks brought up on deck I said to him, "I am on my return home to the United States, and have nothing to declare for duty in England;" and then proposed to show him my passage receipt; he said, "No, you are all right, sir; please unlock this one," pointing to the largest trunk, which I did, and without even touching an article in it, he placed his ticket upon it. When an opportunity offered, I said to him that it was pleasant to fall into the hands of a gentleman; that one in his position could give a great deal of trouble, if so disposed. He replied, that he had been in America, and liked our people and country, and in conversation afterwards, I found that he was one of the few Englishmen whose sympathies were with us in our war with the South. The course of the English government was something he could not explain, but personally he rejoiced at the success of the North, and the suppression of the rebellion. Our entrance into London was well calculated to make both M—— and myself feel a little depressed, for everything was dark and dingy looking about us. The city having all the dirty appearance of Philadelphia along Water street, only much worse; and when we emerged into the Strand, down which we drove for a considerable distance, everything contrasted so unfavorably with Paris, that we were conscious of a feeling of disappointment. We drove immediately to Charing Cross where we are now, and were obliged to take a room, small and inconve-

nient, on the third story, but we will not remain here unless better accommodated, which was promised, but not as yet performed. As soon as possible, I started in search of the office of the Legation of the United States. With Mr. Moran I was personally acquainted, and had directed Hottinguer to send everything to him that should reach Paris after the morning of the 22d. I made inquiry at the office of the hotel for his direction, but could get no satisfaction. They did not know, and no one seemed disposed to assist me in finding out. I went to one and then to another, receiving a surly reply from each in turn. The directory only gave me his residence, some four or five miles distant. I then inquired among the cab men, but they could give me no better information, but finally one suggested my making inquiry at a book store which he said was several squares distant; I selected the best looking "hansom," and the smartest looking driver, and said to him as Grant said to Sheridan in the Valley of the Shenandoah, "go ahead." I had not mistaken my man; for he drove off at furious speed, and soon brought me to the book store, where, after examining a directory, I was given the address, 18 Belgrave Square, and then I made a second start after news from home. The driver saw that I was in a hurry, and putting whip to his horse, he compelled him to a canter; and we were soon beyond the crowd, but he kept urging his horse, until finally down he fell. I threw open the door of the "hansom" and sprang out; but the driver very coolly kept his seat, which was at the back of the carriage, and said: "Don't be alarmed, sir, keep your place," and touching the horse a couple of times with his lash, brought him to his feet again, and then we started faster than ever. I thought it a very *fast* beginning for London. He drew up at 18 Belgrave Square, a very

beautiful section of the city, I rang the bell, and the door was opened by a large man in livery, much to my surprise, for I supposed our republican representatives abroad all lived plainly, from necessity if not from choice. My inquiry for Mr. Moran was answered by a look of surprise, and the accompanying information, "This is the residence of the *Austrian* Minister." It was my turn to look astonished; the gentleman in green broadcloth and gilt buttons was, however, polite, asked me in, and showed me into an ante-room, where another gentleman, for such they both proved themselves to be, whatever their official stations, assisted me to find what he supposed, was the residence of Mr. Adams, to which I directed the "hansom man" to drive me. He was off in an instant and came within an ace of running over an Irish teamster, who looked, and said a great many things difficult to be understood; then he made another man in regimentals angry by compelling him to get out of his way in a hurry, which the English do not seem to like: and finally brought up at 147 Great Portland street, where, as soon as I entered, a gentleman rose up from his table, exclaiming: "Why, Judge Allison, how do you do," and so I had found Mr. Moran. From him I got the missing letter of August 23d, another from Minnie up to September 9th, and one from Grandpa up to the 10th of September, so, you see, I was amply repaid by my search through London for news. Both M—— and I were delighted to hear that all were well, and we again thank the source of all good for these great blessings. We hope soon to be HOME again, and now count the days before sailing, as the time is fixed and the arrangements are made for our departure.

Last evening we went to Madame Tussaud's famous collection of wax works, which Mr. Conarroe recom-

mended us to see before we left London. Spent several hours there very much to our satisfaction; they are remarkable productions, and are certainly one of the wonders on exhibition in this city. I was much gratified in noticing that the first figures on either side of the door as we entered were Washington and Franklin. There is a representation of Madame Tussaud in wax, executed by her own hands, which shows her to have been a little woman with sharp features, dressed in plain black cloak and bonnet, with no appearance of genius, but which she must have possessed in an uncommon degree. Madame was a Swiss, a native of Berne, and it was not difficult to discover where her sympathies lay.

J. A.



Sabbath Day, September 29. Half-past 3 P. M., J—— and I intend adopting the same plan that we did in writing our last letter, that is, to take separate days; and as he is the more vigorous of the two, I have put down to his account Friday and Saturday, as days containing most labor, and more details of interest to write about. The evening (Thursday) of our arrival in London was spent in the examination of a large collection of life-sized figures, moulded by Madame Tussaud. A little memorandum, made by Mr. Conarroe in our note-book, reminded us of the promise given to him not to leave the city without seeing it; and although very tired we determined to get a cab and go at once to Baker street. A resolution we did not regret after having spent two hours pleasantly in the company of so many celebrities, world-renowned men and women, some of them *more attractive in this plastic form* than they were in the flesh. On either side of the entrance door (to flatter Americans I suppose, who are her principal patrons,) stood Washington and Franklin; beyond, a group composed of three figures, Mr. Lincoln, General Grant, and Andy Johnson, the likenesses admirable. Opposite stood Jeff. Davis and Mr. Slidell. Another group of progressive men, consisted of John Bright, Richard Cobden, and S. Roberts of Liberia. The Royal Family of England, "our most excellent Queen," the centre from which the figures radiated in a princely line. Her Highness the Duchess of Kent, was in full court dress, green velvet, point lace, feathers and glittering diamonds; behind the Queen's chair were the Duchess of Suther-

land (mistress of the robes) and the late Duchess of Gloucester, together with Prince Albert, Arthur, and the Prince of Hesse, the Princess Louisa, Helena, Beatrice, and the Princess Alexandria. Beside these, were Lord John Russell, Disraeli, Sir Charles Napier, the Dukes of Cambridge and Devonshire, Lord Macauley, and a great number of other notables who would be entitled to such prominence. The costumes of the ladies were *recherche* and what would be suitable at the Queen's receptions, very grand and magnificent of course, and resplendent with precious stones; but so redundant and elaborate in style and finish that I could not attempt to describe anything minutely. In the centre of another circle stood the Emperor Napoleon, (his figure appearing diminutive,) contrasted with Nicholas of Russia; the Emperor of Austria, the Kings of Sardinia, Greece, and Holland, and the Queen of Spain with the Empress of France, who is the most beautiful woman, among a large number of ladies, including even Marie Antoinette. The cast was taken in 1856, before the delicacy of her features and profile had been marred by too great fulness.

In a shrine, especially appropriated for the purpose—lay England's idol, the Duke of Wellington, the figure so perfect and the resemblance to the original so exact in feature—that it was difficult to divest one's self of the idea that you were not in reality looking upon the living form of the Duke, resting under a splendid canopy of black velvet and gold cloth. The body was wrapped about with the mantle of the Order of the Garter, and surrounded by emblems of his dignity.

On Friday morning we employed a bright and intelligent West Indian, the driver of a hansom, to show us the external attractions of the city. We passed up the Strand to Ludgate Hill, and around St. Paul's Church

yard to Cheapside, in search of the office of Baring & Brothers, where a check was given upon our letter of credit; but it must be cashed at the Bank of England, fortunately not far away, only a few blocks to pass, along a densely crowded thoroughfare to Cornhill street, where the money was paid promptly, and we returned to St. Paul's Church. It stands on an elevated position at the end of Ludgate Hill, but so shut in and surrounded by other buildings and narrow streets, that it is impossible to judge correctly of either its immensity or architectural beauty. "The ground plan is that of a cross, five hundred and fourteen feet long, and two hundred and eighty-seven feet wide; and the height of the whole structure from the pavement to the top of the cross is three hundred and seventy-six feet." You may from these figures form some idea of the size and extent of the building, that cost nearly four millions of dollars. One architect and one master mason spent thirty-five years of labor upon it; and the remains of the architect, Sir Christopher Wren, are deposited in the vaults of the cathedral, as well as those of Wellington and Nelson, who lie side by side. Among a great number of monuments, interesting from the illustrious men they are designed to commemorate, is a statue of John Howard, the philanthropist, the first erected in St. Paul's, and at a cost of thirteen thousand guineas; a kneeling figure of Bishop Heber, the "Soldier of the Cross," whose victories, though bloodless, were worthy of immortality; a statue of Nelson, who was an idol with the English people; almost everywhere have we seen statues to his memory; "yet the only woman he ever loved, and whom with his last breath of life he bequeathed to his country, entreating protection for her, was left to suffer and to die in the greatest

poverty." Religious services are held in this church every day three times, seats being provided for three thousand persons. Visitors are admitted without charge to the building; but a fee is exacted for the ascent to the dome, which we did not attempt for two reasons; first, because it was attended with some risk and danger; and in the second place it was too fatiguing an effort to mount up six hundred and sixteen steps to the clock-room, where the great bell is hung; which is never used except for the striking of the hour announcing the birth of a royal baby, or for tolling at the deaths and funerals of any of the royal family—or of the Bishop of London, the Dean of St. Paul's; and should he die in his mayoralty, the Lord Mayor of London. The last public procession to St. Paul's was on the occasion of the funeral of the Duke of Wellington.

Opposite the cathedral we found a neat little restaurant, where we enjoyed a comfortable lunch—a chop, bread and butter, tea and raspberry tarts, which we shared with our obliging driver, who seemed greatly surprised when I handed him his portion to eat upon the box. All the streets about St. Paul's appeared familiar, at least from reading and association, and the names you will readily recall; Paternoster row, Amen corner, and Ave-Maria lane, the head-quarters for all literary men.

Out through old Bond street, Piccadilly, Pall Mall, it is thus named from a game played in England during the reign of Charles I. From Cheapside and Oxford streets, we passed into Hyde Park, (not as beautiful, J—— says, as the Central Park of New York,) but kept in such perfect condition, the grass close shorn, and as smooth and clean as a tapestry carpet. The herding of large flocks of sheep and cattle, added very much to the

picturesqueness of the distant views; having such an extent of surface—four hundred acres—they turn it to some practical account. The portion called Rotten row, from the French "Route du Roi," is devoted exclusively to equestrians, no wheel carriages except the Queen's being allowed. A pretty lake called the Serpentine, where bathing is allowed in summer at certain hours in the morning, has on the north, along its bank, a celebrated drive called the "Ladies' Mile," and at its head a beautiful flower garden, containing statuary and fountains. A large stone bridge connects Hyde Park with Kensington gardens (no carriages are allowed to enter) and the palace in which the Queen was born. St. James' Park is immediately opposite Buckingham Palace, which is a very plain building externally, whatever the interior arrangements may be. Workmen are now employed in repairing the outside, in anticipation of the Queen's return to the city for the winter, if it may be possible to induce her to put aside her self-indulgent grief, and regard the wishes of her people.

At the corner of Piccadilly and Hyde Park we saw the residence of the late Duke of Wellington, which is not at all imposing in appearance externally. The centre portion of the mansion, is only three stories high, with wings on either side, and the most important room within, is the "great west-room," with its seven windows overlooking Hyde Park, in which the celebrated Waterloo banquets were held, "at which the Great Duke presided from the year 1816 until 1852, on the 18th day of June." On the north side of St. James' Park stands the palace of that name, where the Queen usually holds her "drawing-rooms." It is a long, low, rambling, dingy brick building, with no outward embellishments, although it is said to have

internal comforts and accommodations superior to most other palaces. Immediately opposite, enclosed by a high brick wall, stands the home of the Prince of Wales, and if *half* the stories that are told about him are true, he must be a miserable reprobate. Near Charing Cross is Trafalgar Square, in the centre of which is an immensely large fountain, with smaller ones at the four corners; and outside of these again are statues of Sir Charles Napier, Sir Henry Havelock, and George IV. The other unoccupied corner is waiting for some one to drop out of *life* and the *peerage* to be immortalized in bronze. Immediately between two of the statues rises up an immensely high column in memory of Nelson, surmounted by a statue of the hero. The public buildings fronting upon this Square are very fine;—the National Picture Gallery, and Northumberland House, the residence of the Duke of Northumberland, with its carved lion standing out boldly above the roof-line, against the sky.

Weary and exhausted with the long ride, we turned our steps to Charing Cross—seated ourselves in the elevator and were carried up four stories to number 112, when to our surprise we saw at a glance that our *pert little Miss* had kept her promise to give us more comfortable quarters, on the second floor at number 68, and from the deferential tones of the attendants we came to the conclusion that they had by some means been informed that we were *respectable*, and that it would be well to treat us civilly;—a thing the *French* would do under all circumstances, until you were proved to be the reverse. They are always courteous, and the very tones of their voices in replying to your questions, are sweet and gracious.

J—— has just read me an outline of what he has written, and I discover that he has omitted to tell you



GREAT BRITON.



CAN'T BE DISTURBED AT THE NUMBER OF HIS BOOTH.

about our visit to the "*Queen's Mews*" on Saturday afternoon. We had cards of admission, through Mr. Moran, and presenting them at the lodge of the entrance gate, opening into a quadrangle, with buildings two stories high on three sides; we were received by a corpulent lackey, dressed in scarlet short clothes with knee buckles. He placed us in charge of a groom in black broadcloth, white necktie, jack boots, yellow tops, and a high hat, with an immense cockade on the side, that he carried about with the self-complacent air of an Englishman. The stables occupied the larger portion of two sides of the square, with a spacious riding-school for the use of the royal family. A room especially adapted for keeping state harness and trappings, stables for the royal horses, and houses for equipages and carriages of all descriptions and sizes, including the state chariot, which is more like a circus van than anything that I can compare it to. The body of the carriage is a mass of scroll-work—gilding and enamelled painting—resting upon the bodies of four grotesque figures, hideous to look at. Why it should be retained in this age of improvement is a mystery, after having done service for three hundred years, it might well be put aside to give place to something more creditable to the nineteenth century. It requires eight horses to move this unwieldy affair on state occasions, when Parliament is opened, or prorogued, or dissolved by her Majesty in person, and the order observed is this: "The Queen leaves Buckingham Palace at 2 P. M., being conducted to her carriage by the Lord Chamberlain, and her crown carried to the House of Lords by one of the Lord Chamberlain's chief officers. The State procession includes a carriage drawn by a set of bays, conveying three gentlemen Ushers in waiting; a carriage drawn by a set of bays, conveying the Groom in waiting, and

the Pages of Honor in waiting; a carriage drawn by a set of bays, conveying the Equerry in waiting, and the Groom of the Robes; a carriage drawn by a set of bays, conveying the Clerk Marshal, the Field Officer in waiting, and the Comptroller of the Household; a carriage drawn by a set of bays, conveying the Captain of the Yeomen of the Guards, the Lord in waiting, and the Treasurer of the Household; a carriage drawn by a set of black horses, conveying the Lady in waiting, and the Lord Steward. Here the carriage procession is broken by the Queen's Marshalmen, the Queen's Footmen in State, and a party of the Yeoman Guard. Then follows the State Coach drawn by eight cream-colored horses, conveying the Queen, the Mistress of the Robes, and the Master of the Horse." Then coach on coach behind a long drawn out train in glittering array, to witness the grand display. The eight cream-colored horses we saw, they were of a very peculiar shade, and their eyes were as pink as Albinos. Altogether we saw perhaps a hundred, some of them splendid looking animals, plump and glossy, each one in his own stall, with his name engraved upon a brass plate over-head. Many of the names were very odd, Indian and Oriental, but the larger number bore the names of distinguished men; some American, more English. No ladies' parlor could be kept with more exact neatness than were these stables, not a particle of filth is allowed to remain upon the floor. A man passes up and down continually, gathering up anything that might offend the eye. I thought it would be *well* if her royal majesty would look after her Irish subjects with the wary solicitude that is accorded and bestowed upon these soulless brutes. If that were the condition of procedure, we should hear less about the necessity of a Fenian invasion.

M. C. A.

Saturday night, September 28. We are at the close of another day in London, and although very tired, are in good health and spirits. We are compelled to hard work for the very few days in which we must see the sights of this modern Babylon; and such other portions of England as we can run over before we sail for home. This morning, with all the haste we could make, it was ten o'clock before we were started, for our fatigue caused us to sleep late. We called an "Andsome" and started first to execute a commission that Mr. Dulles gave me to attend to for him before I left home; which was to find the Rev. Joseph Mullins, Secretary of the London Missionary Society, and deliver to him a copy of a book written by his wife, called "Life in India," and republished by Mr. D—— in America, with a change of title and contents in part. The book was accompanied by a note, introducing me to Mr. M——, which contained a great deal that could only be accounted for by the fact that Mr. D—— is of French extraction, and always very polite, for this is a weakness of the French people. Grandpa can bear witness to this or rather his friends can for him, that the descendants of the sturdy Huguenots are no exception to the rule. Mr. Dulles did not know where Mr. Mullins lived, or where the office of the society was located; and the directory affording me no light on the subject, I started off to make inquiry, though to be candid about it, sincerely hoping that if we found his office or habitation, we would not find Mr. Mullins, for we had but little time for ceremony and polite attention now. After my experience in finding Mr. Moran, I had no fear of failure, and so we

started for Exeter Hall, which is the centre of much of the religious interests of London; we thought we would probably find the office there, or learn where it was. Exeter Hall is on the Strand, the street on which our hotel fronts, not more than half a mile from Charing Cross, and we had seen it the night before when taking a view of London by gas light. M—— and I both wished to see the hall itself, in which the religious population of London, and indeed of all England hold their great convocations. On passing back through a long entry we made inquiry of the first man we saw for Mr. Mullins, and received the answer "Not here, sir, but in Finsbury, at the Mission House, Bloomfield street;" which was several miles from where we were; but as I had a desire in good faith to do for Mr. D—— all he wished, I determined to drive to the place. Before going we asked to see the hall, and our informant who turned out to be the janitor in charge, passed us and the keys of the hall over to an attendant, with directions to show us through the building. We ascended several flights of steps, and were ushered on the platform, which is considerably elevated, and arranged with rows of seats ascending one above another, which will accommodate eight hundred persons, when occasion requires, as during the Oratorio season. What would "uncle William" say if he could only hear an Oratorio in which eight hundred persons took part? I suppose he would go off, or up, at the *amount* of *music*. I once went to hear an oratorio at our Academy, in which three hundred persons managed to create so much discordant sound that at the first opportunity I picked up my hat and ran out of the building, and have never ventured upon an oratorio since. The Hall is a very plain one, and like everything else we have seen in London, was

very dirty. It is nearly square; and our attendant said it was so admirably adapted to the purpose for which it was intended, that you could hear almost as distinctly in the farthest end of the room as near the platform. The chief interest that both M—— and I took in this place, was its association with the performances of Dr. Cox, many years ago, at the first meeting (I think it was) of the Evangelical Alliance. The doctor was at that time in the prime of life; he not only astonished but electrified the grand assembly which had gathered together to form a common bond of union and brotherhood among Christians; his performances at that meeting made him known to many who previously had supposed that America was inhabited only by Indians, Negroes and a few English with their descendants. Mr. Barnes told me that the speeches which he heard the doctor make at that time were the most eloquent to which he had ever listened.

It was in this assembly that our representatives made such an impression on Monad, one of the great men of France, who rose and said he thanked God that He had sent to them such intellectual and theological giants to instruct and benefit them. As we thus stood in the great room in old Exeter, M—— and I both imagined that we could see Dr. Cox as he must have appeared at that time, with his noble, majestic figure; his expansive forehead, and flowing hair, pouring out his eloquent and soul stirring thoughts: we felt proud of our friend, and were happy in our contemplation of, and our past association with him, regarding the Doctor as we do, with love and veneration, as one of the great and good men of his day and generation. How sad it is to think that the light of his brilliant intellect should become obscured, and the rich and varied stores of knowledge pass away to be lost in the

tomb, which soon must be his resting place! Most appropriate to him would be the inscription I saw on a monument in the grand old Cathedral of St. Paul's, "Until the day breaks and the shadows flee away." A hurried drive after we left Exeter Hall soon brought us to Finsbury, and to the office where Mr. Mullins ought to have been, for it was then after eleven o'clock, but where, to my relief, I received the answer that he had not yet arrived. I left my book with a mulatto man, of a very genteel appearance, and said the note would explain itself, and that I would not have time to call again, I hurried away for fear he would come in, and I would thus lose an hour. Then we drove at once to execute a commission I had undertaken for Mr. K——, he in turn doing me a service in another way, which you will hear of by and by. This being done, we drove to Westminster Abbey and the Parliament House, which are very near to each other; and, discharging our "'Andsome man," we began, with the Abbey, to make an examination of that which is here most attractive to strangers. I cannot, for want of time, or ability to describe, attempt a pen and ink sketch of what we saw; as a month of reading and careful examination would be needed to write correctly of this building and its contents. He must be a familiar student of English history, who, without refreshing his memory with the records of the past, can tread these floors, pass through its aisles and chapels, see at every turn the names of historic men and women, busts, monuments, sculptured images of those well known to fame, and many whose fame consisted in having their names engraven here; and not feel lost in the mass of past events that all these recall. At every step you tread upon monumental slabs that cover the dust of kings and nobles;

the quaint old Abbots for three hundred years dwelt within these walls, whose cloisters were their homes, and whose vaults became their final resting place. One record I saw cut in stone, that dated back to 1082, the year in which the entombed died and was buried. No other building in the world can compare with Westminster Abbey as a depository of the remains of those who, in earlier days, were of the mighty of the earth. There are rows of tombs, stone and metal coffins and urns, where the former kings and queens of England sleep, beside their nobles, some of them almost as powerful as their sovereigns.

As we passed through the building, our conductor would pause and point to a name engraved upon the stone floor over which we walked; royal names—now so little regarded that every day the idle throng pass over them and heed them not. Here are the tombs and representations in metal or in stone, of many of whose history I knew something; and of many more of whom I could not recall anything. "The Poet's Corner," was to me most interesting; crowding each other are the names or busts of Dryden, Shakspeare, Campbell, Thompson, Southey, Goldsmith, Handel, McCauly, Addison and Thackery; who with many others familiar to us all, are found in this nave, or corner of the Abbey. Addison is represented as he appeared when alive, and immediately behind him, is a bust of Thackery, so close that they almost touch one another. With this I was deeply impressed, and I will tell you why, when Thackery, some twelve or fourteen years ago, was in America, he was brought into the Court of Quarter Sessions, which I was then holding; I invited him to a seat on the bench, which he accepted, and remained for some time, interested in the trial that was then progressing. He

was a tall, stout man, very much of the size and appearance of Jacob Broom; and when he came in he puffed, from the exertion of walking, like an overcharged bellows, upon which the pressure is too suddenly brought to bear; it took him sometime to calm down and breathe quietly. That evening I was at a party given by George M. Wharton, to which Thackery was invited and which he attended late in the evening, the early part having been devoted to a lecture on Addison. George Emlen, whom "Uncle William" will remember, heard the lecture; and when he came to Mr. Wharton's, he said to me, "I was all this evening reminded of you." Thackery's mention of Joseph Addison, presented no other image to my mind than that of Joseph Allison, for the names sounded so much alike, that I could not disconnect you from the subject of the lecture; not long after George Emlen, noble man that he was, died; Joseph Addison had long before gone home, and last of the three, Thackery, one night went quietly to his rest. By the favor of God, of those who were alive but a little while since, I alone am left. I could not but feel impressed with this association of the living and the dead; gathered together yesterday in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey. It would be folly for me to attempt to write you the details concerning this venerable structure. It is not the magnificence of the building that impresses one, when standing beneath its lofty and beautiful arches, but it is the fact that this is England's most highly valued burial urn, not only of those I have named, but of hundreds that I have not. Here are the statues of such men as Burk, Pitt, Fox, Mansfield, Palmerston, and many who with them were born to immortality; great, not because of their birth and station, but because of their intellectual superiority,

and for the good which they accomplished in their day. After having been shown through a series of inner chapels by a man in a black gown, at six pence a head, and told in a few hurried words the history of each prominent object, we passed into Westminster Hall, more ancient and venerable than the Abbey itself, and as closely associated with the past of England's life and history as any other spot within the realm. This hall is now connected with the new Parliament House; when we saw it, it was entirely empty, the solitude of a vacation rested upon it. From the Hall you pass directly into the Courts of Common Pleas, Exchequer, and Queen's Bench; all of which were closed, so that I did not even get a look at these court rooms, which I have been told are small, and in no way attractive.

The Parliament House is separated from the Abbey by the width of the intervening street, and faces directly on the Thames. The building is new, the old one having been destroyed by fire not many years since; its exterior is very imposing, perhaps the most beautiful which we have seen, but the interior, while it is convenient and well arranged, has not much of grandeur about it. The tower at one end of it is elaborately ornamented, and is to be carried up three times as high as it is now. We were fortunate in making our visit on Saturday, as on this day the halls of the Lords and of the Commons are open to the public, at other times, the permit of the Chamberlain is required to obtain access to them. We were shown through the robing-room of the Queen, and were afterwards conducted to the retiring-room which communicates with the House of Lords, here is a throne, which has a seat on its right for the Prince of Wales, and one on the left for Prince Albert, now made vacant by his death. Here

also is the Woolsack of the Lord Chancellor, which resembles in form a square ottoman with a padded support for the back in the centre. In neither of these halls are there desks and chairs like those which are used in the United States, and which we saw in France, Belgium, and Holland; the members sit on benches covered with leather, which, in appearance, are not unlike sofas; in the House of Lords the color is scarlet, in the Commons it is green. We did not spend much time in the examination of the Parliament House, having purchases to make before starting for home, the rest of the day was devoted to the stores of London. Our search was fruitless; we wandered through Oxford and Regent streets and extended our stroll as far up as St. Paul's Church, but the contrast with the gay capital of France is so marked that we felt disappointed, and repeatedly expressed our regret that we had not completed this portion of our allotted task before crossing the Channel. I am afraid Paris has spoiled us for everything, except for our friends and our native land; to these we always turn with joy and gladness, and the thought of home is always our most cherished companion; it lightens fatigue; it dispels despondency; it gives light to the eye and vigor to the step, especially when our faces are turned toward it, and the back is to the strange world which has separated us from it. From our room in the hotel at Charing Cross, I send to each of you a good-night kiss, it will not be long before I will redeem it in person, if life and health are spared to us.

Monday morning, September 30. I am up early again to add a little more to our letter home, though but little have I to write. Sunday was a quiet day with us; Mr. Moran had procured for me a ticket from

one of the members of the Inn's of Temple, which admitted us to morning service, so we made haste and reached the church at the appointed hour, only to be informed that the services had been suspended for several weeks, and would not recommence until the 6th of October. This was a disappointment, but as it could not be avoided, we bore it patiently. The church belongs to the societies of the Inner and Middle Temple; it is very old, the western portion of it more especially, and is of the pointed style of architecture. It was built by the Knights Templars, as the record says, about 1185, and contains a number of recumbent effigies of Knights of the Order. There is a doorway at the one end of it, to which Mr. Moran called my attention as being very rich in ancient ornamental mouldings, but the passage was closed against us, and we could not penetrate into that which was within; so we took omnibus and went to Westminster Abbey. When we reached there, the introductory service was almost over, and the sermon about to commence. Of this I heard but little, only a sentence now and then, it was recited by a clergyman who evidently desired to get through his task in the easiest way possible to himself. We sat the service through, which was more than many did, and then, as we found ourselves in the Poet's Corner, we lingered in that portion of the church, but before long one of the old beadles of the establishment came sweeping down upon us, swinging the long black arms of his robe, as if he was clearing the house of a swarm of flies, crying out, "Clear the church, clear the church!" drove the crowd before him, out at the door, which he closed behind them.

We walked to our Hotel, which was not far off, and turned down a street called Carver to look at a house.

No. 7, which Mr. Moran told me was Dr. Franklin's residence, when he was minister to England. John Quincy Adams at one time lived in this street also. On our way we saw several very destitute children and I was about to give one a small piece of money when another boy came up carrying a baby in his arms and said: "don't give him anything, sir, him and his brother over there, (pointing across the street,) have run away from home, and have been gone three weeks;" crouching in the corner of a basement door-way was a little boy not over six years of age, in rags, which hung in tatters about him, his hair long and shaggy, and his person dirty as it could be. I gave each of them a small coin upon their promising to go home with the elder brother. We walked down to the end of the street, and returning were met by an old gentleman who waited for us in his doorway to say that he had seen me give the boys some money; and he wished to tell me what an injury such acts were to him and his neighbors, who were greatly annoyed by the children who begged in the neighborhood. I asked him why, when suffering such as this looked in at him through his window, knocked at his door and asked for bread, he did not relieve it? I said to him it is very easy for you who live in comfort and have enough and to spare, to speak harshly of these poor unfortunate children, but what have you done to relieve their miserable condition? They are your poor and not those of the stranger, and you neither give them the crumbs that fall from your table, nor are you willing that others shall help them. We had a good deal of *very plain talk*, but all in good nature, the old gentleman seemed rather ashamed of himself before we left. Of all the countries we have been in, Great Britain is the only one in which such poverty and suffering

meets the eye of a sojourner. I did not see in all Paris one ragged child on the street; all are dressed decently, and appear comfortable; and this is true also of Germany and Switzerland. There is something wrong about the organization and workings of society here, but I suppose the remedy will come some time, but when or how, who can tell? It purged France through revolution and blood, and if the wealthy people of this country do not take heed in time, the wolf that now howls at the door will one day devour and destroy. When it reaches the point which it did in France, that the alternative is bread or blood, it becomes a dangerous time for those who have the bread. The remaining portion of the day we staid in our room, dined at table-d'hôte for the first time, and in this way we spent our second Sabbath in England, the first you will remember was passed in Liverpool. I must cease writing—the Monster below me is awake; his roar which is not unlike the voice of a tempest, reminds me that I must hasten and see as much of him as I shall be able to-day, for time presses upon us, and much that we would like to accomplish yet remains to be done.

Thursday morning. This is the third of October; only six days more remain, and we will leave these shores to begin our voyage across the wide waste of waters again. This morning we start for Oxford, having despatched our trunks by express last evening for Liverpool. Our present purpose is to stop at several points of interest before reaching Liverpool, including Kenilworth, Stratford, and Derby; then to Chester, where we probably will spend Sunday. From this you will see that our trip to Scotland has been abandoned. We staid a few days too long in France to enable us to get

there without great effort, and giving up what there is between this and our point of departure for home. It is eleven hours' travel by rail, to Edinburgh and as many hours back again; this would give to us but a day, or at most two days, for that city, the lakes and Abbotsford. I was fearful of this tax on M——'s strength, but she had a great desire to see Edinburgh, I think John Brown, the author of "Spare Hours," is the great attraction for her; while the home of Knox, and the places made memorable by him, inclined me very much in that direction. The old city is full of interest, Daniel represented it to us as a most beautiful and quaint place, but what can't be accomplished for want of time and strength, must be given up; so we shall not see the ancient capital of Scotland and its surroundings. I have only time to write a few hurried lines, as we expect to leave for Oxford immediately after breakfast. Tuesday we had intended to devote to sight seeing, but unfortunately began with shopping, and ended as we commenced it; having accomplished but little, we returned to our hotel worn out with the fatigues of the day, and were rewarded with a night of refreshing sleep, of which we both greatly felt the benefit. Our day's stroll through the city seemed to deepen the not very favorable impression that London had made upon us. The buildings are, many of them, massive, but have a dark and gloomy aspect; all have the appearance of antiquity, which is the result of the moist climate and the burning of the soft coal of England. We were most favorably impressed with the public institutions and the club houses of Regent street, but even these are to a great extent wanting in ornament, and no portion of the city that we saw, can compare with the cheerful aspect and clean exterior of Philadelphia. Yet to Philadelphians there is in some respects a home

feeling in London, which is not experienced anywhere on the continent: there are rows of brick dwellings, after which our city houses were for many years fashioned; and the names of the streets and places of interest, as well as of the people, are those with which in one way or another we have become most familiar. One feels as if he must have known Regent, Oxford, Fleet street, and Cheapside. The Haymarket, with its theatre, Trafalgar Square, Temple Bar, High Holborn; the Tower and London bridge, St. Paul's and its association with Sir Christopher Wren, Westminster Abbey, and the sacred memories with which it is connected; and to a lawyer the Inns of Temple and the Courts; these all, and many others in imagination have been so often roamed over, that one feels as if a pleasant memory was revived, and that he must have been here long years ago. And as you walk these streets, and read the names of the people upon their doors or upon the business signs, you can almost cheat yourself into the belief that you are upon Market street, and this is so very different from Paris that the feeling is one of relief, as the associations of home are in this way always made a pleasant reality. The family in name on both sides is represented, as we saw in our travels through the city. There is a Perrin, who like grandpa, has a taste, if not a talent, for music; he announces to the public that he takes part in oratorios; and another who merchandises upon a extensive scale near St. Paul's church. Joseph Allison is a dealer in silks on Oxford street, but we honored neither of them with our cards or presence, nor with any portion of our cash. Thus far I had written when I was compelled to stop, as the time for leaving London had arrived. In the payment of our bill we were not surprised to find it quite a large one, as all our information led us to

expect a higher rate of charge than on the continent. Our expenses of living have been about sixteen dollars a day, for both of us, including cab hire; this was not more than we had anticipated; indeed, we rather thought we had got off very well. The day before I left home, Mr. Drexel said "your expenses will be fifteen dollars a day for each person." They will not amount to more than half of that sum, which leaves something with which to remember friends at home.

I write now from Oxford, it is three o'clock in the afternoon. We reached here at half-past eleven, lunched, then engaged a cab, and went to see all that we could of the city upon a run—or a drive rather, and have got through with all that we can take time to look at now. We are in a quandary whether we ought not to try and go to Leamington to-night; which we can easily do, and thus get an early start in the morning, but this would compel us to stop our writing, which we prefer not to do, as this must be mailed to-morrow for Saturday's steamer. As I am in Oxford, I will write you in brief of what we have seen of it, and then go back to Wednesday and Thursday in London. Our impression of this place is a very pleasant one. It has a clean and bright appearance, and the hotel at which we are staying, the "Randolph," (recommended by Mr. Conarroe,) is large and of gothic architecture, everything is pointed arch, interior and exterior. We were not asked if we wanted a sitting-room or private parlor, as is commonly the case in England; but were provided a comfortable sleeping-room with two beds in it. I told the driver of the cab to take us around and through the city, and show us the colleges, which in name are so familiar to us from our readings. There are nineteen colleges, and with the public institutions connected with them, make

twenty-four buildings; all of these with the exception of four were established before the Reformation, and were generally endowed by persons whose names they bear. Most of them, except the portions which have been either in part rebuilt or refaced, give evidence of great antiquity, for, having been constructed of soft stone, they have gone and are now going rapidly to decay. The walls are scaling off so much, that I thought it was plaster, until I examined it, and found that time and the weather were actually eating these old structures away, slice by slice. Baliol College was so much dilapidated that it has been pulled down, and is now being rebuilt. The buildings are constructed in the form of a hollow square, which is entered through an archway, and a door that resembles the doors of our penitentiaries, more than anything else that occurs to me to compare them to. Some of the plats of ground that are thus surrounded by the college walls are without anything green or growing, to relieve the gloomy aspect of these time-defaced structures, but many of them have shrubbery, and some flowers along the borders and about the old doorways, that show the taste of those who have their management in charge. The first college we came to, our cabman attempted to drive us through the grounds, but was stopped by a morose specimen of humanity, who ordered him "to take his old thing," as he called the cab, "out in a hurry," but in making his turn, the cabman managed to get far enough within the quadrangle to give us a full view of the interior of the grounds and buildings. An old gentleman, who saw the uncivil manner in which the custodian expelled us, came after us, and lifting his hat, very politely, said, "we could go in and see all that was there; but it was against the rules to drive in." We thanked him kindly, but did not alight:

then we visited the University; went through such portion of the Bodleian Library, as is now open to visitors, much of it is closed for repair, as it is now vacation. This library is immense, contains over two hundred and forty thousand volumes, with a great number of fine portraits and busts of eminent men of England, and many beautiful models of the most remarkable Grecian and Roman buildings.

One portrait in the Library, by Vandyke, is valued at four thousand guineas, and another by Sir Joshua Reynolds at a like sum. At the University we were shown the old chapel where Charles the First and Charles the Second held for a time their Parliaments, and where the students of the colleges now contend before the faculty of the University for their degrees. Next to this is the room in which the parliament of the University assembles to make the general laws, to which all the other institutions are required to conform. From this we went into a small room adjoining, where the Vice-Chancellor holds his court, which is one of the recognized courts of the realm, and where alone those connected with the University can be tried for certain grades of crime, or sued for debt. We were escorted by an old man, who wished to earn a shilling, through the interior of one of the colleges, so that we could get an insight into the hidden portion of one of these old rookeries of learning. We were shown the chapel, the dining-hall, and the rooms of a fellow of the college, which are three in number, and very comfortable, quite enough so for hard study, to which these gentlemen are supposed to devote their time; but our informant said some studied and some did not. All these colleges have endowments which pay to the fellows a certain sum a year, and they are boarded at a very cheap rate, as a good dinner is served for one shilling and six

pence—about fifty cents of our money. The hall of the college in which the meals are served is very comfortable. It is long, with high ceilings, and the walls adorned with the portraits of prominent persons who had been connected with the institution, either as professors or students. A portrait of Blake, Cromwell's great Admiral, was pointed out as one very much prized; he was a student in this college. I asked the janitor if some of their fellows did not continue there all their lives? He said, yes, some did, but they all left if anything better offered, and one who had been there a great many years had a living presented to him a short time before, which would enable him to marry, and they would soon get rid of him. From this, I infer, they desire the occupants to vacate after they have been there for awhile, and make room for those who are in waiting for dead men's shoes. After we were through with this hurried inspection, we stopped at a print store, and bought a dozen views of the town, and of some of the colleges we had seen. On the shelves I saw Longfellow's and Bryant's poems for sale, and said to the man in charge, "I notice you have several American authors on your list." He replied, "Oh, yes, I sell a great many American books." This I was glad to hear, in the heart of England, and at this seat of learning, famous the world over. Our cabman also drove us to Folly Bridge, which spans the Isis, just outside of the town, where the boats of the Oxford students were moored, the accounts of which we read about so often in their yearly contest with the Cambridge boys. In front of our hotel is erected, in the middle of the street, a monument to the memory of Cranmer, Ridley, Latimer and one other that I cannot just now recall, who were burned, not for any ill they had done, but for the faith which they professed.

This monument is very much like the one in front of our hotel at Charing Cross, London. I asked the man who showed us through the University, whether they were not, in Oxford, going very fast back towards Rome. He said, indeed, many persons thought so, but he did not trouble himself much about such matters. We noticed, as we drove along, a strange custom which prevails here; an undertaker who wore a high crowned hat, covered entirely with white satin to designate his calling. It was folded in heavy plaits, and was allowed to fall behind two feet down the back. This was in strong contrast with what we saw in Amsterdam, where the person who officiates at funerals is clothed in the deepest black, with an enormous chapeau, like that worn by a military officer, from which hung crape about as long as the white satin streamers we saw to-day. There is another custom prevalent in Holland which I believe was not mentioned in our letters home. At the birth of a child a ribbon is tied at the front door, and the sex of the child is indicated by the color of the band. But I am forgetting my promise to relate our adventures on Tuesday and Wednesday, yet how shall I write you about them, when so much is to be told, and there is so little time for the work? I shall be compelled to omit much that I would like to say, of what we saw on Tuesday at the Crystal Palace, the Tower, and the Templar's Church; and on Wednesday at the British Museum. To begin these details is to start a letter that will run me far into the night; so I will take M——'s advice, and stop just here, but if time and opportunity are found, I will fill up the gap.

Friday morning, quarter past seven o'clock. Randolph Hotel, Oxford. M—— and I are ready for breakfast, which we are to take in the ladies' coffee room; but it

is not ready, though promised to be in good time last night. We are to start for Leamington; and in a little while will be on our way. The morning is clear and bright, but the air is very chill, and would be considered rather cold at home. Breakfast has been called. I must hurry or we shall be pressed to get to the depot in time, so good-bye to all, with much love.

J. A.

Saturday, October 1.

Dear Friends:—We have reached Chester in safety, and here we propose to remain and seek repose by resting at the very comfortable hotel in which we now are over the Sunday. Before writing anything of this city, so full of antiquities, which carry you back to the Middle Ages, and even far into the more distant *past*, I will in very brief terms, refer to some of the detail of our London experience, which for want of time have not yet been mentioned; I therefore go back to Tuesday and Wednesday, the first and second days of October.

On Tuesday morning we started to visit the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, when we reached the railway depot at the eastern terminus of the London bridge, I found I had left behind me, locked in a drawer at the hotel, my purse, which contained my ready money. Fortunately I discovered that I had several notes of the Bank of England, in an envelop, in the side pocket of my coat; supposing that I could readily obtain change for them, I entered a large store and presented my request to a gentleman in charge. To my surprise he seemed to regard me with suspicion; first hesitated, then declined, saying to me, I can't do it, sir, I don't know you, you are a stranger to me; and then added I hope you will not be offended, your note is all right, but we never make change for a note unless we know all about it. I tried at two other places, but with no better success, one merchant answering my application by pretending to make inquiry of a person in the store,

calling out in a loud voice, "I say, Tom, has the cashier come in yet?" to which of course he received a negative reply, and I was then dismissed with a refusal to accommodate me. I had no alternative except to drive to the Bank of England, which was not as far from the depot as Charing Cross; finding ourselves at the door of the Bank before the hour for opening, we drove through the neighborhood and returned as soon as we could obtain admittance, which was nine o'clock. I presented my note, was requested to write my name and address upon it, which I did, and again requested gold for my paper money; the reply was that neither of the cashiers had arrived. I waited five, ten, fifteen, twenty minutes, and no cashier made his appearance; I then asked the young man in attendance if this was their usual way of transacting business in the Bank of England, and whether they claimed the right to dispose of my time to suit the convenience of the subordinates of the Bank? In reply to my repeated demand to have my note redeemed, he gave me the answer, which I had received to my first application, saying, that "he did not know me." I asked him what that had to do with it, that "I did not want him to change me but the note," and then took out my letter of credit from the Hottingures on the Barings, and laid it before him; after carefully scrutinizing it, he remarked that it was too bad to keep me longer in waiting, and gave me the specie for which I had been so unnecessarily detained.

I am thus particular in mentioning this occurrence, as it illustrates the way they have of transacting business here; and the moral of it all is, don't go abroad without your ready money, nor expect to get a Bank of England note changed unless you take a voucher with you. The desire to accommodate a stranger seems to

be the last thought which enters the head of an Englishman upon English soil, however different it may be with them elsewhere; at least such was our experience, and yet it may only be that we were unfortunate in our intercourse with the people, others have reported to us that they fared much better.

After we were through with this unpleasant detention we hurried to the station, and soon were on our way to Sydenham. Half an hour's travel by rail brought us to the entrance of the Palace, when M—— and I commenced a hasty survey of the wonders which we expected to see. The grounds in front of the structure are very beautiful, both in their arrangement and adornment. Statuary and flowers met the eye in every direction, and M—— remarked "this is more like Paris than anything we have yet seen in England." The rosary in particular was very attractive, and was, besides, something entirely new to us. It was laid out in circular forms, the centre portion adorned with brilliant flowers, and the circumference encircled with a succession of open arches over which delicate vines were trained. The palace is an immense construction, and is simply a frame work of iron covered with glass, both at the sides and top, and the great wonder is, how sufficient strength can be given to it, considering its size, to keep it safe against wind and storms. In the central avenue there is a large fountain, and the line of glass arching over it, is carried along to its extreme end each way. The building is in itself worthy of a visit, but it is by no means the wonder some people represent it to be. In the interior there is much to be seen; but a great deal of it consists of collections of ordinary goods, long rows of statuary, much of it plaster, and a picture gallery, which, if estimated by its length, may be considered valuable.

The building is not half filled; and, perhaps, never will be, unless government shall make it exclusively their own property and convert it into a depository of objects of national interest, instead of allowing it to be used for a monster concert saloon, and a bazaar for the sale of boots, and baby toys, and a place of refreshment, or as the French term it "restoration," for much of the space is taken up with restaurants where you can get cold tea, as M—— will testify, with cold accompaniments, at full prices.

We returned to the city, and went immediately to the Tower, which is one of the chief attractions of London; not so much for what it is at the present time, as for what it has been in the past. It is now used for three purposes; a depository of the crown jewels, which are exhibited at sixpence a head, in addition to the cost of admission to the building generally; an arsenal, where an immense number of arms, of various kinds, await only the summons to war, foreign or domestic, to bring them into action; and as a general curiosity shop, where much of England's history is exhibited to the eyes of the present generation, by "sample, card or other specimen." The kings of many generations are represented as they appeared when alive panoplied for war and seated on their lifeless steeds. In long array they stand before you, encased in steel and armed with sword and spear; solemn and silent now are these forms of the mighty dead, but as most of this armor is doubtless genuine, and as they are made to cover a form in appearance like that which once had life, you can almost imagine that these men, about whom we have read so often and so much, are looking down upon you with their sightless eyes. The Tower of London, more than any other building in the realm, is an epitome of

English history. We were shown the room in which Sir Walter Raleigh is said to have been confined for fourteen years, and the little dark cell adjoining, in which he slept, and here our sensitive and sympathizing friend Daniel, who visited this place a few weeks before us, wept over the recollections of Raleigh's sad years of incarceration and suffering. Here too are the blocks and axes of execution, on which much of commentary might be made; but I forbear, partly because I have not time to write it, but more because I do not now remember the names of many of those mentioned by our guide as having come to a speedy end upon these uncomfortable resting places for the neck, beheaded by these axes, now shown as relics of a barbarous age to curious crowds. In the centre of the court yard is the place where Mary Queen of Scots and Anne Boleyn were executed. There is one small room, over which an invalid one-armed soldier keeps guard, it is not more than twelve by fourteen feet, which has held many illustrious prisoners, both men and women, who went from this their place of solitary confinement to their death. Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer saw the last of life in this small apartment. Kings and Queens have written or carved upon the stone walls of this little room, the cruel records which still remain of the shame of England in her bloody days. We had not time to pause long in this interesting place, and so we bought from the sentinel, for sixpence, the story of it all in print. On our way to the hotel we stopped at the Templar's Church, and finding it open made a satisfactory examination of the building; part of it was erected in the eleventh and part in the twelfth century. In the older portion, there are three or four recumbent knights in marble, with their armor on, equipped as they went

forth to battle; among those represented by these silent monuments, are the Earl of Essex, Strong Bow, and his two sons; as these effigies of them are seen now, in the obscure light of this ancient church, you can very well imagine, that these men, who thought to earn salvation by fighting for it, have just returned from their long journey to the Holy Land, and from the battles of the Crusades, and laid them down with armor and helmet on, to rest; and there, "little they'll reek, if they are allowed to sleep in the church where the Templars have laid them." It is a place of great interest, and I feel much gratified that we had been able to see it. The day was a fatiguing one, but as I expected it was to be our last in London, I took a cab, and drove to the Legation, to say good-bye to Mr. Moran, and thank him for his attention to us, and give directions about letters that might come to hand after my departure.

On Wednesday, M—— and I made a visit to the British Museum and saw it in a hurried way. I remember Mr. Barnes remarking to me, that he would like to spend an entire month there, and this I could readily understand, after having passed through it and looked over the extensive collection of books contained in the four immense library rooms, books donated by individuals to the museum. Here too are curious and interesting letters written by great men, great in every sense in which the term is applied; in station and in power; in literature and art; and great for the work they have done as reformers, both in and out of the Church. There are many curious specimens of the earliest attempts at printing, and rare old manuscripts that are worth their weight in gold, which to a student and book-maker must offer irresistible attractions. Instead of staying a month, I rather think years would

not satisfy Mr. Barnes. The apartment for reading and study is circular in form, with a very soft and pleasant light admitted through a dome from above; and is arranged with every convenience for those who wish to make use of the treasures of learning which its shelves contain, when we were there numbers were engaged in their literary investigations, while silence was observed by all. The books are free to every one who desires to make use of them; while attendants wait to furnish any volume that may be needed. Of the vast collection of Egyptian antiquities, we took no more than a passing notice; we had seen on our first visit to Paris, in the Palace of the Louvre, enough to satisfy us for the rest of our lives, and, after a cursory examination, we left and resumed our occupation of shopping again, trying to find something for each of our friends, as tokens of remembrance. Our experience is, that with a very few exceptions, most things are as high at retail prices as they are with us, and as a general rule higher than in Paris, though the London merchants insist that they sell much below Paris prices. Of Thursday, and our visit to Oxford, I have already written home, and there remains yet to be accounted for, Friday and Saturday, the 4th and 5th days of October, and then the record *of our Journal Letters* will be made up. Friday morning at twenty-five minutes after eight we left our very comfortable quarters at the Randolph Hotel in Oxford and started for Stratford, but we were a little unsettled as to whether we would stop at all the points between Oxford and Chester, or abandon some of them, and try and reach Scotland. On our way we passed through Leamington, saw Warwick Castle in the distance, and changed cars at Haddon; here we found ourselves in company, in the same car, with Dr. and Mrs. Woods, from Massachusetts, who had made the tour of Europe,



Shakespeare's House, Stratford on Avon.

SIGHT-SEEING IN ENGLAND.

—"That Heffigy of them two halabaster Habbots in 'elmets hare from a tomb in the Habbe of St. Holive's, founded by 'Enery the fust [illegible] eighty-seven. Their mortal remains was haxumed by horder hof the R'yal Hantiquarian Society seventin heighty-three; their Bodies was d hentwelloped in Jules I"

[Punch

taking in all that we had passed over, and Italy and Germany beside. Mrs. W——, who is a bright and intelligent lady, is much younger than her husband, and has the accent of a genuine New Englander. We soon became acquainted, and while in conversation the Doctor spoke of having resided at the Sandwich Islands; he knew the Rev. Mr. Taylor, who staid with us during the Session of the American Board, some years since; and who you will remember was for some time stationed at Honolulu. He spoke in very high terms of him, which agreed with our own estimate of our friend. He knew Dr. Alexander, who married a Miss McKinney of Harrisburg, and afterwards went as a missionary to the Sandwich Islands. I supposed Dr. W—— to be a clergyman, and was only undeceived later in the day, when I learned that he was a doctor of medicine, that he had gone to Honolulu when a young man, became a sugar planter; and is I surmise wealthy.

We travelled together to Stratford, which we reached a little after ten o'clock in the morning; leaving our baggage in the office at the station, we took an omnibus for the town. At the Shakspeare House, the house in which Shakspeare was born, we alighted; and paying sixpence a head, were shown through the premises by an old lady in charge. It is a two-story frame building, plastered between the studding of the frame. There are three rooms on the lower floor, which are paved with flag stones. In the kitchen there is a large open fire place with recesses in the stone jambs of the chimney with space on each side for a chair; this arrangement is common in the very old dwellings of this country; cosey nooks they were, in which the old people would sit and smoke their pipes, and chat the long days and evenings of old age away. We went up

to the second floor, and in the front room of this story William Shakspeare was born. The walls of this house, even the ceiling of the upper story, which is very low, are almost covered with the names of visitors, and it is now forbidden that any more writing of this kind shall be done. The grounds attached to the house, which are quite extensive, are kept in good order, and planted with flowers and shrubbery. The old lady in charge gave M—— a leaf or two which she pulled for her, no one being allowed to appropriate anything to themselves, but all who desire it, have a memento given to them. When we left the house we walked to the grave of the poet, which we were told was but a short distance off, but we found it to be nearly a mile away. As we were going in the direction pointed out to us, a gentleman on horseback, who was riding slowly down the street, accosted us by saying, that he supposed we were Americans, and were looking for the grave of Shakspeare? and when we replied in the affirmative, he said, "I am an American by adoption, and formerly lived in Illinois, now more than fifty years ago." His name was Flower, and he is evidently a man of wealth, a gentleman in manner and appearance. He resides in the neighborhood of the town, and invited us to visit him, saying that he would be glad to show us a genuine English country home. He keeps an open house and an open heart for Americans, and told us he had the pleasure of entertaining over seventy of our countrymen this summer; and that Mr. Baird of Philadelphia had just left, having made him a visit of over a week.

On our way to the church we stopped at the town hall to see a fine portrait of Shakspeare, and another of Garrick, by Vandyke. Stratford is a much larger place than I supposed it to be, the streets are wide and clean and many of the houses have an exceedingly cosey and

comfortable appearance. The church we were searching for is an old building surrounded by quite an extensive yard, filled with the graves of past generations: a row of large trees on either side lined the path which led from the gate to the door, and at the farther end of the church, Shakspeare, with his wife, daughter and son-in-law, are buried. In the wall overhead is a stone bust of the poet, which looks like the figure-head of a canal boat, and is a disgrace to the town of Stratford, to England and to the civilization of the nineteenth century. There is no suitable monument of any kind to mark the spot where his remains were deposited, but a plain slab of dark stone has engraved upon it the poet's name, and a verse of wretched doggerel rhyme. The lines invoke a blessing on all who allow the body to rest in peace, and a curse upon whoever disturbs his bones. It has been suggested that the dust of Shakspeare should be placed in Westminster Abbey, but this has been so stoutly resisted, that the project has been abandoned. The sexton said, if it was attempted, it would stir up a rebellion in the town of Stratford. Anne Hathaway's cottage we did not see; it was about a mile distant, and as we had not time to obtain lunch, reach the depot by half-past one, and make a journey to the cottage beside, we went to the Red Lion Hotel, or as the proprietor calls it, the Washington Irving Hotel, where we obtained a very comfortable meal. Washington Irving spent some months in this house when making a visit to Stratford, and refers in his sketch book to the little parlor on the ground floor; this is taken advantage of by the landlord, to make favor with Americans; the room is labelled, "Washington Irving's parlor." The house is a very comfortable English inn, and one might go farther and fare much worse than at the Red Lion. We reached the

station in time for the train, took passage for Chester, the route, very much to our surprise, going round in its way to Manchester and Liverpool, as I thought we were on the North Western, instead of the Great Western line, this determined us to rest at Chester for the night, see it on Saturday morning, and then try to reach Edinburgh as soon as possible thereafter. Seven P. M. brought us to the Queen's Hotel, near the depot, and a comfortable place we have found it to be; the coffee-rooms are well furnished, from which we look upon an inviting yard, with its green lawn and flowers; so attractive is it to us that our decision has been to remain and spend the Sabbath here, rather than advance our journey to Liverpool, having now decided that Edinburgh must be abandoned. So good-bye to John Brown, John Knox's house and grave, the cathedral and Abbotsford. We have seen so much, that we can resign this gratification, though it gives us a twinge of disappointment. The journey to Edinburgh would consume our time until ten minutes past nine on Saturday night, and Sunday, as it always is, would be lost to us for sight-seeing. We have not thus far broken the command as to the observance of the Lord's day, and will not do it now. This would give only Monday morning for Edinburgh, as we ought to be in Liverpool all of Tuesday, to see about our baggage, and not be too much hurried in getting ready to sail. If by accident or sickness we should be delayed one day so far away as Edinburgh, we would lose our passage, and, therefore, decide that it is best not to go farther north *this time*, but leave something for the future.

We have seen Chester, Old Chester as it is often called, and have to confess to something akin to disappointment. Not that there is not much to interest and attract a visitor from a country like ours, where every

thing is new, but our expectations were greatly excited by what we had heard of this old camp of the Romans, where nearly ten centuries ago their conquering legions rested behind these walls of defence, which in substance yet remain, though doubtless changed by the generations who have occupied Chester since Julius Cæsar abandoned Britain for his native home. These walls are still in good preservation, and are used as a promenade by the inhabitants of the city, and with their round towers which indicate their Roman origin, are worthy objects of curious interest. One of these structures is called King Charles' Tower, and bears an inscription in stone, which commemorates the fact that, from this Tower the King witnessed the defeat of his army in 1645.

In company with Dr. and Mrs. W—— we took carriage and started on a tour of examination, first visiting the Cathedral, which though by no means among the finest in England, is of no small pretension, both as to size and architectural effect. It is built of soft red sand stone, and bears the marks of decay, while the grounds about it are in a condition of sad neglect. This Cathedral was the church connected with the Abbey of St. Werburgh, which Henry the VIII. dissolved in 1541, and though the Abbey is in complete ruin, the church has, in its interior at least, been kept in good repair. The remains of the walls and cloisters still remain, but in the centre of what was once the Abbey, large trees are growing now.

When we arrived at the Cathedral we were at once taken in charge by a verger, who was determined to earn his shillings, by at once commencing his daily recital of the wonders of the place, and going in advance showed us the cloisters, chapter house, the nave of the church, the side chapels and choir. The chapter

house, where the canons hold their meetings, is a large and attractive room, with immense gothic windows of beautiful stained or painted glass, and has a curious arrangement for a passage way all around the room, which is entered through a secret sliding oak panel, and spiral stone stairs cut in the solid wall. The nave of the church is about seventy feet high, the roof of which is supported by immense stone columns, and though it is the largest part of the church is not now used for worship, the choir alone is occupied in this way; services are held by the canons morning and evening of each day.

The guide pointed out to us an ingenious contrivance in this part of the building to keep the monks of former days awake during the recital of their prayers, which lasted four hours each day. If sleep overtook them, they slipped upon an inclined seat which pitched forward, and the monk with it, his face striking, with no gentle tap, the top of the pew before him. A lesson once learned in this way by those jolly old friars, was not likely soon to be forgotten.

Another object of interest to me was a small dingy room in which the ecclesiastical court was held. It contained a raised platform for the Ecclesiastic, who constituted both judge and jury; a small *dock* for the accused, and space for about a dozen persons beside. It is claimed that from this little judgment room, men and women went forth to die at the stake in Chester.

I should not forget to say that this church is rich in its carvings in oak, which though old appear to have been recently executed, representing the heads of saints, angels and other devices. It has also a throne and canopy of stone richly carved; mosaic work of great value, and windows of exquisite beauty.

It seemed a matter of regret that so little of this large

structure is used for worship, but I suppose the inhabitants of Chester tire of that which strangers travel so far to see, and have lost in a great degree their veneration for these remains of past ages; certain it is, they are now building a large and expensive church of sandstone, while the Cathedral is abandoned to comparative vacancy. There is no telling to what use it may yet be put. In Dijon I saw a fine stone church, used to store hay and straw; the revolutionists occupied this church in 1794 as a stable, as they did also the church of Nôtre Dame in Paris. It looks as if the people of Chester might reach a like practical result some day, with their venerable but neglected temple.

The old church of St. John with the ruins behind it, repaid us for the time given to it. It is a Norman church, built in the eleventh century and is among the old churches in good repair in England.

Our drive took us for some distance along the quiet banks of the Dee, which runs close to the walls; here we paused to examine the old water tower, which was built five hundred years ago, to repel the invasions of the Welsh and the museum of the town, which this tower contains. We found the museum to consist of the odds and ends of everything, ancient and modern, kept in neglected and dirty confusion. The custodian was a man of about seventy, who occupied the room on the second floor, to which we ascended by narrow winding stone stairs, and when we entered he was bending over a little fire, which he had lighted upon an open hearth. He wore large glasses and dilapidated clothes, and offered us for sale a little microscope of his own manufacture at three pence.

As we drove along the street we were shown an old house, which bore the inscription, "God's providence is mine inheritance," placed in large letters upon its

front; and the tradition is that this is the only house which escaped the plague, when it desolated Chester many years ago. The owner took this method of making his public acknowledgment of the power which spared his home from the pestilence; and the passer-by can see clearly the inscription which yet remains distinct upon the building. On our return to the hotel we stopped to examine a Roman bath constructed in the cellar of a house centuries ago. The tubs were sunk in the stone floor, and close to them is an oven, hewn out of the rock, the top being supported by columns of stone. Taking our day's experience all together we were interested and perhaps somewhat saddened. The actors in the busy scenes of the past, composed in turn of conquering race of Saxon, Dane and Roman, seemed to pass before us like shadows on the sky; but the material world about us adorned with its beautiful Autumnal robes remains unchanged. "Yet luxuriantly as ever the lordly trees expand their branches; fresh as ever the vine hangs its green ringlets along the solid wall, and sweetly sleeps the sunlight of the Autumn day upon its towers" in Chester.

Tuesday, October 8. Liverpool, Queen's Hotel, 9 P. M. The hour has almost arrived for our departure home, M—— and I are making preparation as fast as we can to complete our final arrangements, some of which, notwithstanding our exertions, are crowded into the closing moments of our stay. We arrived in Liverpool at ten o'clock this morning, having passed our time very comfortably at Chester, with the exception of Sabbath-day which was for M—— a day of suffering, the old torment, at the last moment determined to put on the screws and make the nerves play their mad and agoni-

zing dance, before a final good-bye could be said to these foreign lands. Monday, neuralgia still lingered, but M—— did not suffer much, yet enough to render it advisable not to venture out, so I persuaded her to remain quiet, while I went into Liverpool to look after the trunks, where I found all in safe condition; then went on board our good ship, the "City of London," which brought us in safety to these shores, and to which we intend intrusting ourselves again for the voyage home. Everything looked staunch and safe about the ship, saw a number of familiar faces, and among them little Tommy, the Captain's cabin-boy, with whom we were much pleased on our outward passage, and Donald, the steward, but not Tabby Jones, for he was ashore; the officers, and a number of the sailors, seemed very glad to see me. I spoke pleasantly to them all about our going back under their care. Captain Brooks was evidently gratified at the confidence reposed in him and his vessel. I reached Chester again on my return about five o'clock, found M—— had ordered our dinner, as her pain had left her; and as soon as the summons came we went down to the coffee-room and both made a comfortable meal, the first which M—— has been able to enjoy since Saturday night. We ordered a fire made in the open grate in our room and passed a pleasant and happy evening together; the last probably we shall ever pass in Chester. To-day—after we had had our baggage sent to the Queen's Hotel, (a house to be avoided by all who desire to run no risk of sticking fast in Liverpool,) we went out to do some shopping, and were soon greeted by a lady's voice crying out, as we looked in at a fancy store, "Why, are you here?" On turning we saw Dr. and Mrs. Woods, whom we had left at Chester on Friday at one o'clock, and when we

parted we both exchanged cards with mutual invitations to call on each other, when we had reached our respective homes. The doctor kindly remarked at our separation that they esteemed it one of the pleasant incidents of their journey, to have made our acquaintance. I ought to have mentioned an incident they narrated to us about their visit to Kenilworth Castle. They had as a travelling companion to Kenilworth, an old gentleman of sixty, who was very agreeable and chatty; and when they left the car, he said pleasantly, take down your traps and go up to the Castle, my servant will show you through. He had previously remarked Kenilworth is now the property of Lord Clarendon, and yet neither the doctor, who is a man of travel and experience, and has seen a good deal of the world, nor his young wife, who, as we Americans say, is "as sharp as a steel trap," took the hint, or even guessed that it was none other than Lord Clarendon himself, as they were afterwards informed. Lords and ladies go about like other folks, in these days of increasing democracy, formerly they were regarded by the common people as a race of beings superior to themselves, but this is a progressive age, railroads, schools and the printing press have made marvellous changes in these later times. While we were at Chester, I found by the registry that Lord Farnham and Lady, and Sir Ralph Howard, were at the same hotel with us; but no one was the wiser of it, neither could they be distinguished from the other guests of the house.

Thursday noon. On board the steamer City of London. We are nearing Queenstown, and are fairly embarked on old ocean's waves, and hope to have a pleasant experience to the end of our voyage, and surely will, after this long continued rain, if the adage holds

true in our case, that an unpleasant beginning makes the end a cheerful one. The captain claimed last evening that such would be our experience. Tuesday morning we went out to complete, if possible, our shopping, some of which yet remained to be done. It had rained during the night and was raining when we left the hotel, everything had an exceedingly dark and cheerless look out of doors; but as we had no choice in selecting the weather, we had to go through with it, and with much less of discomfort than we had anticipated, we completed our work and made our way back to the hotel, to finish the closing preparations for the steamer. We left the Queen's about half past one o'clock, and drove around the city for some time, as we were an hour and a half in advance of the time of starting. It rained hard all the while, and when we reached the wharf we found a large number of the passengers with their luggage, waiting in an exposed shed, for the tug to come from the ship and take them on board. On making inquiry I found there would be but one passage of the tug to the steamer, which was anchored far out in the river, and that we would have to wait in our unpleasant quarters for a considerable time; so making the best of our situation, we concluded that as we could neither make the tug come to us, nor we go to it, it was better to summon whatever of patience we possessed, and await the movements of those upon whom we were just then dependent. This afforded an opportunity for an examination of the persons who were to be our companions on shipboard; and the inspection, I am sorry to say, did not raise any very exalted expectation of congenial fellowship. Most of the passengers seemed very plain in person as well as in dress, some even rough, very few bore the marks of refinement or cultivation. Looking over this

collection as I saw them standing on the wharf, and afterwards on the boat, I could not select a dozen persons with whom I thought I would like a very close association, and this opinion was confirmed by subsequent experience. At half past two o'clock, at which time the vessel was appointed to sail, we were taken on board the tug which was to convey us to the "City of London."

J. A.



Surgeon's State-Room,
Saturday, October 19, 1867.

J——, after securing me a seat in the close little cabin below deck, went above, to keep watch over our luggage; fifteen minutes brought us along side of the steamer and to the better protection and shelter of the ship's saloon. But even there the atmosphere was chill and penetrating, everything moist and clammy to the touch. Yet, as it was to be our home for the eleven incoming days, we were not disposed to *exaggerate* the annoyances, but to make the best of the unavoidable necessity: as in our state room we could at least avoid the dampness and be comfortable. Donald, the obliging steward, in anticipation of our coming, had removed two of the four berths and transformed the lower one into a sofa, making the room appear quite large. Our evening meal at six o'clock was much more substantial than is usually provided at that hour; a dinner and supper combined, in thoughtful consideration for those who had fasted since breakfast hour.

Thursday about noon we made Queenstown, and there the steerage passengers were taken on board. Such a scene of lawless discord and contention, I *never witnessed;* and seeing it once I should hope *never* to see it again, unless I had the power and authority to bring order and system out of strife and confusion. We were surprised that Captain Brooks, would for a moment tolerate such a condition of affairs, and not *command* obedience to some just regulations in regard to the distribution of the baggage and

goods of these poor people, many of them *respectable, if poor.*

But I must explain and justify my indignation. These men, women, and children, of all ages, from five to seventy, were huddled together en-masse at the head of the gangway, there to wait until their goods were *pitched* over to them from the tug. At least one hour they were kept on the watch, (three or four hundred of them,) not daring to allow their attention to be diverted for a moment, fearing that in the interval some unjust claimant might carry off their chattels and effects, or what they seemed to dread almost as much, they would be tossed below in the ship's hold, where there was no possibility of getting at them until the vessel reached port, and not even then without vexatious delays. Some of the boxes and chests were *very heavy.* Light or heavy, it was all the same; over they came with a toss, down *upon the unprotected heads of these poor women and little children.* There would be an outcry, a half dozen arms thrown up to ward off the force of the blow and then the article whatever it was, passed from hand to hand, over the heads of the people, until it reached its owner and was carried off in triumph.

One young girl I was particularly interested in watching, and had noticed for the neatness of her dress and the pleasant expression of her face; who had stood right in the centre of the crowd, where she had been knocked down three times, each time coming up again with undaunted spirit, as if resolved not to yield until she had secured her treasure, and at last it turned up in the shape of a small box. If she was happy in its possession, I'm sure I was greatly relieved to see her out of harm's way; but I could not forget her anxious and distressed looks,

and I thought of her in the night and wondered how she felt as she lay bruised and suffering in her bunk below.

This is the first day that I have felt inclined to make the effort to write, and indeed the first morning that the weather seemed calm enough to make it possible to trace the letters legibly. We have passed through a seven days' storm (long enough to satisfy any reasonable person) of wind and rain that lashed old ocean into a fury of wrath and foam, subjecting nearly all the passengers to the necessity of keeping below, either in the saloon or their state-rooms.

J——, who has heretofore considered himself *proof against* sea-sickness, did not escape entirely; and I was tucked away in my berth for two days. But after that I managed, with considerable effort, to dress and stay up all day, and this was something to boast of, as only three other ladies were able to accomplish the same feat. It is one thing to make up your mind to *get up* and quite a different thing to *carry out* the *good resolution* when the vessel is pitching and tossing about; for it is quite as likely that by some sudden propulsion you may land on your head in the effort to get yourself up to a presentable appearance. From experience, and after having had a good many hard bumps, I would advise the uninitiated, that "those that are down need fear no fall." And taking that lowly attitude, without affected condescension, discarding looking-glasses, crimps, and ornamental furbelows, as vanities pertaining only to terra-firma, they will be saved an infinite amount of vexation, avoid the suffering of bruised limbs and a ruffled temper. I am sorry to say that my *proverbially* neat and orderly habits have fallen into disreputable and slovenly indifference, under the degrading influence

of sea-sickness, that *concentrated* essence of all misery combined.

A storm of such long continuance and terrific violence, at this season,—October,—is a very unusual occurrence. Capt. Brooks informs us that he cannot recall during his whole sea-faring experience, one of equal severity during this month. Whether we were in real danger at any time, I know not; but during Sabbath and Monday nights the vessel pitched and rolled fearfully. The timbers creaked and shivered under the force of the waves and the pressure of the sea, until we felt that we were doomed to destruction; but God in his *infinite mercy* and *goodness* carried us through all the danger in safety, and beyond all harm into *His blessed sunshine* of to-day.

Now let me tell you something about our fellow-voyagers; at least concerning those who sit at table beside us. Capt. Brooks is our centre-piece, at the head of the board, a fine-looking Englishman of portly presence; when his duties oblige him to absent himself from table, J—— fills his position with entire acceptance to the company. I count, number three, with little to say ordinarily, but on all occasions an attentive listener. Beside me sits Mrs. Col. L. L——, a bride of six months, who is interesting, chatty, agreeable, amiable, and kind, but above all, a devoted admirer of the Colonel, her husband, who is in the regular army, and a graduate of West Point. Mr. and Mrs. C——, the parents of the bride (when at home) reside in Brooklyn. They have all been travelling in Europe for six months. Mr. C—— must be,—as we suppose,—a man of wealth. Mrs. C—— is a comely and well-preserved matron of forty-five or fifty, very kind hearted, and to me, very communicative, detailing all

the particulars about the Colonel's affectionate courtship and the wedding. How "Hattie" was dressed, how sweet and lovely she looked, and how much she was admired, etc., etc.

Next to Mr. C—— sits Mr. L——, a *grave* and *potential* man in his own estimation, who makes sapient speeches between the pauses in conversation, impressing *no one* but himself with their wisdom. His *vis-a-vis* is Mr. F——, well named, a sturdy Englishman, sharp witted, and as stimulating and pungent as horseradish. He seasons our after-dinner conversations with his piquent remarks and humorous stories. The gallantries he proffers to Miss H——, (his next neighbor,) rendered with such mock gravity, are a source of daily amusement. Mrs. H——, who sits beside her daughter, is the wife of "Miles O'Reilly," (the army correspondent,) an Irish lady, who is out of health, and has been spending some months with her relatives across the sea.

Mr. G——, by what right, or claim, presuming to occupy a seat at the Captain's table, we are at a loss to know; coarse and brutish in appearance, odious in face and manners, he is an offence to all who sit in his presence, particularly so to the gracious little lady, Mrs. S——, who must accept the civilities of the table at his hands. She is small and delicate in person, neat and trim in figure, with large, loving blue eyes, and a low, pure forehead. Her dainty little hands look as if they never had any more menial occupation than the arrangement of her own toilet, although she tells me she is the mother of three little ones, at home, in New Haven. Dr. S——, her husband, is a terrible sufferer from an internal disease, the exact nature of which neither himself

nor his physicians seem quite able to determine. The paroxysms of pain, the agony of which is so extreme that remedies which under ordinary conditions of the system would destroy life, only allay the severity of his torture. Rehearsing the particulars of his case to J——, he told him that he had frequently taken at one dose sixty grains of opium, and that his malady had baffled the combined skill of some of the best physicians in Europe and America. It is a sad affliction, and one that called out all our sympathy for both husband and wife.

Saturday night, and we hope our last but one on ship-board, and a diverting and merry one it was to all, through the kind offices of some of the young gentlemen, who for the amusement of the passengers exerted themselves to get up a musical entertainment, interspersed with stories and speeches. J—— gave them "Brother Higgenbottom's Experience," which called out shouts of applause; Captain Brooks sang a sentimental love song, and Mrs. L—— a duet, with a lady whose name I did not learn. Major O—— gave us the "Poor little grasshopper that was yanked up by a voracious turkey gobbler coming up behind;" it was too funny! This same Major is a good reconstructed Texan rebel, as clear and lucid as a sunbeam, understanding himself and the true position of affairs in the South perfectly. He offered us a toast, "General Grant, our next President, the most illustrious man from Maine to Georgia." After that we sang "America," and "God save the Queen," in compliment to the vessel and the English officers. Then we all dispersed to our subjacent quarters.

Sabbath morning was so pleasant and spring-like, that the ladies dressed early and walked up and down the deck until the hour for religious services. Captain Brooks read the Episcopal service at the usual hour, half past ten, with fervid impressiveness. Then followed a very excellent extempore sermon, delivered by Dr.——, of Chicago, a Baptist professor, with whom we had exchanged some pleasant words as he passed in and out, modestly and unassumingly among the other passengers. Clothed in sombre drab, we had no thought that he could claim a *ministerial office*, but this sermon proved his undoubted right to fill the position, as one called of God, a worthy servant to bear his Master's message. This last Sabbath day is in bright contrast to the first stormy one after leaving home in June; and the diversity in our feelings is quite as marked. Then we were sad at parting, now we are light-hearted in anticipation of soon meeting those who are dearer to us than all the world beside, parents, children, and valued friends, all whom we love so well, and who appear doubly dear since this separation has given us a more realizing sense of our attachment, and our dependance upon their affection and sympathy. *God bless one and all* with His tender mercy, and restore us in safety to each other on the morrow.

Monday morning. At daybreak we had a pilot on board; all is excitement and bustling business-like activity on the steamer, as we are rapidly approaching New York. The bay is filled with vessels of all sizes and descriptions. Our last preparations are made for going *on shore*, and the very thought of it—so soon going—makes my blood tingle; in imagination I can see the group of loving ones waiting to welcome us

home, *dear home*, and dearer friends, we shall soon be with you now.

Last night my busy brain was in such a whirl of excitement, I *could not sleep*. Upon a tide of pleasurable emotions I was borne back in imagination over our whole journey, our starting out, and our landing at Queenstown; the city of Cork, with its squallid beggary and suffering destitution came up; the Castle and lovely groves of Blarney, with the *inaccessible stone;* Killarney's beautiful lakes, flowers, and moss covered Abbey; the wild and rugged pass of Dunloe; Dublin's royal chapel, so impressively lovely in its rich and massive carvings and painted glass; Armagh, the birth place of *our mother;* Belfast, busy and bustling in trade; Londonderry, Tilly Arden, Craig, Portrush, and the Giant's Causeway, a world's wonder and the traveller's disappointment. Our *never-to-be-forgotten* and glorious ride down the coast to Bally-Castle, Cushendall, Glenarm and Larn, back to Belfast.

Our midnight sail across the channel to Liverpool, up to mighty London, over to incomparable Paris and its varied and captivating attractions. Then my thoughts travelled to Brussels, Waterloo and Antwerp, with its treasures of art and quaint old buildings; the magnificent Cathedral with its exquisite spire and delicate traceries. To Holland, with her amphibious and paradoxical peculiarities. Moordyke, Rotterdam and the Hague, the very embodiment of wealth and luxury. To Amsterdam, all bustle and plodding activity, glittering in the gayest colors, the antique and curious old gables with their pointed fronts, the canals, the trees in the street, and the arching bridges, the peasants in their gilded head ornaments and fantastic caps.

To Emmerich, Düsseldorf, and Cologne, with its beautiful Cathedral, *always building, never done.* Coblentz, its fortifications and our exhilarating *mirth provoking ride* to Stolzenfels. To the Rhine, its bridge of boats and its life of moving trade, its vines and rocks, its castles, villages, towers, cities and fortresses. Our chilly night ride to Wiesbaden passed in review, its springs and Kursaal, Frankfort, and Dannecker's transcendent Ariadne. Homburg, its gorgeous "Conversation House" and charming gardens; Frankfort again, Mayence and Worms. Heidelberg, the soporific old town and its divided church, the University and colossal magnitude of the vast old ruins.

Baden-Baden, beautiful for situation, Bâle, Zürich, and Lucerne's picturesque quay and preeminently lovely lake. Flüelen, Altorf, Alpnach, and the Brünig pass. Our Alpine flowers and maiden minstrels, Brienz, our sail across the lake to Giessbach and our dangerous walk in darkness, followed by the ecstatic and enrapturing illumination of the gushing waters. Interlaken, the Jungfrau in rose tints and shining silver, a fountain of unceasing joy, ever present, with snow-bloom and its "scarf of mist."

Lauterbrunnen's green and cultivated slopes and overhanging precipices. The beautiful valley of Grindelwald and its wonderful glaciers; Brienz, Meyringen and Hoff. Our early ride at day-dawn, "Guides et postillons," its novelty and exhilaration; the mountain scenery so superlatively grand; the peaks so sharp and bold; the precipices so frightfully perpendicular; the rocks so jagged and impending; and the colors of earth and stone so rich. Oh! it was an indescribable and awe-inspiring view of the enormous granite heart of the Alps.

Handeck's wild and surging waters and the hyperborean night passed at the Grimsel Hospice. The Rhone glacier and my faithful carriers; the valley and its magnificent road; the calvary stations and road-side shrines, so inaccessible and numberless; Jacob Snyder and his little white pony; Brieg and the baths of Luck and their aquatic patrons. Münster, Visp and Sion, with its castellated pinnacles; Martigny, Villeneuve, and Lausanne with its beautiful "Beau-Rivage." Lake Leman's heaven blue waters and the prison of Chillon, so quiet and so cold. Genèva, Calvin's home, his grave and Cathedral; the swift Rhone rushing under the bridges, with the "Grand Monarch" overlooking it all.

Neuchâtel, Dijon, and Paris again with its whirl of excitement and fascinating pleasures. Boulogne, Graves-end and London, Westminster Abbey and the illustrious dead; the Parliament house and Tower; Oxford and its Colleges; Stratford, and Chester with its quaint old rows, antique walls and watch towers; Liverpool and its famous docks, the "City of London" putting out to sea in a furious storm. *Our European trip ended*, and we on our way home.

All this passed before me, a resplendent and brilliant panorama, moving majestically and rapidly, recalling the scenes that *never* can be erased from memory's tablets. How could I sleep with such a busy retrospective brain, that was filled with the charming, ever-changing, captivating scenes, that had absorbed time, attention and feeling for four consecutive months.

And now in closing these Journal Letters, I desire that the last words written should ALL be words of *gratitude* and *thankfulness* to *God*, our Heavenly Father!

that he did in His own good providence so order events that it seemed *wise* and *proper* that we should make this journey, and that His blessing and protecting care has followed us through all our way, keeping us free from harm, danger and accident, and is now carrying us home again in safety and comfort. May His blessings continue and *abide* with us, *now* and *evermore*, and with *our dear children*. May they *all* be His; and His name shall have all praise, in time and throughout eternity.

M. C. A.

October 21, 1867.





FOURTH OF JULY IN PARIS.

Paris.
July 5, 1867.

THE PRESS.—"All parties seem to agree that the anniversary of American Independence was never before so effectively represented in the Old World as it was last night in the gorgeous banqueting hall, of the Grand Hotel, the most magnificent establishment of its kind in Europe. * * * * * *

"The committee of arrangements was composed of the following gentlemen: J. W. Forney of Pennsylvania, W. Pembroke Fetridge of New York, Edgar Mills of California, Daniel Dougherty of Pennsylvania, James Milliken of Pennsylvania, Edwin R. Shepherd of New Jersey, Alfred Lockwood of California, E. George Squire of New York, and C. H. Harkness of Pennsylvania; and they were most attentive to their duties, but too much credit cannot be given to Mr. Fetridge for the organization of the whole affair. * *

"The visitors began to arrive precisely at eight o'clock P. M., and at nine o'clock the company entered the banqueting hall, the band playing 'Hail Columbia, happy land,' and James Milliken, Esq., of Philadelphia, who had been appointed chairman by the executive com-

mittee, took his place at the head of the middle table. He was supported on his right by Hon. A. G. Curtin, Ex-Governor of Pennsylvania, and Hon. Joseph Allison, President of the Court of Common Pleas of Philadelphia, and on his left by Hon. S. B. Ruggles, United States Commissioner to the Congress of Nations, now in session in Paris, (of which Prince Napoléon is president,) for the unification of the coinage of the world, and Elliot C. Cowden, Esq., of New York, one of the Commissioners to the Universal Exposition.

"Over three hundred ladies and gentlemen, representing most of the States of the American Union, took seats."

The dinner was opened by prayer from the

REV. J. ELDRIDGE,

Resident Clergyman of the American Protestant Chapel in Paris.

He said:

O Lord, thou who art the source of all our life and being, sanctify our hopes, we pray Thee, and sanctify unto us this joyous occasion upon which we have assembled this evening. If Thou bless those viands unto our body, wilt Thou also bless the sentiments to be presented to our minds and hearts; wilt Thou thyself take upon Thee the guidance of our ways: bless us as individuals and bless us as a people, and remember those dear friends who are connected by kindred ties beyond the seas; and bless that dear land which we love so much; sanctify unto it all those enjoyments which thou dost grant, and save for it those institutions which Thou hast vouchsafed to it, so that they may be a blessing and praise, now and forever more. Amen.

The chairman then proposed the following toasts:

"THE DAY WE CELEBRATE!"

MUSIC.—"*The Star Spangled Banner.*"

[The whole audience rising, and making the saloon ring with their cheers and applause, renewed again and again, the band winding up with "*Yankee Doodle!*"]

The next toast in order was

"THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES."

MUSIC.—"*The Red, White, and Blue,*" and nine hearty cheers.

The next toast was

"HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY NAPOLÉON III."

MUSIC.—"*Josephine's Hymn,*" and nine hearty cheers.

After which the following was proposed and drank standing, and in profound silence:

"THE MEMORY OF GEORGE WASHINGTON AND ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

After some very complimentary remarks the chairman introduced "our distinguished townsman

DANIEL DOUGHERTY,

the most eloquent orator and advocate of the Philadelphia Bar."

He commenced with some humorous remarks that kept the table in a roar, especially when he described his attempts to learn French and to hold conversation with the natives. He read the following despatch, which he had just received from some American friends

also celebrating the day at Berne, the capital of Switzerland:

"The Americans in Switzerland send kind greetings to their American friends and countrymen in Paris, on this our anniversary."

Signed,

"JOHN H. CHAMBERS

And others, of Philadelphia."

After the applause excited by this pleasing incident had subsided, Mr. Dougherty resumed in a more serious strain as follows:

We turn our thoughts to-day to where our hearts now are and will forever be—the dear land we call our country and our home. It is natural that on this occasion, touched by the remembrance of friends far away, friends that make life doubly precious, we should be sad, and long for home; yet a moment's reflection will dispel the gloom and give place to unbounded joy that here, in the centre of the mightiest empire of Europe; here amid the fascinations of this queen of cities, crowded with monarchs and men of every clime, with the gracious leave of his Majesty the Emperor—we join in spirit with our countrymen at home in celebrating the anniversary of the day that enrolled America among the nations.

This foreign sojourn, these wondrous sights, this mingling with strange people, this marvellous exposition of the triumphs of labor and fruits of peace, while giving each of us exquisite delight, cannot fail to improve us all, and fit us to still better discharge the exalted duties of American citizenship. They vividly illustrate and clothe with reality the historic studies of youth; dispel the petty prejudices of local education;

give a wider scope to the mind, and a more generous current to the heart; warn us to profit by the wisdom and avoid the errors of ages; cultivate a taste for and heighten an appreciation of art; challenge our profoundest respect for systems of government to which we are opposed; awe us into reverence for a religion to which a majority dissent; teach us to look with a friendly eye on foreign nations, and inspire us with kindly sympathies for all mankind.

But do they charm us into forgetfulness? Do they allure us from our allegiance? No—a thousand times no. They intensify our devotion to that land where Nature herself assumes a grander mien and speaks in sublimer tones the wonders of the Deity! The difference between Europe and America is as wide as the ocean that rolls between them. Here everything wears the aspect of age; at home everything tokens the freshness of youth. Here every spot is cultivated to provide the comforts of life; our surplus will feed the world, with millions and billions of acres yet untouched, waiting and wooing the ploughshare. Here genius caters for a class; there its inventive faculties are as diversified as the wants of men. Here education is a privilege; there it is a right. Here honors fall from the throne; there they rise from the people. In Europe religion leans on governments for support; our altars are the free offerings of the generous, charitable, and devout. In Europe language is limited to a kingdom; our glorious English tongue is heard all over a continent and will soon encircle the earth. In Europe, changes of dynasties are only accomplished by bloody revolutions; with us the nation's beloved head is martyred by a traitorous murderer, and it does not for a moment disturb the placid flow of the nation's life. Europe fixes her fervent gaze and

proudly points to the trophies of the mighty past. America, with one hand resting on her brief history, gemmed with glories, turns her radiant face full upon the future, and waves the way of progress, equality, prosperity, and peace! And oh! what tongue or mind can conceive or name her history when it will have dated as far into the future as Europe's does in the past! Yes, dear native land of the American Union, that rose amid the fires of the Revolution, that passed triumphantly through foreign wars, that crushed the gigantic rebellion, we, thy absent children, renew our vows of fidelity and love, and pray God, with all the fervency of our souls, to watch over thee in thy aim to maintain amicable relations with the Old World, while preserving in all their integrity the liberties of the New.

The next toast proposed by the chairman was:—

"THE HEALTH OF

JUDGE JOSEPH ALLISON,

Of Philadelphia."

The toast was honored enthusiastically.

JUDGE ALLISON responded:

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:— In answering to your call, I crave your pardon in advance, if I give utterance to a few words only, of that of which I know your hearts are full, of friends, of distant home, and native land.

Forgetting not the occasion which has brought us here, and having now before me so many of my countrymen, and those who represent so well the peerless beauty of our land, what other theme would be so proper now, or receive from you more gracious audience.

I know I do you no injustice, when I claim for you, as I do proudly for myself to-night, with the soil of France beneath our feet, and the folds of her banner floating o'er us, that we glory most of all, that our title to distinction, our patent of nobility, is the simple passport, which tells to every one, that we are AMERICAN CITIZENS.

The Imperial Roman in his day, when the Empire ruled the world, and the heel of the conquering legion was on every neck, excelled us not in this. He had no pride greater than our own; no claim more just than that we now assert, when gazing on our country's flag, whose radiant hues, and glittering gems, and sentiment divine, are all borrowed from the skies, and clasping it to our hearts we cry, our native land forever!

Upon no other day in all the year can we so well indulge this boast; or looking back upon the brief period of our nation's life, rise to so just a consciousness of our high estate, or take a more prophetic view of our approaching day of greatness and renown.

How few indeed the years since a little spot but here and there upon our Eastern coast, contained the germ of that vast Empire, which now with onward march, faces the glory of the setting sun. And it seems but yesterday, since a little band, with uplifted hands and trusting hearts placed our infant nation on its feet, and bade it live, upon the imperishable basis, of virtue, liberty and independence. And upon this our natal day, when less than a century has passed, how great its claim upon our warmest admiration, our deepest reverence, our purest homage; now that the stars upon its banner to which we turn with loving look to-night, have lighted again the pathway of millions to freedom, and its stripes though bathed in blood, having scourged the oppressor for his crime, has driven

oppression from our land. A thousand fold more dear to us is this emblem of our country's glory, regenerate as that country stands to-day, without one blot to mar its beauty, or mantle our cheek with shame.

I say this not, Mr. Chairman, in the spirit of mere idle declamation. Nor do I thus speak in disparagement of that nation, in whose midst we dwell, and whose guests we are to-night. Most profoundly do I reverence the historic greatness and the sacred memories of France, and in the presence of that spirit I am awed, when recalling the triumphs which have here been won; triumphs of the gifted sons and daughters of this land, in literature, in science, in art, in government, and in war. Adopting the language of the Man of Destiny, as applicable in some degree to this place and hour, I ask you to remember that from these pyramids of departed greatness, centuries are looking down on us, and beg that you join with me, and do homage to the heroic men and women who sleep around us in unnumbered thousands. But, beyond all this, there is a memory to which none of us can be indifferent. Dead, indeed, would we be to every sentiment of honor if we could forget, that France, in the day of our severest trial, and in the very agony of our extremest need, was the friend and ally of our country. With gratitude we should remember, that France crossed an ocean of three thousand miles, with her armed legions and her ships of war, to battle for the life and freedom of our country, and sealed with blood, her compact with the youngest born of nations.

Need I remind you, that amid the storm and carnage of battle, Washington and Lafayette were not divided? The sun which lighted up the field of Yorktown, shone on them as joint victors over a common foe. In the halcyon days of peace they were friends, and met as

brothers when the strife for freedom ended. Patriots and heroes both;—they were not born to die and be forgotten, their names will flourish in immortal youth, treasured in the inner temple, in the heart of hearts of freedom's worshippers, on every soil, and of every clime. Who then shall part and divide between us the inheritance of their glory? or the splendor of that example which brightens as the years grow old, and which dying they bequeathed to us as their richest legacy.

Let us now join with our dearest thoughts of home, these radiant memories of ancestral friendship; and here put up our prayer, that our country may clasp the hand of France, never but in love; that our banners may always, as they do to-night, entwine in graceful, loving folds, as emblems of that peace, which should abide between us,—EVER.

But, ladies and gentlemen, we must not be selfish in our happiness, nor can I fail to remind you, that this day is elsewhere consecrated to the sacred cause, that has brought us to this festive board, in the gay capital of France.

Millions of hearts are beating high with a joy to-night, which to them is a new born treasure, for they, with you, are freemen now; freemen beneath the sheltering folds of that old flag, which hitherto has been, even to them, as a beacon in the sky; and which at last came leading down the soldiers of the Union, who like John Brown's soul, kept marching on, till victory and triumph were achieved. Not won were these without a costly price; and let us now pay sacred tribute of respect to those who died for liberty, for country, and for each one of us. And while we rejoice in the results of their struggle for union and freedom, let us ever keep bright the memory of their heroic deeds, and green the graves where noble martyrs sleep.

By doing this we will learn to prize still more and more, a government and country, cemented anew at priceless cost of treasure and of life, and feel that now their work is done, the trust is ours.

But it is well that we not alone review the past, but from our present stand-point, look out upon the dawning glory of our advancing empire. All possess a conscious pride, in remembering just how we stand to-day before the world; as tested by rebellion's gigantic power, a government "of the people, by the people and for the people," has passed through the fires and is not consumed; the authority of the Union is supreme over every inch of land, which as of old, was subject to its power. Our banner floats o'er mountain and valley, from ocean to ocean, and dominates alike the Savannas of the rebellious South and the boundless plains of our Northern frontier. With the principle now established, that the Union shall be forever maintained, as a tower of defence, as a rock against which all future efforts at disunion and rebellion shall waste their strength in vain, may our country make progress year by year in education: in power: in wealth: in true freedom; in sound morality; in reverence for law; and above all, in submission to the will of that POWER, which hath made, and upheld us a nation.

I give as a sentiment

"OUR COUNTRY."

"Land of forest and of rock,
Of clear blue lake and mighty river,
Of mountains reared aloft to mock
The storm's career, the lightnings' shock,
My own green land forever."

RECEPTION

AT THE FOYER OF HORTICULTURAL HALL.

Monday, October 28, 1867.—5 P. M.

"An intellectual and brilliant company assembled at Horticultural Hall last evening, to do honor to Judge Allison by giving him a suitable reception upon his return from Europe. The hall was brightly lighted, and at half-past five o'clock the participants of the evening gathered upon the stage.

"Judge ALLISON soon after entered the room, escorted by the committee in charge, and an agreeable half hour was spent in exchanging congratulations. At six o'clock the company proceeded to the foyer, where an elegant banquet was spread, the tables being ornamented with flowers, fruit, etc., etc., and the walls fittingly draped with the American colors. In the centre of the room was hung a fine photograph of the guest, and over it the inscription, '*Welcome Home.*' After the viands had been discussed, Mr. Clay, the Chairman, expressed the welcome of the company to Judge Allison, who responded feelingly, thanking the brethren of the Bar for their reception, which he said was most gratifying. He gave a very interesting narrative of his visit to Europe, abounding in humorous allusions, graphic descriptions and eloquent reflections, which received constant applause, concluding with a powerful contrast between Europe and America,

full of patriotic fire, which made the tables vibrate and the walls ring with sympathetic enthusiasm which his tribute to his native country called forth. The Bench of the Common Pleas being toasted, Judge LUDLOW responded, by alluding to the honorable history of that Court, and the present high character of his colleagues, the judges and the lawyers. He closed with an earnest and powerful tribute to Judge Allison. Judge PEIRCE being called on, replied in a speech full of learning and interest, speaking of the origin and high purpose of the Judiciary, and the important position which it occupies in the community. Theodore Cuyler, Esq., James Page, Esq., and others, made the company reluctant to separate.

"Altogether it was a delightful gathering and a well deserved tribute to a gentleman who is alike an able judge and an esteemed and honorable citizen; who comes back with his regard strengthened by absence for this community, which is glad to express its high appreciation of him."

Philadelphia North American, October 29, 1867.

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